

Dreams of 1986

By

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Dream of: 02 January 1986 "Parking Lot Attendant"

I was holding down three different jobs as a parking lot attendant in downtown Dallas. On this particular day I had been working for my mother, my employer for one of the jobs. In the left shirt pocket of my red-checkered cowboy shirt, I had stuck two \$500 bills which my mother had given me to deposit in the bank. I had also stuck in my pocket another \$500 from one of my other jobs.

On this day while I was parking cars on my mother's parking lot, people – mostly black – attempted to mug me three different times and I fought them off each time. I stabbed one person with a knife and seriously wounded him. I beat another fellow to a virtual pulp.

As the day proceeded, I became concerned that more muggings might be attempted. Normally I didn't carry so much money on me, but today neither my mother nor I had had any checks.

I was on the ground floor parking lot of a parking building. At the end of the day only a few cars were left in the lot. My mother walked across the

lot and I walked over to her, put my arm around her waist and began walking with her. I told her I was going to get a car and she walked on out of the parking lot.

I walked to the car, an older model Cadillac with large fins on the back. Just as I reached it, two black fellows grabbed me and jumped on top of me. I was able to twist around so that I pushed one fellow into the fin of the car, impaling him. When let go of me, I knocked the other fellow away.

During the struggle I noticed a man who was supposed to be a guard sitting in a chair in front of my car. He didn't make a move to help. I looked at him and sarcastically said I was going to talk to someone about him to make sure he got a recommendation.

I tried to get my keys out to open the car door and I tried to retrieve a suitcase lying on the car. But the black guy whom I had knocked down had recovered and was reaching for something which might be a gun. I said, "Oh no. Please. Not a gun."

I hoped I could get into the car and pull away before he could reach it.

Dream of: 08 January 1986 "Lush Green Alps"

As I drove a vehicle along a highway, snow abruptly began to fall and accumulate, causing the road to quickly become icy. As I headed up a hill, halfway up my vehicle stalled. I could only get over the hill by backing up and starting over. I backed to the bottom, but instead of trying to go up the hill again, I parked in front of what appeared to be a small farm house.

I stepped from the vehicle, walked to the front door of the house and knocked. A thin little old lady with black hair came to the door and invited me in. After I had walked out of the cold into the warm room, we sat down and I began explaining my problem to her.

I decided I was once again going to try to cross the hill. We both walked out onto the front porch just as a truck carrying sand passed by. Seeing a snowplow following it, I said, "That's just what I need."

When I was ready to re-board my vehicle, the woman walked back inside, yet left the door slightly cracked so I could still see in. Before I left I had the feeling I should tell her that she shouldn't let strangers into her house like she had done with me; it was dangerous. I didn't want to alarm her and I didn't want her to think I might be intending to do her harm, but I wanted her to know that too many dangerous people were in the

world to safely be able to let strangers into the house.

I opened the door, stepped back inside and called for the woman. She was in another room and came back to where I was. I sat down on one side of a bed in the room. As she sat on the other side, I scrutinized her. I hadn't really looked at her features before; she was actually a younger woman (about 30 years old); she had black hair and was obviously an oriental. She was attractive; how had I mistaken her to be an old woman?

When she spoke to me, I realized she was Mai Huong (a Vietnamese woman whom I had met in early 1975 when we had been studying at Ohio University Athens). I had forgotten her. I remembered that she had been rather homely and that I hadn't been attracted to her at the time. The woman she had now grown into still had some of the same features, but she was now beautiful. The homely girl had blossomed into a beautiful lady.

I didn't know whether I should tell her I hadn't recognized her before. Finally I blurted out, "Aren't you the girl that I used to know at Ohio University?"

She looked at me piercingly. I wondered if she had been trying to fool me before when I had thought she was an old woman. Perhaps she had disguised herself into looking like an old woman at first.

That way if she did invite anyone into her house, they would be dissuaded from attacking her. The disguise had certainly been clever.

I began looking more about the room. The house was small and rather dark inside, although it seemed quite clean. She was living a materially poor life; but in the midst of poverty she had an immense amount of spiritual richness.

Now that I saw who she was, I was almost instantly in love with her. I reached out and pulled her into my arms. We began kissing; obviously both of us were in love with each other. Even though I had only been with her a few minutes I was almost ready to propose marriage to her. We wrapped our arms around each other and rolled onto our sides on the bed. She wrapped one leg around me and we kissed. The embrace was extremely salutary.

When we stopped hugging for a moment, she began making a humming noise; was she humming a Vietnamese song? The humming seemed vaguely eerie at first; but then I saw that there was something beautifully significant about what she was doing.

She began telling me about the area and what it was like. As she talked I picked up a magazine which resembled Time or Newsweek; on the cover was a picture of rolling green hills which were

supposed to be the Alps. I opened it up to an article which I had written for the magazine and began reading, "With the lush green Alps in the background"

The article went on to describe the experience I had had with Mai.

Dream of: 11 January 1986 "Friedhofe"

I was riding around in a car with my father, my mother, and my sister in a city in Germany. My mother was driving the car, the back of which resembled a cart. My father was sitting in the very back in a seat facing the front. I was sitting in front of him in a seat facing the rear so I was looking directly at him. My sister was sitting to my right likewise facing my father.

My father seemed unhappy and grim. I however was happy to be in Germany; I felt at ease and at home. I wanted to stay there forever. Growing old in Germany would be so enjoyable. I had thought Germany would also be pleasant for my father, but he seemed so unhappy there. I was so exhilarated I almost felt intoxicated. In fact, I thought perhaps I had had some alcohol earlier, but I was unsure. If I had had any alcohol, it had been very little.

My sister (only about 10 years old) also seemed to be enjoying Germany. I thought Germany would be an excellent place for her to grow up. Suddenly

she pointed to something and asked me what it was. I saw that it was a cemetery and I said, "That is a Friedhofe. And the French word is cimetiere."

I reflected on the word Friedhofe. "Friede" in German meant "peace" and "Hofe" meant "courtyard." The word "Friedhofe," meaning "peaceful courtyard," seemed quite beautiful to me. I thought about how quickly my sister would be able to learn the language if she lived there, but I also reflected on the irony that the first words my sister would learn in German and French would be "Friedhofe" and "cimetiere."

My sister pulled me close to her and began singing a little song in my right ear. When she pulled me close my right elbow rested against her breast. She sang, "Das verlinkt, das versaugt, das" Obviously my sister had already learned some German. I was uncertain what "versaugt" meant, but I thought it meant "sucked." The ditty she was singing was probably obscene.

As we rode around we passed an old building which looked like a castle. I thought it might even interest my father. Indeed, he did turn his head to look as we passed by. Several statues of men in a procession were in the door of the building. Two statues were carrying another statue.

On the side of the building was some writing, which consisted of large stone letters attached to

the building. Some letters had broken off, but I was able to see that the writing said something about the Gauls and that it gave a three-number date. Apparently the writing described an event which had taken place before the year 1000. The event apparently was part of the history of the Germanic tribes; it was extremely interesting. I pulled out a book written in German which described the castle.

When we passed a police car, I noticed that my father seemed very nervous. We turned a corner and suddenly my father seemed to panic. He crouched down on the floor and tried to cover himself with a blanket. I tried to help him cover himself.

I then saw that three police cars with flashing lights had pulled up right behind us. Suddenly my father jerked up and jumped out the back of the car. He ran around the front of the car to the back. About 10 policemen with guns began chasing him and were very close to him. I began screaming, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

They all had rifles aimed at him, but they were so close it was obvious they were going to catch him and I didn't think they were going to shoot. I jumped out of the car and ran up to my father. Finally the police apprehended him and threw him to the ground. When one police officer pulled off

his helmet and hit my father in the head with it a couple times, I screamed, "Stop! Stop!"

I had no idea why the police were after him. I didn't know if he were involved in some kind of crime or spying or what. I hollered, "I'm his son. Was hat er gemacht?"

A very agitated policeman walked up to me and demanded, "What are you doing here? Who are you? What are we going to do about you?"

But no one bothered me. They allowed me to approach close to my father without stopping me.

I began to realize I was dreaming, and I thought I was probably going to awaken and I wasn't going to know why my father had been arrested. I could probably invent a reason for his being arrested, but if the dream wouldn't tell me itself why he had been arrested, it would be better if I didn't find out right now.

Dream of: 17 January 1986 "Slashed Necks"

I was sleeping on a bed in an apartment when a woman who was apparently living in the apartment with me woke me up. She told me my uncle George and another woman were lying in the kitchen of the apartment and that someone had slashed their necks. She said my uncle was

already dead but that the woman was still barely alive.

I was very tired. I lay thinking probably nothing could be done for them now and I dozed back off. I slept for about five minutes and suddenly awoke again. What the woman had said hadn't fully registered before. Suddenly the gravity of the situation struck me and I jumped out of the bed.

I ran into the kitchen where I found George and a woman who was apparently his girlfriend or wife lying on the floor next to him. Both their necks had been slashed, although I didn't see any blood.

They were both still alive.

I began wondering if the person who had cut them was still in the apartment. I walked to the front door, opened it and looked outside where I saw a long hallway which looked like a hotel's. I hollered, "Help!"

Some people were in the hallway and some men quickly ran over to me. One man was carrying a handgun and another had a rifle. I let three men with guns come into the room but I kept the others out. I explained to the men what had happened.

Meanwhile someone called the police and an ambulance. I hoped they would come quickly.

I walked back over to the woman still lying on the floor. I helped her sit up. The wound didn't appear

to be deep and she seemed to be able to talk a little. The wound could be sewn together; she would surely survive.

She seemed as if she wanted to say something. Perhaps she wanted to tell us something about who had attacked her. I gave her an envelope and a red bic pen. She began writing something on the envelope about the person who had slashed her throat.

I said something to her about her wound. She seemed to realize it wasn't a deep cut. I thought about how deeply one would need to slash into the esophagus to cut off someone's air. Apparently the person who had slashed her throat hadn't realized that and hadn't cut deeply enough.

We heard an ambulance. I figured we were probably in about the tenth floor of the building and the ambulance squad would need to come up in the elevator. The elevator doors opened directly into the apartment. We waited and waited for what seemed to be a half hour for the elevator doors to open.

Finally the doors did open and some medical personnel dressed in white stepped into the room, pushing two beds with wheels on them. They began undoing some straps on one of the beds and they asked me if I would undo the straps on the second bed. I began undoing the straps on the

second bed. The straps seemed to be arranged so they could be quickly undone.

I began wondering how much the ambulance was going to cost. The beds obviously had to be prepared for each emergency. It would probably be quite expensive.

One doctor began looking at George and the woman. He explained that the wounds weren't deep. But when he referred to George he called him " J.R. Ewing" (the name of a character in the television series "Dallas"). The doctor spoke of how rich J.R. was. He also talked about how J.R. liked to row boats. Apparently J.R. often took parts in rowing contests.

Dream of: 19 January 1986 "God Reaching Down"

I was sitting in a classroom which reminded me of Grant Junior High School. One of my old high school classmates, Babcock, was seated to my right. Although Babcock and I were sitting in the back of the room, no other seats were directly in front of us. Just on the other side of Babcock, however, rows of seats ran all the way to the front of the room.

The subject matter of the class was international law. Since I had missed several classes, I was uncertain what I was supposed to be doing right

now. I was, however, aware that all the students, including myself, were supposed to write reports; I planned to write my report on the railroads in Columbia. When I wrote my report, I ought to toss in some Spanish words, especially since the professor, Newton, spoke some Spanish. I might title the paper "Los Ferrocarriles de Colombia."

Newton was seated at a desk in front of the class.

When he finally began talking, he didn't speak about the reports, but about another project on which the students were supposed to be working.

Although I hadn't heard about this project, I quickly learned that each student was supposed to draw a picture. Indeed, some students had already drawn their pictures, which were hanging on the walls. The quality of the pictures was extraordinary; I was surprised that the students had been able to execute them so well.

My old friend Roger Anderson was sitting in a seat in the front of the classroom. Anderson was one of the students who had already finished drawing his work - a mural (about two meters wide by a meter and a half tall) hanging on the wall behind Newton. The mural - a masterfully executed piece of art - consisted of many small pictures arranged together. Joey mentioned to me that Anderson had labored 50 hours on the piece. Impressed, I wondered how Anderson had managed to complete such an artful job.

As I was looking more carefully at the motley pictures on Anderson's mural, Anderson stood up right in front of the mural. As he stood there, I noticed that one picture in the lower left corner looked like a picture of Anderson's face. The picture looked like the caricature of a man's head which had been executed in such a way as to make the head resemble that of a baby. But the similarity between the picture and Anderson's own face was amazing.

Anderson had signed his initials on the picture about a third of the way down from the upper left corner, instead of in the normal spot in the lower right corner.

Since this was the first time I had heard of the picture-drawing project, I asked Babcock more about it. As Babcock attempted to explain the project to me, I noticed that some people sitting in the row on the other side of Babcock had some copies of the magazine *Art News*. Babcock also had some copies of the magazine; I asked him if I could see one of his copies. He handed it to me.

Meanwhile, professor Newton began calling out the names of students who were seated on the other side of Babcock. As Newton would call out each name, he would ask the student to give the title of the drawing which the student planned to

do. I immediately realized I didn't yet have a title and that I needed to come up with one.

I didn't know what I was going to draw. When I conferred with Babcock a bit more, I was surprised to learn that a method existed whereby the small pictures in the *Art News* magazine could be accurately traced onto a large canvas. I had no idea how such a feat could be possible, how a little picture out of the magazine could be transposed onto a large canvas. But I frantically began leafing through my copy of *Art News*, searching for a picture which I would like to trace. If I could find a picture, I would have a title to give Newton when he called on me.

I became distracted and again began looking at another beautiful picture hanging on the wall, a picture which one of the other students had created. I needed a few moments to understand the picture, which was comprised of white lines traced over a black background. At first I couldn't figure out what the white lines represented, but then I realized they traced the figures of two interlocking heads. I had to look at the drawing a while before I could discern the two heads, but when I finally saw them, the combination was beautiful.

Both heads were looking downward, one head over top of the other. The higher head, happy and

beaming, resembled the head of a small Negro boy. The lower head, sad and withdrawn, resembled the head of a white boy.

Realizing I still needed to find my own picture, I turned back to my art magazine. Although I found many pretty pictures, I was still uncertain how I would be able to trace them so they would appear on a large canvas. One picture in the book caught my attention. It covered two pages and reminded me of a French impressionist painting. As I tried to distinguish the painter's name on the painting, I thought this painting might be a good one for me to try to trace.

I continued looking until I found another picture which I also particularly enjoyed; this painting consisted solely of large blotches of color arranged to form images. From the top left corner of the picture, the blotches formed a long, slender, abstract, whitish hand which reached down to the bottom of the painting. To me, the hand resembled the hand of God reaching down to touch man. I might like to trace this picture.

All my thought about drawing pictures was taking its toll on me. I was so involved with the study of law, I didn't know when I was going to have time to do the art work. In addition to this class (which required three hours every week) I was also taking three other law classes, and each of those classes

required five hours per week. I simply didn't know when I was going to be able to do all the work in this class.

While professor Newton continued calling out names, he mentioned something about some people going away on trips. He said he didn't care if we were going to Vienna or Rome or someplace else, he wanted us to be working on international law while we were there.

I spoke to Babcock again; this time he asked me about something different, about what kind of work I was doing now. I told him about my present job and brought up how much money I was making. I told him that when I had first graduated from law school I had been earning \$31,000 a year. Later I had been offered a three thousand dollar raise. Instead of accepting the raise, I had quit the job and had ventured out on my own to work for myself. I explained that it was difficult garnering as much money by working for myself as for someone else. It wasn't that I didn't earn as much money on my own, but now I had many more expenses, such as office and secretary.

As I talked to Babcock, I noticed Judith (a Dallas acquaintance) also in the room. Thinking Judith was my legal secretary, I mentioned her to Babcock. Babcock responded, "You know, Judith

might be the guest AIDS carrier of the whole place."

I replied enigmatically, "Homer had it and Hermie had it."

I then explained to Babcock that I didn't have to worry about AIDS because I didn't have sex anymore. He asked, "What do you do when the sexual time comes around?"

I responded, "I suffer a lot."

Dream of: 23 January 1986 "Chasing Thunder"

As another person and I were walking in a wooded area (almost like a jungle), we came to a dense area where there appeared to be a book store. Racks of books were standing all around. Some books were extremely large and even looked as big as I. Some were standing on the ground and some had colorful covers. I thought that some books might be art books and that I might like to look at the pictures.

I continued through the book area, even stumbling over some books, until I finally arrived in a large room which resembled a train station, where I sat down on a bed.

The fellow with me was black (about 20 years old). He walked around the room with his arms hanging

at his sides, but his hands were bent up so they were parallel to the floor. As he walked I realized he was homosexual. His homosexuality didn't particularly bother me, but it was getting to be late and I didn't want him to be around me all night. Plus I wondered what people would think if they saw me with the fellow. They might get the wrong idea that I was homosexual simply because I was with a homosexual person. I wanted to return home.

Nearby I saw a magazine rack on which was a copy of Time magazine. On the magazine's cover written in large letters was the word "COCAINE," accompanied by a picture of some white powder. I thought about how the covers of Time magazine tended to reflect the general trends of the time. If the covers of Time were followed, a feel of what was going on in the contemporary world could quickly be acquired.

I picked up the magazine and leafed through it. I thought how the war the United States was waging on cocaine had already been lost. The only way the inflow of cocaine into the country could be stopped was by spending more money; but more money wasn't available to be spent on drug enforcement.

I thought about drugs in general and remembered that possession of small quantities of marijuana

had been legalized in Alaska. When the legalization had originally happened, I had thought more states would follow suit, but apparently they hadn't. I wondered what the result of the legalization of marijuana in Alaska had been. Had cases developed in the courts concerning the legalization and what constituted the legal use of marijuana?

I read part of the article which spoke of how some people were able to quit cocaine, but then sometimes wanted to go back. Since making the necessary preparations to use cocaine was so difficult, however, people didn't bother going back to it.

I thought about myself and marijuana. I probably would sometimes smoke marijuana if it were readily available; but obtaining marijuana and rolling a joint was so much trouble, I just didn't bother to do it.

I looked out a window and saw a large desert covered with light brownish sand. When a man planning to cross the desert showed up, I wanted to go with him. Suddenly I saw a second man ride up on a large black horse and fall off. Apparently the rider had been so weak from thirst that he had been unable to go any farther.

I turned to the man with whom I wanted to cross the desert and I told him that I wanted to mount

the black horse and go with him. I told him he knew I was a good horse rider. He hesitated at first, but finally he said, "Ok."

I wasn't actually a good horse rider, but I could see myself sitting in the saddle riding across the desert. I would be able to adequately perform that task.

I ran to one end of the building and went outside. I saw the horse in the distance and began running toward it. As I ran, I began wondering what I would name the horse. Several names flashed through my mind, but I suddenly knew the appropriate name was "Thunder."

I also wondered how I would approach the horse. I would calmly and quietly walk up to it. The horse would be able to sense whether I was going to hurt it. Therefore I would need to be patient and calm when I approached it.

Suddenly I encountered two men and told them I was going to get the horse. They both suddenly pulled knives on me and were determined to stop me from getting the horse. As they walked toward me, I fell down on my back. When they came close to me, I threw sand in their eyes. I knew that was an old trick, but it worked. They were momentarily blinded and thrashed wildly in the air with their knives trying to cut me.

I was able to roll past them unscathed. I jumped back up and ran toward the horse as fast as I could. They finally got the sand out of their eyes and began chasing me.

Dream of: 28 January 1986 "Metal Detector"

I was standing around the old milk house on the Gallia County Farm when I found the old metal detector I had owned years before. I put on the ear phones attached to the detector, turned it on and was surprised to find that it worked. I moved moving the detector back and forth across some dirt around the milk house and heard a beep to indicate that some metal was under the dirt.

I plunged a small trough into the dirt and began digging. Finally I saw a piece of cloth in the dirt which looked like blue denim. I pulled it out and found a bright silver quarter wrapped inside it. The cloth had protected the quarter and prevented any corrosion.

The quarter had a standing eagle on both sides. I thought the quarter must have been a misprint since the same design was on both sides.

I pulled out another bright, silver quarter and also extracted a silver penny. The date on the penny was 1958. I unraveled the cloth completely and thought I heard something metallic fall to the ground. I thought perhaps it was another quarter

but I couldn't find anything on the ground. Finally I did see a penny lying on the ground. I picked it up and looked at the date. It was in the 1970s.

I was encouraged by my find and again moved the detector over the ground. I heard another beep and once again plunged my trough into the ground. But when I pulled my trough back out it seemed to contain something that looked like foam-rubber rather than soil.

I looked again and realized I had stuck the trough into the red hood of a car which was made of foam rubber. I had made a terrible mistake and obviously damaged the car.

I looked up at the Farmhouse and realized my father was standing up there watching me. He had seen what I had done and had become very upset because I had ruined the car.

I realized the cost to repair the hood of the car would be far greater than the value of anything I would ever find with my metal detector. However I also thought that sometimes one had to make mistakes before succeeding in an endeavor such as that.

I stuck the piece back into the car which I had dug out and hoped there might be some way of repairing it; but I doubted it.

A man who lived here walked up to me and suggested that we go to Southwestern High School to the football field. Some grass banks were there where people sat when they watched football games. We could use the metal detector there.

My sister was here and I invited her to accompany us.

We headed to the football field and when we got there the man told me he and another fellow had already searched over most of the area once. I likewise had searched the area once myself and found some things.

I began sweeping my detector over the ground. At times the circular base of the detector seemed like it was about the size of a quarter. At other times it seemed five or six centimeters in diameter. I continued sweeping the detector over the ground but I couldn't seem to find anything. I tried searching under some trees.

The man said that the best area was right in the middle and it wasn't very good at the ends. He said that even though the area had already been searched a person could still usually find something new. I continued but I simply couldn't seem to find anything here.

Dream of: 02 February 1986 "Zoo-Keeper"

I called up my dentist's office and when the dentist himself answered the phone, I was surprised he had been so easy to reach. He was friendly when I spoke with him about some medical matters. I asked him many questions and he never tried to stop me or cut me off. Finally I realized I should pay him something for all the advice he had given me, and when I was finished I said, "Well Doctor, you have my address don't you?"

He said, "Yes, you'll be receiving my bill," and hung up.

A little later my father told me he was going to drive out to see the dentist and he wanted to know if I would like to accompany him. I told him I would and I boarded his car with him. We headed east from Dallas for about an hour, until I finally said, "I wish he was closer to Dallas than he is."

At last we pulled off the interstate onto a side road. To my right I thought I saw a fawn standing on small bridge over a creek and I said, "Look. There's a fawn."

The bottom of the animal was brown and it had a dark back. Looking closer, I concluded the animal was actually a German Shepherd dog. My father and I both watched as it crossed to the other side of the creek. Finally we concluded that the animal was actually a kangaroo.

We then looked to the left side of the road and saw a number of brown kangaroos hopping around in a fenced-in field. I also noticed a white tiger in the field. The tiger was holding onto a white baboon.

Although the tiger and baboon appeared to be playing, the baboon looked as if it actually did want to escape from the tiger, but the tiger was holding it too tightly. Since the tiger was in the same field with the kangaroos and the baboon, I wondered if its teeth had been extracted so it wouldn't be able to hurt any of the other animals.

I saw another field with some large, fat, brown bulls in it which appeared to be well-cared for.

We passed a building on our left which had windows which made the building look like a store, but was actually a school house. Through the windows I could see book shelves around the walls inside. About 30-40 students were in the room. I realized the function of the school was to train zoo-keepers. It was located out in the country so the animals could have room to live and the students could learn how to feed and care for them.

I realized we were now somewhere in Ohio, probably in Scioto County. I thought there were also other small, private schools that were located out in the country in this county. I thought the setting was nice for a small, private school.

Apparently my father thought the doctor's office was also in this area because he slowed down and pulled up to ask someone for directions. That person told us to pull up next to the school. My father turned the car around, drove back to the school and pulled up beside it. He stopped the car and we both got out.

My father pulled a baby carriage out of the car and I then realized my brother Chris was also with us. We put Chris in the baby carriage and began pushing him around. Quite a few students were milling about the area.

My father decided he wanted to show Chris some animals kept there by the school. We saw some special baby carts which apparently were for rent. We learned that the carts cost \$5 apiece to rent. My father wanted to rent one and he spoke about it with a man wearing a suit. The man was overweight and acted authoritative. I immediately didn't like him. The man told my father he would have to sign an affidavit before he could rent a cart. But the man didn't have an affidavit himself and he told my father he would need to go and find one. I stepped up and asked, "Well why is he going to have to sign an affidavit?"

The man replied, "It's required by the law."

I pulled out some kind of receipt I had and said, "Well he can sign on the back of this paper."

The man said, "No. He's going to have to go fill out an actual type-written affidavit. That's the law."

I said, "I'm a lawyer and that's not the law. That's ridiculous."

But he was adamant in insisting that my father find a special paper to sign. After my father quickly walked to another location, he was able to find one of the papers and he came right back. He signed it and was given one of the special baby carts to put Chris in.

I began thinking I was wasting quite a bit of time there. I recalled that I had recently made some flash cards with foreign words on them which I wanted to learn; I wished I had brought them with me. I could have been learning new words and not completely wasting my time. But suddenly I remembered I had a small Spanish-French dictionary in the car. I could get it and learn some words from it while we were walking around there. I walked back to the car to fetch it. I picked up the book from the car and noticed how worn it was from all the use I had given it.

I walked back to where my father was; a black-haired oriental girl was standing nearby whom I found attractive. I was uncertain whether she was a student or a teacher. She saw my dictionary, walked over to me and said that she spoke both

French and Spanish. Plus she obviously spoke some oriental language.

I was attracted to her but I thought, "Well since she's just a person that studies animals, taking care of these animals here at the zoo, she might not be that intelligent."

But I still thought we might be able to establish some kind of relationship with each other.

Dream of: 06 February 1986 "To Tell A Story"

I was aware I was having a dream. My state of lucidity was so intense and I seemed so awake, I wondered if there was even any point in continuing the dream. I decided to proceed anyway just to see what would happen.

I wondered where I should place myself, thought about the Gallia County Farm (which in some way both attracted and repelled me) and immediately found myself there. It wasn't night, but the sky was dark and overcast. I was standing on the driveway at the foot of the hill behind the Farmhouse looking up toward the Farmhouse, which had both an eerie and a wholesome quality about it. It looked like the kind of place one might find in a scary movie. I knew I had often dreamed about the Farmhouse and I still didn't know why. Something unresolved seemed to lie inside it, but I didn't know what.

I thought perhaps having an overview of the Farmhouse might help and I decided to fly over. I began rising above the Farmhouse and looked down upon it. I thought if I wanted, I could imagine a skull lying on the ground over to my left, which would probably enhance the eeriness of the scene. As I thought about it, I half envisioned such a sight. The skull I saw wasn't white, but dark, as if it had been buried for years.

I was concerned the wind might catch and blow me away. Although I liked the sensation of flying I didn't feel comfortable and I felt out of control when I flew. I simply wanted to land and go into the Farmhouse.

Almost immediately I found myself inside the Farmhouse, seated at a table across from a black-haired girl, who looked as if she might be 10 years old (but whom I knew must be about 20). The girl, like I, was aware I was dreaming. I felt immobilized and the girl began attempting to help me break through my numbness. She had been trying to help me for quite a while.

I was troubled by the possibility the girl liked me in a romantic way because I didn't feel it would be beneficial for us to become romantically involved and I had shunned any romantic indications from her. Yet at the same time, I felt she liked me on a non-romantic level, just as I did her, which was the

level upon which I wanted to communicate with her.

She had been patient with me and for a long time had been trying to help me break out of my inability to communicate while I was dreaming. I myself, of course, had often thought of my desire to sleep-walk and to actually write something while dreaming. It had been a desire which hadn't been fully developed within me, but one which I realized was important.

I couldn't remember having ever actually spoken in my sleep while dreaming and I was quite uncertain of my ability to do so. It seemed that speaking and the sound of my voice would awaken me. I knew it was possible for some people to talk in their sleep without awakening, but I felt certain I would awaken if I spoke.

The girl was occupied looking down at something in front of her on the table (which was cluttered with a number of items) and she wasn't looking directly at me, but I still had a very clear view of her face and I wanted to tell her something about it.

I began a strained mumble, almost like a baby speaking its first words and said, "I ..."

The girl looked up at me, I hesitated while continuing to look at her clear, young face and said, "... you ... remind ... me ..."

The girl began speaking along with me as if she knew exactly what I was going to say. Together we both continued, "... of ... Sally ... Fields."

Indeed she looked very much like the actress Sally Fields might have looked as a young girl. Apparently many people had already told her that and I could tell that for some reason, she didn't like the idea. She said, "If you don't say 'shit' now then there's something wrong."

I didn't want to say "shit," waited in silence one or two minutes and then mumbled, "I'm sorry."

She continued to look at me and I felt something emanating from her toward me. It was a feeling devoid of emotion but a feeling of linkage between our spirits. I was surprised, because I had expected her to feel some kind of emotional response toward me; but I was glad she didn't.

The linkage between us was one of a mutual task. Her task was to help me learn to communicate while I was dreaming while my task was to learn to communicate while dreaming. Our relationship involved nothing more.

I felt I was the one becoming emotional and tears sprang to my eyes. I reached out and clasped her hand, which was lying on the table. Understanding now the nature of our relationship I didn't feel constrained from touching her.

She was obviously glad I was learning to communicate while dreaming. She spoke a bit and I perceived she had waited a long time for the event. She didn't seem so excited by the occurrence itself, but she seemed enveloped by a sense of urgency that having passed this important landmark we proceed.

I looked at her hands and saw the fingernails of the hand I wasn't holding were painted blue. I said, "Your fingernails."

I looked at the fingernails on her other hand and saw they were painted green. She said, "Yes. I painted them different colors."

I suddenly realized my dog was in the room sitting to my left. I couldn't really see him, but I could feel his presence. I thought he looked like Mike, a pet I had had until I was about 13 years old, but I called him Dac, the name of a Dalmatian I had had until I was about 20. I reached my right hand across my front, felt his stomach and scratched him. I was uncertain whether he was sitting on a chair beside me or actually on the table. Still

looking at the girl I asked, "Do you like my dog? Is he up on the table?"

I thought if he were on the table I needed to take him off. But I didn't wait for her response. I was more concerned with my communication while I was dreaming. I realized that everything occurring was part of a dream and that I was actually probably lying on my bed. I also realized the words I had spoken before had been very gargled and mumbled and I felt now I could probably speak more clearly, but once again I thought the speaking would probably awaken me. However I thought I must try again, looked at the girl again and said, "Now I'm going to tell you a story."

Dream of: 08 February 1986 "Heinous Act"

When I returned home to the upstairs apartment of a house where I was living, I was surprised to find Vaughn, Lynn (a Waco attorney) and Mr. Woods (a legal client) sitting in my apartment. I sat down to talk with them. I didn't know why they were there, but I thought Vaughn and Lynn were probably upset because I hadn't yet sold the two houses in Marshall, Texas and Greenville, Texas which I had bought with their money. But they didn't seem to be angry with me. I told Vaughn I was very sorry I hadn't been able to do anything with the houses yet and he indicated I should spend a little more time trying to sell them. I

thought I probably should do as he suggested so I wouldn't have to worry about them anymore.

I was happy they had come to visit me and I was interested in what they had been doing lately. I knew all three were interested in making lots of money. At one point Lynn said he was anxious to get back to Waco so he could make millions and millions. I told them I didn't understand why a person should need to make millions and millions and I added, "If a person just had one million dollars he would have enough to live on for the rest of his life without having to work by using money as an incentive."

I realized a man needed to do something with his life; but I was simply making the statement that money wouldn't need to be the incentive for work. A person could have the incentive of doing good for other people in the community, for example.

But I could tell they were all deeply entrenched in the idea of making money simply for the sake and power of money itself. Although they understood what I was saying, none of them agreed with me.

They were all convinced that being multi-millionaires was an end in and of itself for which they should strive.

I asked them how they had been able to enter my apartment and I learned that they apparently had acquired a key from the person who owned the

building. The apartment was quite neat. I had cleaned it up that day right before I had left and I was glad I had done so, because some days it was messy. I had, however, left some clothes on the floor; but apparently someone had picked them up and tossed them to the side.

A boy walked in who had a large tortoise – around two-thirds of a meter in diameter – and showed it to us. We all looked at it and I thought it was very nice. I noticed my father was also in the room. Finally the boy took the tortoise back outside.

At last I went into the bathroom to take a bath and when I returned everyone had left. I decided I would like to go outside look again at the boy's tortoise. I thought of the possibility of using its shell for something.

I went out and found the boy with the tortoise lying on its back. The boy said it was useless now because my father had killed it. I turned the tortoise over onto its stomach and saw that my father had slashed the tortoise's shell down the middle of its back so that its guts were hanging out of the shell. He had also cut off part of its feet.

I was extremely disgusted by what my father had done. Apparently he had waited until I had gone into the shower and then had snuck outside and committed the heinous act. I didn't know why he

had done it – apparently he simply disliked tortoises.

Dream of: 09 February 1986 "Murder Trial"

I was in judge Schwille's court where I was planning to go to trial on a case. Pruitt (a Dallas attorney) was my partner; together we were preparing to prosecute a murder case. The defendant, a young boy about 15 years old, was accused of murdering a girl younger than himself and then stabbing her body over 40 times with the jagged edge of a broken bottle. The body had been so mutilated after all the cuts that it had hardly been identifiable as a body; it had simply been a bloody mess. I tried to imagine what it would have been like to have stabbed someone 40 times.

The trial began; the two lawyers on the other side began asking many questions. I was confidently thinking how easy it was going to be to prosecute the fellow; but it suddenly struck me that the questions the other two lawyers were asking weren't defensive, but rather prosecutorial in nature.

I spoke to Pruitt for a moment and suddenly realized we weren't the prosecutors – we were actually the defense lawyers! I needed to completely change my stance on the case and try to figure out some way to defend this person.

The prosecutors continued asking questions until around 1 o'clock, when we recessed. I walked over to talk with the defendant, who was sitting on the witness stand. I hadn't spoken to him before and now realized how utterly unprepared I was to try the case. I began asking some questions; I wanted to know if anyone else had been present at the murder.

I realized the girl had been killed in a stairway in a building next to the house in which the boy had been living. I quickly went to the location of the murder and began examining it. I encountered a woman who first showed me where the murder had taken place on the stairway and then showed me where the boy lived. It turned out the boy actually lived in the same building where the stairway was – but a passageway divided his abode from the stairway.

I looked into the boy's bedroom, which seemed normal. It had wooden floors and wooden walls and looked rather old-fashioned, but clean and kept-up. I gathered up as much information as I could and headed back to the courtroom – the case would be resuming soon. I needed to start asking the boy some good defense questions.

Dream of: 13 February 1986 "La Cite De Joie"

My step-grandfather Clarence, my grandmother Mabel and I were together in Texas in car which

Clarence was driving; we were planning to go to Ohio. We had the choice of either taking the interstate highway or taking another more scenic route which would go through some Texas towns. I suggested we take the scenic back road. We did so and the journey seemed to be taking a long time as we passed through several small, Texas towns.

We eventually encountered a bridge being torn down by hundreds of busily working men. Clarence drove through the workers and across the bridge (which had railroad tracks on it) and passed very close to some working men, some of whom were slinging sledgehammers. I thought they might hit the car, it came so close to them, but no one said anything and we continued until we reached the other side.

I looked at a map on which the interstate highways were drawn in green and saw several different places where we could connect back into them. I was beginning to regret Clarence's having taken the back road because it was taking much longer than I had anticipated, but I couldn't blame him since I had been the one who had suggested it.

Finally we reached a small town. We were all hungry so Clarence pulled into a restaurant. We walked in, sat down at a rather long table and were handed menus. I looked at the menu and

thought of getting some shrimp scampi but I remembered that shrimp was a seafood and I didn't eat any kind of meat. So I looked for something with vegetables in it, but I couldn't tell from the menu exactly what had vegetables.

Finally the waiter came over and I told him I wanted a salad. Plus I told him I was going to name some vegetables and I asked him to check to see if they had the vegetables which I would name. If they had them, I simply wanted him to bring me a plate full. He walked back to the kitchen to check, returned and told me he wasn't going to be able to give me the plate of vegetables.

I thought about ordering some liver, but realized I couldn't because liver likewise wasn't a vegetable. I debated what I should do. Perhaps I should just order a garden salad.

I had somehow managed to scoot to the far end of the table near some strangers who were seated at the same table. I noticed Perlman (a Dallas attorney) there with a woman who was apparently Perlman's girlfriend. I began talking with them and the woman, who was very friendly, reminded me of someone I had recently met named Patty.

She began telling me about a book she had recently written. I was impressed. She pulled the book out and showed it to me. I was surprised she had actually had it published. The cover, as well as

the size and the feel of the book, made it appear almost exactly like a book I had been recently reading called *La Cite de Joie*. I began looking through it, but I wasn't quite sure what it was about. Apparently it dealt with some rather intimate details of her sexual life.

I looked at the back cover where she had made a statement about the adjectives in the book. She had gone through the book and carefully studied and rearranged the adjectives so they would be in better form. I thought she had probably used a computer to assist her.

Some little blocks, each with a letter on it, were displayed on the back cover of the book and were meant to depict how she had been able to move the words in the book around.

I quickly leafed through the book and saw one sentence with a dash in it and after the dash the word "I." At first glance, I thought her grammar was improper, but then I realized the grammar was actually quite good.

I couldn't really tell for sure, but I didn't think it was an excellent book. However I was quite impressed she had put all the work into it to actually have it published.

When she gradually moved closer to me, I had the feeling she wanted to have sex with me. But I

didn't want to because I thought I had basically abjured sex. Plus Perlman was sitting on the other side of her. Nevertheless I reached under the table and placed my right hand on her left knee.

She was wearing a dress and my hand was on her bare skin. I felt her spread her legs apart and I gradually began moving my hand upward until I could feel her pubic hairs. She wasn't wearing any panties and I pressed my fingers into her vagina.

But I had the feeling that wasn't really a good idea. I thought I felt some kind of fuzz ball with my fingers and thought she might not be very clean, especially if she were letting me take such liberties after having just met her. Nevertheless it felt quite good and I continued. She scooted ever closer to me.

I felt myself having an intense, pleasurable erection which I thought I should stop. Suddenly I felt as if I were going to have a premature ejaculation. That would be very embarrassing; I wanted to stop immediately. I pulled away from her and thought, "I need to start thinking about something else besides what I am doing."

All at once I realized I was actually sitting in a car; I looked out the window and suddenly became lucid. The sexual sensation had passed and I hadn't had an ejaculation. It was a good sign that even in the dream itself I had been able to control

myself from ejaculating, because in the past, although I had been able to control ejaculations in my waking life, I had tended to let myself ejaculate in dreams. To be able to control my sexual life in my dreams seemed to have been an important step I had taken.

The woman was still sitting next to me in the car. I saw my old friend Steve Weinstein sitting on the other side of her. He also had apparently glanced through the woman's book and I wondered what he would think about it.

Dream of: 27 February 1986 "Remembering Details"

I was in a house which reminded me of the House in West Portsmouth (a cottage owned by my father where I lived in 1972). The owner of the house, who reminded me of my old buddy, Walls, was also there.

I had a plastic baggie which contained some pink pills which I thought were Quaaludes. I had taken one pill which had caused an unpleasant feeling and had produced an almost zombie-like state in me. I regretted having taken the substance, but it was too late.

The front door of the house was open and I heard someone outside call out, "Steve Collier."

When I turned to the fellow with me and asked him if he knew what was happening, he seemed worried. I picked up the baggie, which had been lying on a chair, and wondered what I should do with it. The other fellow said some people were outside who wanted to see me and one of them was Mike Dials.

I remembered Mike Dials as a boy whom I had known in about the seventh grade of school. I thought he was after me for some reason. I knew the other fellow had a gun and I told him to get it because I wanted to protect myself with it. But he couldn't seem to find it.

I ran into the toilet, dumped the Quaaludes into the commode and flushed the commode. When I thought I heard people starting to come into the front room, I was afraid they would come to the toilet to get me. I ran back to the front room where I found some people starting to come through the front door. I ran to the door, tried to shut it and hold the people out who were already half-way in.

Ramey (my old friend from my late teens) was one of the people. He looked very young and he didn't seem threatening, but he frightened me nevertheless.

Finally a number of people managed to squeeze past me into the room. My fears began to subside

and I sat down. Looking around I realized many people were actually in the room. Different colored chairs were lined up and the place reminded me of a bus station.

One person who had entered was a pretty blonde girl (about 20 years old) who attracted me. After she sat down, I realized she was my sister.

A handsome young man with blond hair (also about 20 years old stood up) walked over to my sister and sat next to her. They both could have been models. I thought he was the kind of person I wished my sister would find.

I wondered what kind of man would be nice for my mother and I began trying to visualize such a person. I imagined a dark-haired handsome man sitting in the room.

I suddenly realized I was dreaming and I began to wonder if there were a woman for me in the world. I realized I was celibate and if I were to meet a woman whom I could love, she likewise would have to be celibate. Suddenly I had an image of the woman's face. She had dark hair, a very straight nose and was probably in her early 30s – my age.

I realized she was also celibate. She had a masculine quality about her which helped diminish any sexual attraction I might have had toward her.

She aroused my curiosity. I was mystified about the nature of the relationship I could have since I realized it wouldn't be a sexual one.

I wondered – since I knew I was dreaming – whether the woman whom I had imagined really existed or whether she was just a fabrication of my mind. When I abruptly heard the woman speak, I realized that she actually did exist and that she was communicating with me by telepathy in my dream. She seemed to be trying to lead me somewhere.

I stood up and she said, "You need to go back."

I was unsure what she meant, but I walked outside and strolled down the street and saw snow on the ground.

I knew I was dreaming. My goal was to write a book of my dreams and I was presently working upon a particular story which I was trying to bring to life in my dreams. One of my goals in dreaming was to remember as much detail as possible in the dreams. But the woman spoke to me again and said, "You cannot remember every detail in your dreams. Just keep going."

I continued walking until I finally came to a building with some stairs leading upwards which I realized was a hotel. Since I thought I was dreaming, I began to wonder whether I was

having a valid dream or whether I was really awake. I heard the voice of the woman again telling me to go on, that what I was doing was just fine. She said I was indeed still dreaming.

Suddenly I realized where she was taking me: back to my sleeping body. As we walked up the stairs I remembered I was actually staying in a hotel in West Berlin, Germany. We walked up the stairs together and into my hotel room where I knew my body was lying on the bed.

The woman had something else she wanted me to do: look into a mirror. I remembered the day before I had read an episode in Carlos Castenada's book *The Fire From Within* dealing with Castenada's looking into a mirror and I wondered whether I would have a mystical experience similar to his if I were to look into a mirror.

What would it be like if I were actually in my body and would awaken while lying on the bed? I thought perhaps I could actually awaken, open my sleeping eyes and see a mirror in front of me. What would it be like to see my own face staring back at me? It would certainly be frightening; I didn't want to do it.

Instead I remembered a mirror was on the wall in the room and I thought I simply needed to walk over and look into it, but I couldn't seem to find the strength to move. Then I heard the woman

Speak to me again. She said, "You masturbated yesterday and now you do not have the strength."

Dream of: 08 March 1986 "God Appeared To Me"

I had been dating a tall slender black-haired woman who was intimidatingly attractive. Although the woman reminded me of someone whom I couldn't precisely identify, she also somewhat resembled my high-school sweetheart, Birdie. However this woman was even prettier than Birdie.

Although I was sexually attracted to the woman, up till now our relationship had been strictly platonic, and I was unsure whether I should make any sexual advances. It seemed she was almost too beautiful for me to think about having sex with her. Besides, I had vague feelings I had given up sex and should therefore resist such yearnings.

However, despite my abnegation of sex, the woman and I soon found ourselves naked in bed together. She was quite demanding, causing me to feel unsure of myself. Vaguely remembering I had masturbated twice the previous day, I was concerned I had expended my sexual energy. Perhaps I wouldn't be able to achieve an erection.

Would she then think I was impotent? It was difficult for me to feel particularly excited at first; however her warm body next to mine gradually

began to arouse me. My concern began to fade as our bodies pressed against each other and I felt my penis grow erect. Slipping my fingers between her legs and into her vagina, perceiving that she was burning with desire, I rolled on top of her and prepared to insert my penis into her.

Suddenly, however, I realized I couldn't go through with the act. Like a crystal-clear revelation, it dawned on me exactly why I hadn't been engaging in sex lately: I was uncertain the woman didn't have a venereal disease.

I recalled the one time I had had sex with anyone since Louise and I had separated a half year earlier, I had felt uncomfortable. I simply couldn't enjoy myself because of concern about contracting a venereal disease. My last sexual encounter had therefore been unenjoyable. It was clear now that – in light of my apprehension – having sex with this woman would likewise be unpleasant.

Since I did have feelings, other than sexual ones, for the woman, I didn't want to offend her by not continuing with our endeavor. However, I realized my opinion of her had considerably declined due to her wanton willingness to copulate with me.

As I lay atop of her, looking into her face, I searched for words to explain the predicament.

Finally I blurted out that I couldn't proceed because I was unsure she didn't have a disease.

When I asked her if she were sure, she admitted that although she certainly didn't think she had any disease, she wasn't 100 percent positive. I maintained that if we truly wanted to have sex, we should both visit a clinic and be tested.

I realized I wasn't in the proper position to now be explaining all this to her. She was plainly, and probably rightfully, vexed with me.

We rose, clothed and left.

Afterwards I was uncertain of my feelings about the woman. I did realize she no longer seemed as beautiful to me as before.

We were supposed to have another date one day. As I sat in my car, preparing to go and pick her up, I decided to confer with God on the matter, to ask God about my feelings for the woman. God deigned to appear to me, standing outside the car. I wasn't surprised to see that God looked exactly like me. I spoke to God, saying I realized the woman wasn't for me. I explained that although I had strong feelings for the woman, I felt as if the feelings were misplaced. God agreed with me. I didn't know if I wanted to completely break off my relationship with the woman. I thought ending the relationship would certainly be painful for both the woman and me. However, I had the feeling God wanted me to terminate the relationship.

If I were going to end the relationship, when should I break it off? Since I had already invited her out on another date, and was preparing to pick her up, I thought I should obviously still take her on the date. God felt the same way. But when should I tell the woman of my intention to break up with her - before or after the date? I knew I had paid either \$20 or \$40 for the tickets which we would be using tonight. If I told the woman I wanted to break up with her before we went out, would she want to pay her own way? God said, "She would certainly be a hick if she did."

I drove off, intending to pick up the woman. As I steered down a city street, I spotted her standing on the curb. Unable to pull up to the exact point where she was standing, I motioned to her to walk down the street a ways. I had to drive quite a distance before I was able to pull over to the curb. She walked along the sidewalk following me, until I was able to stop for her.

Dream of: 11 March 1986 "Essen"

I had been traveling and had stopped at a motel. I didn't plan to stay in the motel, but walked into the motel's restaurant where I wanted to eat. However someone showed me to one of the rooms of the motel which was occupied by a fellow who looked a little like me. A bicycle which he had carried into the room was lying beside the bed.

I didn't really have much to say to him; nevertheless he obviously wanted to talk and he engaged me in conversation. Once he began talking, he seemed like an interesting person. The conversation had a religious bent to it; he also spoke of people who used drugs.

Since I was traveling, I began to think it might be possible for me to spend the night in this room. I didn't want to sleep in the same bed with the fellow. My sleeping bag was outside; I could bring it in and spread it out on the floor. I recalled having allowed people to spend nights in motel rooms I had had before.

The room was quite nice and appeared rather expensive. I had the feeling the fellow didn't have much money but was splurging tonight.

He told me he was from Ottawa, Canada; I asked him if it was pretty there. He said it was beautiful. He said there were volcanoes there higher than the hill outside our window.

I turned around and looked out the window behind me where I saw a large hill partially covered by clouds. Closer to us, in front of the large hill, were three smaller, pretty hills. They were sharply inclined and appeared to be almost vertical. Nevertheless, houses sat on the small hills all the way to their tops.

Another person walked into the room and joined in our conversation. The new person mentioned my uncle Liston Jr.; I said, "He's my uncle."

It seemed strange to me that someone else here actually knew my uncle.

We all stood, walked outside and walked around together. I saw someone near us who seemed like someone I knew. Walking closer, I realized the person was professor Dohoney. She immediately recognized me. I threw my arms around her, hugged her and told her how good it was to see her. We talked for a while as the other people who had been with me walked on. She asked me what I was doing now; I told her I was living in Dallas and had been there for a year practicing law. Before that I had practiced law for a year in Waco.

She knew I had previously been interested in international law. I told her I was just getting ready to go to Germany and that I was going to be a professor there. She asked me where. I couldn't remember the name of the city in Germany where I was going to live, but finally I said, "Essen."

I knew Essen wasn't really the city where I was going, but I thought it was as good as any other city to tell her. I wondered if she knew I wasn't telling the complete truth when I said Essen.

I said, "You know who helped me get the job?"

"Who," she asked.

"Lawson and Newton," I said, referring to two of my law school professors. But the truth was that although Lawson and Newton had helped me in the past, they hadn't actually assisted me in obtaining the teaching position in Germany. I wondered if Dohoney knew I once again hadn't told her the complete truth.

I told Dohoney I owed her a great deal. If it hadn't been for her help I probably wouldn't be where I was. I said, "My life is really in good order."

I wanted her to feel proud of me. I knew she had helped me one time when I had needed help in law school. I wanted her to know my life had changed from its former debauchery to its present upright state. I asked her if she would like for me to write her from Germany; she said she would. I thought of asking her for her address but then thought I would just get it later.

We hugged each other again for a long time, almost a minute. It was so good holding her I almost felt a sexual attraction toward her. I wondered if my companions who had walked on might be looking back and wondering why I was standing here hugging this strange woman.

Dream of: 14 March 1986 "A New Language"

I was in a court house which had several court rooms in it. I had been in the court house once before and had learned that each of the courts received several small magazines which came bundled together with a string around them. I decided I personally would deliver the magazines to the courts on this day. I picked up the magazines and began going from court to court counting off the magazines for each court. Each court received about 10 magazines.

However, as I performed the task, I began thinking I had more pressing duties which I needed to be performing. I was now a lawyer and should be working as a lawyer rather than as a mere delivery boy. Still, I thought I would rush around and deliver the magazines anyway.

I went into the clerk's offices of one of the courts and found no one there. I opened up one of the bundles and was surprised to find among the magazine a paperback book (the only one which had come for all the courts) which was a grammar of a new language which someone had invented. The language was being used to write a science fiction book. I thought it was rather interesting that someone would write a science fiction book in a new language. I leafed through the book and noticed some pictures in it.

As I looked over the book, my brother Chris rolled up in his wheelchair. I was happy to see him since we hadn't been together in a long time. He was smiling and looked happy. I wished I had more time to spend with him.

I sat down and began wondering what Chris thought about me. I began reflecting about what kind of person I was. Ever since I had been a little boy I had been quiet, reserved and intelligent. I thought I had retained those qualities throughout my life and was still that way. I was rather pleased with those aspects of myself and thought Chris probably respected those qualities in me. There was nothing wrong with my being that way.

A woman (about 30 years old) walked into the room. She was tall, slender and had long, kinky, brownish hair. She saw the magazines, which she referred to as pamphlets, in the room and told me that some people took those pamphlets to get free title insurance on their houses. That interested me and I asked her to explain.

She said she had lived in several different apartments. But now she had a gray, brick house which she enjoyed. The value of the house had risen considerably since she had bought it. The people who put out the pamphlets had helped her get her title insurance. What she said interested me.

As she talked I noticed how blue her eyes were. They were almost iridescent. I also noticed that her tongue appeared to be blue, a very dark blue. It intrigued me that she had such blue eyes and a blue tongue.

Dream of: 18 March 1986 "Seeking A Different Life"

After awakening one morning and not knowing where I was, I finally realized I was at my old high school buddy Buckner's house in Portsmouth. At first I didn't think anything was strange about my being there, but upon deeper reflection, I recalled that the night before I had gone to bed at the Logan Street House (where my mother used to live). I lay there quite a while pondering how I could possibly be waking up at Buckner's house when I had fallen asleep at Logan Street.

After I saw on a clock in the room that it was 10:30 a.m., I realized I was lying on a couch in the kitchen.

I lay a while longer until Mr. Buckner (Buckner's father) walked into the room. Mr. Buckner seemed to have become old and rather senile and he was clearly no longer in complete control of himself.

He began fixing some coffee and knocked the coffee pot onto the floor. It occurred to me that I had once had a dream of that very same thing happening. It puzzled me how I could have

possibly dreamed the incident had happened and then have it actually occur right in front of me.

Finally Buckner (who had gained quite a bit of weight) walked into the room. After I motioned for him to come to me, he did so and I asked him,
"How did I get here last night?"

He looked at me puzzled at first; but seeming to understand what had happened, he indicated he didn't want to talk to me in front of his father and he said he would tell me later.

I continued thinking about the matter until I began to realize what must have happened. Apparently I had left the Logan Street House the night before, drunk some alcohol and blacked out. Having blacked out disturbed me because I had never blacked out before. Now for the first time I couldn't remember what had happened after drinking alcohol. That was definitely not a good sign.

Trying to figure out what could have happened, I thought, "Well, I might have gone over to Walls' house and drunk something over there. Or somebody might have stopped by my mother's and then I had gone with them."

I tried to think of all the possibilities, but my memory simply wouldn't function. I still couldn't remember where I had been.

Finally I rose and walked into the next room where I found some other fellows, one of whom had already begun to drink some alcohol that very morning. After he told me he had drunk a whole fifth of some kind of alcohol the night before, I asked him if he had a hangover and he answered, "No."

Finally several of the fellows and I left the house and walked down the street until I realized we were in Columbus, Ohio. I began thinking that the fellows probably smoked marijuana or used other drugs and that I could probably pick up some law business defending them.

I thought about how I had defended quite a few people arrested for possession of marijuana, even though I hadn't really acquired an expertise in the area. As I visualized my work, I had a shabby opinion of myself as a cheap lawyer who defended drug cases. If I were ever arrested for drugs, I would probably not even want to defend myself. I would want some top-notch defense attorney. Nevertheless, I felt confident about defending petty little drug possession cases, even though I had a low opinion of myself doing that kind of work.

As I walked along, I realized I actually lived in a house next door to Buckner. The only way I could really change my life would be to simply stop

associating with him. I needed to become completely independent; he would simply have to realize one day that I no longer used any alcohol or drugs. I thought I definitely needed to break off my association with Buckner and his friends. After a while he would simply get used to it and accept it.

Verily, I was seeking a different kind of life and I thought there might be some people in the world who were seeking the same kind of thing with whom I could associate.

Dream of: 20 March 1986 "Impending Doom"

I found myself standing high on the ramparts of a castle. Other men, soldiers, were with me.

Everything looked to be set in the 16th or 17th century and the soldiers appeared to be dressed as Frenchmen.

We realized the castle was going to be attacked and we were trying to decide how we were going to defend ourselves. We weren't quite prepared for an assault. I had grabbed what I had thought were spears; but actually what I had was nothing more than long, round, thin sticks. Finally the attack began by soldiers of what appeared to be an opposing army. They began climbing up the sides of the castle trying to break in. Many appeared to be wearing masks – grotesque masks of human faces.

As the soldiers reached me, I tried to push them back with my sticks; but my sticks were so flimsy I wasn't very successful. I thought of trying to push them back with my hands, but I realized doing so would be dangerous because the soldiers might grab my hands and pull me down with them as they fell. Finally I realized we needed to be using bows and arrows; I looked frantically looking around for a bow and arrow, and began screaming to my fellow soldiers around me, "Use aerobics! Use aerobics!"

When I said "aerobics" I actually meant "arrows." I screamed it over and over.

The men on my side were fighting bravely, but obviously we were going to be overwhelmed. The section we were in was particularly vulnerable. We began backing up through some doors into an inner room. I noticed some Negroes also trying to get into the room.

Someone brought out a long crossbow and I grabbed it. But I couldn't find any arrows to use on the bow. I carried the crossbow back outside where I found some arrows and began firing them. One large arrow I fired struck an enemy soldier. I then began trying again to push back the ladders of some soldiers climbing up the walls. I pushed one ladder back and watched as it fell straight back with the attacker holding on to it. He was

about 30-40 meters high and fell straight back to the ground with a crash. He was obviously severely injured or killed. I wished we could push more attackers back like that.

Finally I retreated again to the inner room. I thought some of the enemy probably realized I had a potent weapon with my crossbow and that they would want to take it from me. But now my problem was that I had no more arrows. My fellow soldiers were all poised in front of the door and on stairs waiting to defend themselves from the coming onslaught. I hoped they wouldn't all shoot at once at the same men and waste their arrows. Then they wouldn't have enough arrows for the next wave.

I was unafraid of what was about to happen. I had a feeling of impending doom and I wondered whether we should surrender, but it wasn't fear which I felt.

I began wondering exactly what it was we were defending there. Was a royal family in the castle? I was unsure.

Dream of: 21 March 1986 "Universal Artist"

I was representing a woman in a mental illness court where the issue was whether the woman was mentally ill. The woman had already testified the day before. The judge, sitting at a desk, was an

older man with white hair who somewhat reminded me of Judge Berry (a Dallas judge).

This morning the woman's husband (who looked like Mr. Stap, one of my clients) had been brought in; he was sitting at the end of the judge's desk. I stood in the background and I didn't take an active part in the hearing.

As the hearing progressed, it appeared the woman had had a large postage stamp collection worth quite a bit of money. The husband had some of the pages of postage stamps before him. He began showing the pages to the judge and pointing out places where some stamps had been cut out and had disappeared. Nobody was sure what had happened to the stamps – but it appeared the woman had probably cut them out and sold them. It also appeared the husband's name was written on the front of some of the postage stamps. He apparently maintained that part of the stamp collection belonged to him.

I continued watching the proceeding without taking an active part. Finally the judge dismissed the husband and the husband left. I spoke with someone and said I needed to find out whether the mental illness court would issue an injunction to prevent the selling of the stamps and other assets of the estate by the husband. I asked the judge

about it and he said an injunction could be issued, but he wasn't quite sure what I was talking about.

I then mentioned that the woman probably needed to try to divorce her husband. He said I should go to judge Schwille and that Schwille would probably issue an injunction. He complemented Schwille by saying that he was a "universal artist." Apparently he knew I had practiced quite a bit in Schwille's court. He thought Schwille would be able to help me more with the injunction question than he would be able to.

Dream of: 21 March 1986 (2) "Ain't No Share"

I sang, "There ain't no share that I've saved around the water; you just save yourself and run OK."

Dream of: 23 March 1986 "Abnormality"

I was in Portsmouth. I was planning to go somewhere to law school but I was undecided exactly where I would go. I was considering studying either in Germany or California. I called some people in Germany to see if I could enter law school there and was told I could; I would simply need to go to Germany and begin. But for some reason I decided not to go to Germany and to go to Colorado instead.

That evening as I was having supper with my family, (my father was sitting at one end of the table and I was sitting at the other end) the subject of my returning to law school arose and my father asked me where I was going to go. I knew he didn't approve of my going back to law school. I was quite defensive about the topic and told him I was going to go to Colorado.

He asked me why I hadn't told him sooner. I explained that I had simply not known how to tell him. He said he and my sister might come to visit me. He liked to travel and in fact he was thinking of taking a trip to Utah in the near future.

Finally I left the table. I began thinking some more and realized I might need to go to Germany after all because I wouldn't be able to simply transfer to an American school as easily as to a German school.

I began walking around on the streets trying to decide what to do. I met some people who apparently were going to take a trip into Kentucky to visit either Carter Caves or some kind of amusement park there. They were boarding buses and I climbed on one of the buses with them. Most people had tickets. Although I didn't have a ticket, I took a seat anyway. Phil Lane was on the bus.

The bus was actually more like the bed of a truck. There were no walls and no top. The seats were

merely sitting on the bed and were arranged in rows with four seats in each row.

In front of my seat was a horizontal metal bar. I crossed my arms, placed them on the bar and then laid my head on my arms. A man who was seating people walked up to me and told me I would have to get off the bus if I was sleeping. But I wasn't sleeping and I remained in my seat.

However, I decided to get off the bus anyway. When I stepped off I was close to Front Street in Portsmouth near the U.S. Grant Bridge which crosses the Ohio River from Portsmouth to Kentucky.

A woman walked up, spoke to me and told me I had AIDS. I replied, "I don't have AIDS."

She told me the bus I had been on was an AIDS bus and that everyone on it had had AIDS. I told her I had been on the bus but that I certainly didn't have AIDS. I thought for a moment, decided I might be able to make some money from the woman's ignorance and said, "You wouldn't like to place a bet on that would you."

She said she would. She spoke about how much money we would bet and said it would be from \$90-\$100. We then agreed to bet \$100. I told her I could take a test and if the test showed I didn't have AIDS, she would pay me \$100 and if the test

showed that I did have AIDS, I would pay her \$100. I thought it would be a certain bet for me since I was positive I didn't have AIDS. She agreed. I didn't actually have \$100 in my pocket. But I wanted to be sure she had the cash.

She then brought some people up who were carrying two trays. On one tray were three samples of some kind of bodily fluid which they had obtained from me. Some other type of fluid was on the second tray. A man who appeared to be a pharmacologist began putting some drops of some kind of liquid in my samples.

Another man walked up and stuck his finger in one of my samples. Then he touched his finger to his mouth. I said, "Oh now you've got AIDS! You've got my AIDS!"

I was merely kidding him and trying to scare him. He became quite alarmed, but I knew there was no possibility of his having AIDS.

I meanwhile had bought a milkshake which I was holding in my hand.

The pharmacologist continued with his tests. He had spread my samples out on a platter and said he was now going to spray some kind of mist on the sample. He said if the sample turned orange it meant I had AIDS. He sprayed the mist on the sample and suddenly the sample turned a bright

orange. It stayed orange for about a second and then faded away.

Everyone who had been near me stepped away. The pharmacologist looked at me and said, "You've got it."

I stood in utter disbelief and in a state of intense confusion. I reflected that I hadn't had any homosexual relationships of any kind. I thought the test must be wrong because I couldn't possibly have it. Nevertheless I was very alarmed.

The people around me moved farther away and I thought, "Well they can't just catch it by standing next to me. Why are they backing off so like that?"

I didn't know what to think. One fellow had a camera and was apparently going to take my picture. I feared he was going to have it published in a newspaper and I turned my head away. I certainly didn't need to have my picture published in a newspaper at that point.

I thought I needed to talk to a doctor immediately to try to determine what to do. But no one seemed to want to approach me. I began walking away.

A fellow (probably in his mid-30s) stepped up to my side and began walking with me. He was bald on top of his head but had short, kinky, dark-brown hair on the sides. He was slender and about

my height. He spoke to me and was very friendly. I thought perhaps he had AIDS. But he didn't appear to have it. He said, "Well you certainly have my sympathy."

I asked, "Do you have AIDS?"

"No," he replied.

I said, "I certainly appreciate your not running away from me. I don't understand. I've never had any kind of homosexual relationship."

But that didn't seem to me to be entirely correct. It seemed that about 15 years ago I had had one brief, irrelevant homosexual encounter with someone.

The fellow asked, "Can you tell me why you're in 'rest and abnormality'?"

I thought he was referring to the bus I had been on which I thought had been for people who had been abnormal or who needed rest.

I replied, "Because I was going to go to Germany and study law"

I began trying to formulate in my mind the reasons why I was going to Germany.

**Dream of: 24 March 1986 "Insufficient
Probable Cause"**

I had been appointed by judge Schwille to accompany two narcotics agents when they went to arrest someone. The agents (probably in their late 20s) had longish hair and mustaches. They had been using a helicopter to observe a suspect (probably in his late 20s) who likewise had longish brown hair and a mustache.

The agents had just landed their helicopter when I joined them. On two previous occasions the agents had watched the fellow leave his house and both times after leaving his house he had lit a cigarette. The agents had deduced that the cigarette was actually a marijuana joint. On this occasion the fellow again left his house, again lit a cigarette and the agents concluded they now had enough reason to arrest him.

They knew the fellow was now in a restaurant. The three of us walked into the restaurant together obviously looking for someone. We walked past several occupied tables and came to the table where the suspect was sitting. He reminded me of Davis (a Fort Worth attorney with whom I had attended law school) and for a moment I even thought he was Davis.

The agents ordered him to stand up, searched him, and found a small package of marijuana in his pants pocket. I then explained to the fellow that I had been appointed by the court to accompany the

narcotics agents to make sure everything had been done properly. I told the fellow that the agents certainly hadn't had any probable cause to arrest him and that we would need to file a motion to suppress the evidence. In my opinion the mere fact that a person had been seen lighting a cigarette didn't constitute sufficient probable cause to warrant arresting the person.

The four of us left the restaurant, boarded a car of the narcotics agents and drove away. I was becoming rather upset with the entire situation; wanting to disparage the narcotics agents, I said, "I don't see how you guys can stand your work. Drugs, marijuana and cocaine are one of the two or three worst problems in the United States."

I continued to explain that clearly the drugs weren't good for people. However, the way to combat drugs wasn't to make their possession a criminal offense and put people in jail merely because they possessed the drugs. I was adamant and also quite agitated because I deeply felt the United States was acting wrongly when it imprisoned people for possession of drugs.

I remembered when alcohol had been illegal in the United States and the ramifications of alcohol's being sold illegally. The same thing was now happening with drugs. Drugs needed to be

legalized and people with problems with drugs
needed to be helped.

Dream of: 02 April 1986 "Nigerian Romance"

While in my Cedar Springs Law Office, I was surprised to see Michael Ilbe (a Dallas acquaintance) walk in. Ilbe (about 25 years old) had a stocky build and was black. I recalled that he was a Nigerian and that he had asked me to help him with an immigration matter. He had seemed like a likable character; however he had not had any money with which to pay me and I had never done the requested work. And now I was preparing to leave Dallas and move to Europe.

He sat down and asked me if I had been able to do anything for him. I told him I had not and I intimated that Leland (the other lawyer in my office) had been supposed to do some of the work for him. Ilbe said he had tried to have another lawyer help him but that lawyer likewise hadn't done much for him. I implied his new lawyer had apparently not put much effort into his case. He replied that neither had Leland. I didn't know what to say.

He stood as if he were about to leave. I said, "There's one thing that will usually get a lawyer to do something for you."

"Money?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

I thought perhaps I would recommend he go to my ex-wife, Louise, but before I could say anything, I was surprised to hear him say he had already gone to see Louise. He then said he had taken Louise out on dates several times. That really surprised me.

I immediately wanted to find out more about his encounters with Louise. He sat back down, we continued talking and I said, "Let me make sure I've got your name and number here."

I picked up an index card lying on the desk and wrote "Michael Ilbe" on it.

I wanted to get back to his dates with Louise and I asked, "Well did you know I was going to go to Europe?"

He said, "Yea, she mentioned that."

I asked, "Well did she say anything about me?"

"No," he replied.

I thought it was curious he would say Louise had not said anything about me when he had just finished telling me that she had told him I was going to go to Europe. Obviously she therefore had said something about me. I asked, "And you went out with her?"

"Yea, four or five times," he answered.

He then made a gesture as if he were going to pull out his billfold and added, "The last time I spent \$25 on the date."

I remembered having recently encountered Louise in a restaurant when I had been with a black woman, Francis (a clerk in judge Michael Schwille's criminal court). I had taken Francis out to lunch merely as a courtesy and not because there was anything romantic between us. But here Louise had apparently been romantically involved with this black man. I looked at him and tried to imagine why Louise would want to go with a black man. I thought she probably had some sexual attraction for him.

I suddenly remembered Louise was going to marry someone soon and I wondered whether she had gone out with Ilbe while she had been engaged. I wanted to ask Ilbe exactly when he had gone out with Louise.

Dream of: 03 April 1986 "Dream Interpretation"

I was in a classroom which vaguely reminded me of a room at Grant Junior High School. I was sitting in the rear seat of the second row from the left of several rows of chairs. The teacher was a

tall lanky man (probably in his late 30s). The class was scheduled to last one hour.

The other students and I had apparently been given an assignment to record a dream which we had had the night before. We were then supposed to relate it to the class. I had typed my dream and put it in a sack of food I had with me; but I couldn't seem to locate it at the moment.

First another student said a few things and then the teacher called upon me to tell my dream. That pleased me because I had had an interesting dream which I wanted to relate to everyone. I began telling the dream and I told them that in my dream a king had been in his camp with his soldiers. They were trying to decide whether to attack a large fortified city. The king was uncertain what to do so finally it was put to a vote by the soldiers in the camp whether the city should be attacked. The soldiers voted to attack the city. The king and his soldiers marched off and attacked the large fortified city. They overcame the city and then the question arose what to do with the city after they had attacked it. It was again put to a vote.

I hesitated for a moment in the telling of the dream. I was uncertain whether in my dream the question had actually been put to a vote the second time but I thought it had. I continued, "It

was put to a vote whether the large city should be destroyed or not. It was once again decided that the large city should not be destroyed."

I couldn't remember all the details of the dream. At one point I stopped and pulled out the sack with my food in it to look for the dream as I had written it, since I knew the written version was more precise. I wanted to tell the dream exactly as I had written it, but I couldn't find the written dream. I only found food in the sack.

It seemed as if I had taken a long time to tell the dream, probably at least five minutes, and I knew the class only lasted an hour. I thought everyone might not have time to tell their dreams.

As I neared the end of my dream, I noticed an overweight black girl sitting to my left playing a radio. I tapped her on the shoulder and told her to quiet down the radio because people couldn't hear me. She turned it down and indeed I could be heard much better. Plus I could think much more clearly about what I was saying.

I couldn't tell for certain whether the other students were interested in what I was saying. It did seem as if the students were listening although I noticed one girl yawning on my left.

I thought the dream had been colorful and might have had something to do with democracy. The

idea of soldiers marching off to war and attacking cities seemed quite impressive to me.

As I had been telling the dream, the teacher had been writing some things in chalk on the blackboard about the dream. He had some questions at the end and wanted to know if the soldiers and the king had been in a small city. I said, "No. It had been a camp."

Then he wanted to know something about the large city. He seemed to place much significance on two cities having been involved, although I was uncertain of the point he was trying to make. Finally he said the dream might signify my father's forgiving me for something. He thought that some guilt was involved in the dream and that my father could possibly forgive me for my guilt. I hadn't thought about it before, but I understood what he was saying and his interpretation made some sense to me.

Beneath the notes on the blackboard which the teacher had made about my dream was a horizontal line and beneath the line was some more writing. At first I thought the writing might be about one of my other dreams but then I realized it wasn't. It looked to me as if the writing was in dialogue form. I saw the word "beer" among the words on the first line. It looked like someone was talking about beer and then

someone was responding to the question in the second line. Other lines of dialogue then appeared to follow.

Babcock (a former high school classmate) was one of the students in the room. He raised his hand and wanted to say something about the writing which was below the line. Finally I stood to look at the writing more closely and I saw that it contained a map to a convention center where a beer party was going to be held. The writing above the map talked about beer which was to be brought to the convention center. Babcock wanted to make sure everyone knew about it.

People began standing up and milling about. It rather disgusted me because it seemed the only thing they were interested in was going to a beer party. The teacher apparently was even going to go and he asked me if there were any places to buy beer between where we were and the convention center. I thought there probably were but I wasn't really sure. I didn't tell them I wasn't going to go to the party because I didn't drink beer. I thought they might interpret that as my being an alcoholic and I didn't think I was an alcoholic. I simply didn't like to go to those kind of affairs.

Dream of: 04 April 1986 "Lost Dreams"

I was traveling in Europe. I had my green back pack and I had also taken four notebooks of my dreams with me. Two notebooks contained some of my earlier dreams and two contained more recent dreams. But when I looked for my two earlier notebooks I couldn't find them and concluded I must have misplaced them somewhere.

I found myself in a city which was experiencing political problems. I walked into a department store and descended to the basement where there appeared to be a clothing department. I began unpacking my back pack onto a round table and pulled out two shirts and a blue sheet which I had had for several years.

Suddenly the phone rang, I picked up the receiver and a man with a crisp American accent told me he had my back pack. Apparently he had stolen it while I hadn't been looking and now he wanted to know what it was worth to me to have it back. I was unsure I wanted to buy it back. He mentioned some exorbitant price and I told him I was just a poor fellow and I couldn't afford it.

However, what did concern me was whether my dream notebooks were in the back pack. The idea of losing those was frightening because I didn't have any copies of the dreams in those notebooks.

I asked him if he would check to see if the notebooks were in the back pack.

I asked him something else about the back pack but he said he was unsure. He said he had stolen so many back packs that he couldn't keep track of all of them. Apparently he had been in Europe a long time stealing back packs. He had found it easy to go to places where people left their back packs and steal them. He said he would check about my notebooks and call me back. I hung up.

I noticed some other people standing nearby, among whom was Bobby Nichols (a Portsmouth acquaintance). He was in his early 20s. He was standing near some clothes racks talking to some people about someone having stolen something of his. I hollered to him and asked what they had stolen. He said they had taken some kind of belt he had and his back pack. I said, "Well, maybe it's the same guy that stole my back pack. He's going to call back in a minute. When he calls back I'll ask him."

Suddenly one of the fellows standing with Nichols turned around and began walking toward me. It was Vernon. However I thought his name was Gordon. He walked up to me and stood right in my face. He seemed rather large and had a beard. We were both wearing blue pin striped suits. I was surprised he had walked up to me like that. But

apparently he wanted to speak to me about something dealing with Louise. He spoke for a few minutes, but I acted as if I didn't want to talk with him. I didn't want him around me and finally he walked away. But then I reflected and motioned him back. I thought it would be better to finish the discussion now since we were both there.

He spoke again. As he spoke I had the impression Louise had expressed to him that she still had some lingering feelings for me. Vernon was quite upset about that fact.

I looked at his face and tried to see what it was that Louise saw in him. I had always thought he was an unattractive person; but he didn't look as bad up close as he did from a distance.

He said he wanted to get something straight between me and him concerning Louise.

Apparently he still thought something was still between Louise and me. I didn't mind talking with him but his manner was unbecoming. He was abrasive, aggressive, quite emotional and he didn't seem to be rational. He began acting as if he wanted to fight with me, actually touched me and I thought, "If he touches me again I'm going to do something about it."

He said something about biting my finger, raised his hand, put one of his fingers in front of my eye

and touched my eyelash with it. I thought to myself, "Well, he's touched me. That's an assault."

I grabbed his finger, bent it back and pulled him off balance causing him to fall down. He began to struggle and we wrestled on the floor. We bumped into some clothes racks and then rolled under a table. Vernon grabbed my right index finger and tried to bite it. I had to try to keep it out of his mouth.

Although he was much larger than I, he seemed like a very weak person. I thought I could probably easily defeat him in a fight. I held him and asked him if he wanted me to let him go. He said, "No."

I began banging his head against the table. Finally I held his head against the table and said, "Look, I want to let go. I don't want to be arrested for disorderly conduct."

Some police officers had shown up and were crawling on their backs under the clothes racks trying to get to us. They were obviously agitated and one of them had his gun pulled out.

I looked at Vernon and said, "I'm going to let you go, Gordon."

After I had released him, the police immediately grabbed him and handcuffed him. I just lay on the

ground on my back and the police didn't bother me. I said, "He assaulted me officers."

They seemed to think that he was the one who had caused the problem. I thought it was rather unseemly for two lawyers to be wrestling around in a department store like that. I asked, "Are we under arrest?"

One of them replied, "No. This is just a watch."

Apparently they only wanted to watch us for a few minutes to make sure we didn't do anything else."

I stood up, unbuttoned my top shirt button and pulled my tie out from under my collar so that it was on the outside of my collar. I began walking down the aisle of the store and the police brought Vernon along behind me. He was still lamenting my continuing relationship with Louise. I tried to explain to him that there was nothing between Louise and me anymore. I told him that he shouldn't be trying to do anything to influence my life and that he and Louise were completely out of my life.

Dream of: 04 April 1986 (2) "Calming My Nerves"

While in an apartment where I lived, I heard someone at the door; I went to the door and found Louise standing there. She apparently thought her

husband Vernon was after me for some reason and she was quite upset. When I looked at her, I could tell she still liked me. I reached out, pulled her to me and kissed her. She kissed me back, even though we both knew she was now married. She said she had to go because Vernon was coming; she began backing up. She left and I shut the door.

The door had two locks on it. One was a bolt lock and the other required a key. Suddenly I heard Louise talking to Vernon right outside the door, and then Vernon began trying to break through the door. I locked both locks, then ran to the back of the house. I ran outside through the back door and began running up an alley. After I was about half way down the alley, I looked back and saw Vernon chasing me with a gun.

I zigzagged back and forth down the alley, finally turned a corner and saw a guy and girl sitting in a green Volkswagen (the girl behind the steering wheel). I opened the car door and hollered, "Take off! A guys following me with a gun!"

I jumped in and the girl without hesitation pulled out and began driving up and down some alleys. I wanted them to take me to the police station, but when I noticed the fellow had a marijuana joint in his hand, I asked him to let me have it so I could smoke some. He handed the joint to me and said

he only had that one. I thought maybe I would buy some latter for them, but I needed something right now to calm my nerves. I told them I hadn't smoked any marijuana in almost 15 months.

We began smoking the joint and continued until nothing was left but a small butt; but I didn't feel any effects of the marijuana. Finally the fellow took the butt and extinguished it with his fingers. The sky outside began to grow dark. I told them I wanted them to take me to the police station so I could file charges of assault against Vernon.

Dream of: 11 April 1986 "Certain Powers"

I had gone to a home where Buckner was living in Portsmouth. Since Buckner's parents had forbidden me to see Buckner and Buckner himself was being kept by his parents in the upstairs part of the house, I climbed up the side of the house and entered the house through an upstairs window. Once inside, I found myself in a small room which had a doorway through which I could see Buckner standing on the other side in the neighboring room.

Buckner walked into the room where I was and he motioned for me to go into the room out of which he had just come. I went in and Buckner walked downstairs.

I found a notebook which contained some kind of paper Buckner had written in long-hand for a class. I leafed through it and saw that Buckner had made an A on it.

Helen Buckner (Buckner's mother) then started trying to come up the stairs and Buckner blocked her way. But Jennie Buckner (Buckner's older sister) did come up the stairs. Buckner followed Jennie and they entered the room where I was. I crouched down to hide and Jennie didn't see me at first; but then she spotted me. She obviously didn't want me to be here with Buckner and she said something about Buckner's being meek and mild. He did look rather sickly and he seemed thin and pale.

Jennie invited me to walk downstairs with her and the three of us began descending the stairs. I told her that Buckner was meek and mild because they tried to control him. He was a 33-year-old man and it wasn't proper for a 33-year-old man to still be under the control of his parents and family. She disagreed with me.

We walked into the backyard. Buckner knew I had certain powers and he wanted me to demonstrate some powers to his sister to help show that I was correct.

Some bowls were sitting on the ground near us. I looked at one of the bowls and mentally willed the

bowl to rise into the air a few centimeters and float around.

A round swimming pool about a meter high (the kind which is set up above ground) was in the back yard. I made the bowl float around over the pool and over the yard.

Jennie was obviously impressed with my ability. She clearly didn't understand how I was able to make the bowl float with my mind.

Making the bowl float did require a good deal of concentration and effort on my part. I next wanted to make the bowl float over to the edge of the pool, turn up on its rim and roll along the pools edge. I knew that would require even more agility and will power. I was uncertain I would be able to perform that particular feat but I was determined to try it.

Dream of: 11 April 1986 (2) "Penard"

I had met a beautiful blonde lady (probably in her mid-20s). I was writing her a letter describing a letter I had recently received from Brian. With the letter Brian had also sent me a box full of valentine candy full of rich chocolates and other sweet delicacies.

Brian's letter had been up-beat. As I had read it, I had had the impression Brian was thinking about coming to live with me. He knew I had quit

practicing law. And I thought he likewise felt an urge to leave the practice of law and live a freer life.

In the letter Brian had described some recent events in his life; apparently some unusual things had been happening to him. He said someone had taken some pictures of him holding another man's penis. But he didn't seem very concerned about it. It vaguely seemed as if the same kind of thing had once happened to me, but I couldn't remember clearly.

Brian had mentioned in his letter a man named Penard. I had once introduced Brian to Penard, who lived in a large Texas city and who owned the Penard World Trade Center. Brian had apparently come to know the man quite well. He was thankful to me for having introduced him.

Brian said he had become somewhat of an outcast among his own kind because he behaved strangely around people.

As I concluded my letter to the woman, I thought I would like for her to meet Brian. They were both good-looking and might have a lot in common if they were to meet.

Dream of: 12 April 1986 "Colorful Blood"

I had gone to a law school class being taught by judge Schwille; when I arrived, hardly anyone was there. Another fellow and I walked into a room behind the classroom. I told the other fellow that I enjoyed solving property problems and that I regretted I would no longer be able to do property problems if I were to leave Texas. I said if I went to another state I would have to learn all the property law over again and I wouldn't have anyone to spoon-feed it to me like Schwille had done. We then walked back into the classroom.

At first I sat down in a desk in the rear left corner of the room; but the desk was pointed toward the rear wall, so I exchanged places with the fellow sitting in the last seat of the left row which was pointed toward the front of the room.

The class had already begun. Schwille was in his judge's robe sitting in front of the room in what appeared to be a judge's bench. Many students were standing at blackboards on the walls of the room. The students were busily writing on the blackboards the answers to problems they had been given. All the problems dealt with the law of property and all the answers were in the form of numbers.

I likewise had solved the problems and had the answers written before me. However, I couldn't find the blue casebook which contained the

problems themselves. Fortunately, the blackboards were apparently full and I didn't need to worry about my being called to go to the board.

I had just returned from Germany. I had wanted to talk to Schwille before class had begun to tell him what it had been like there; but now it was too late.

My ex-wife, Louise, sitting in the seat in front of me, turned around and spoke to me. I knew she was now married. As we talked someone walked up and asked her how John was (John was apparently the name of her husband) and she said he was just fine.

She seemed superficially happy and I had the feeling she was experiencing a transitory happiness. It was the first week of January and she had only been married for about a week. I asked her how her marriage was and she said it was just fine. I said, "Well of course the year's not over yet."

She didn't say anything, but she put her hand on my right hand as she talked. I was still attracted to her, but the attraction was much different now that she was married. I didn't think I should touch her in any way.

I told her how the night before I had stabbed my leg with a long narrow razor blade which I used

for cutting out pictures to make collages. The razor had been left in the bed and I had rammed my leg into the razor in the middle of the night. The razor had gone about three centimeters into my left leg.

I pulled up my left pants leg to show her the wound. Blood had oozed out and flowed all down my leg; but the color of the blood was green and blue. It was quite pretty. Louise said she wished she had a camera so she could take pictures of the colorful blood. I also thought it would make a nice picture, but I had neither camera nor instamatic film.

Dream of: 15 April 1986 "Ghost House"

I was riding along when I came to a construction project where some work had been done on what appeared to be an old age home of some sort. A woman who accompanied me began telling me that the construction company had fired one of its female employees because the employee had begun examining some company books. When the courts discovered why the company had fired the woman, the courts had closed down the construction project. I asked the woman talking to me what the employee had found when she had examined the books, and the woman talking to me replied, "She won't tell anybody."

The woman with me told me that part of the project consisted of a large house and that construction on the house had also ceased. The house was now being offered for sale for around \$300,000. The woman said that the house was nice, and that it would probably be worth twice the asking price if it had been completed, but much work still needed to be completed in the interior.

When we rode closer to the house, I could see the female employee who had been fired sitting there looking through some books. Her face was beet-red. Apparently she was afflicted with a disease which made her so red.

The woman with me asked me if I wanted to see the interior of the house and we walked on in. Other people were in the house. I saw a servant whose name was "Agnes." I found a baby, picked it up and began looking at it. The baby was apparently somehow related to the old female employee who had been fired.

I walked to the back part of the house where I found another baby which apparently was the grandchild of the old female employee. The woman with me said she was going to adopt that baby.

We began walking back through the house which indeed was very nice inside and sported much light-colored finished woodwork.

I suddenly realized that I myself I was also a woman in my mid 30s and suddenly things began looking spooky to me. Someone asked me if I wanted to spend the night there. I had been thinking of staying there tonight, but now the whole house seemed like some kind of ghost house.

The woman with me walked ahead until I lost sight of her. When I saw the servant Agnes descending some stairs, I hollered, "Agnes! Agnes!"

Agnes, however, didn't even turn around to look at me. Instead, she continued down the stairs until she disappeared. I looked around trying to locate the woman who had been with me. Suddenly I heard a moan somewhere in the house. It was frightening and I was no longer sure what to do. I then walked into another room and hollered, "Madam! Madam!"

Dream of: 17 April 1986 "Protecting Karl Marx"

It was Christmas vacation during a time when I was in school. I went to a movie theater where an animated cartoon-like movie was playing. Wanting to sit in an aisle seat, I walked down to the second

row of seats and sat down. The screen was circular and the seats were also arranged in a circular pattern.

I spoke to two fellows I knew sitting in the front row directly in front of me. I had met them once before at a movie and I commented to them that it looked as if all we did was go to the movies.

The next thing I knew I and about 15 others had all been rounded up and herded into a room by some communists. I also saw a man sitting down in the room who I realized was Karl Marx – although he didn't look like Karl Marx. Another man was standing and giving Marx a message.

Marx in turn was typing on some kind of a machine sending the message to someone.

I realized Marx was working for the military which was opposed to the communists here and which was on our side. The message Marx was sending was to our people and it was important that he have a little more time to continue sending the message. Our allies were getting ready to attack the communists and it was important that we somehow stall the communists for a while. The only way I knew to accomplish that was to cause some kind of commotion. But many guards were standing around with Uzi-type machine gun. If we caused any disturbance we would probably be shot.

Nevertheless, another fellow and I stood up in front of Karl Marx and began making a commotion. We wanted to stand in front of Marx to be sure he wasn't hit by any gunfire and would be able to finish sending the message. The guards began firing the machine guns at us. I knew I was going to die but I was unafraid because I thought I was dying for a good cause. I was hit by a shot. But I was still able to stand. I was hit again and fell over onto the floor. I knew I was going to die right here on the spot but I was unconcerned because I knew I had done the right thing.

Dream of: 17 April 1986 (2) "Little Red Specks"

I was staying in a place which seemed like Patriot. On the lot where the House in Patriot used to be another house was now standing. A thin, blonde-haired girl lived in the house with her family. I had asked the girl out a few times but she had always refused. She was probably in her late teens and was very pretty. I noticed a few times that she appeared to have been mistreated - but I wasn't sure.

I also met a thin, black-haired girl who was even prettier than the blonde and who lived in the same house. I thought her name was Krista. She reminded me somewhat of Patricia Rogers (a Dallas acquaintance). I thought about asking out

the black-haired girl, but I thought if the blonde wouldn't go out with me then surely the black-haired girl wouldn't. But finally I decided that I would ask out the black-haired girl.

I had had the job of washing off the sides of the house where the girls lived. I was a bit ashamed of the type of work I was doing; but at the same time

I didn't think the girls did anything glamorous either so it probably made no difference. I noticed that little red specks which looked like blood were on the house. One day I was washing off the house when the black-haired girl stepped outside. I was shocked to see that her right eye was swollen and her face had obviously been badly beaten. I didn't know what to think.

I wanted to ask her out anyway. But I also wanted to know who was doing that to her and try to get her out of that situation. But she was so ashamed she wouldn't talk to me and she walked back inside. But I was determined I was going to get her out of there and I followed her back inside.

Her father then walked up to me. He was a midget and only rose to my knees. I pushed him out of my way and walked back outside. Suddenly the man's son (probably 16-17 years old) came outside. He had black hair and was thin. I thought he had also been mistreated. Nevertheless he wanted to defend his father and he attacked me. I punched

him and threw him off from me clear across the street to the house where the Swiver's used to live.

Beside the house next to the street was a ditch filled with black sewage. The fellow fell into the ditch and went under the water. I thought he would come out on his own. But when he didn't surface I stuck my right hand down into the dark water and began feeling around. Finally I felt something which I thought was his hand. But when I pulled it out I saw that it was his foot.

I began trying to pull him out but I had a difficult time raising his head out of the water. Finally I was able to pull him all the way out. He seemed lifeless. I laid him on his back and began pumping on his chest. Greyish, black water began coming out of his mouth. It looked like mud. There was no sign of life. I was worried he might have drowned. The water began pouring out of his mouth just like out of a water hose.

Dream of: 18 April 1986 "In The Jungle"

I was driving an old white pick-up truck through the jungle of what appeared to be a southeast Asian country. A small boy was with me and I let him drive the truck for a while. Finally the truck quit on us. I wanted to repair the problem and I tore out a panel under the dash in the cab so I could see better. I noticed how much space there

was under the dash and thought a couple people could even hide there if they wanted to.

I then proceeded to drain out some gas into a metal can that probably held about two liters. As I was working I heard what sounded like children marching through the jungle. I thought it might be some enemy soldiers and I didn't know what to do.

I heard them talking and they sounded as if they were about 30 meters away; but they didn't see us.

As they marched past, I stuck some paper into the gas can to serve as a fuse. I then lit the paper and threw the can into the jungle. A loud explosion followed. I told the little boy we would have to wait for a while. If someone came we might have to fight with them. I knew a body of water was nearby which we could attempt to reach where perhaps we could find a boat to escape.

Dream of: 19 April 1986 "Reason For Vegetarianism"

I had spent the night in the upstairs of a house with some other fellows. When we awoke in the morning we waited a while before going downstairs and I thought of doing some handstands against the wall. I only saw one place where the handstands might be done and there was a picture on the wall there where my feet would hit the wall. I walked over to the picture and took it off the wall.

The picture was an original oil painting. It depicted a boy and girl looking up toward the sky. They were surrounded by large flowers bigger than their heads. The painting had been done on a broken piece of plywood and had never been framed. Apparently an artist had once lived here and had left it. I looked on the back and saw another painting of flowers. I had the impression the paintings were practice works. Yet apparently someone had thought they were good enough to put them on the wall.

Before I could begin the handstands someone called us downstairs to eat. All of us (about six or seven) walked downstairs to the kitchen and sat down to eat breakfast. The others began eating some meat. Some soup was brought to me which had some large hunks of meat in it which I took out. One fellow sitting directly across from me said he was interested in knowing exactly why I was a vegetarian. He said he had asked me before but had never really gotten a response.

In the past I had often stated that I was a vegetarian for health reasons. But I knew that wasn't actually the reason. So I said, "The reason I'm a vegetarian is not because of the health reasons, although I think it's unquestionable that vegetarianism leads to better health. Well anything can be questioned. But in my mind there's no doubt that a person who does not eat

meat is healthier. That is a good reason in itself for being a vegetarian. But that's not my reason.

"The reason I'm a vegetarian is because I think it is morally right to be a vegetarian. When a person acts in a moral manner he can feel morally good. And the reason I am a vegetarian is it just makes me feel morally good – good in the sense of not being righteous or upright, but just a good feeling. I have a good moral feeling when I do not eat meat. And that is the reason I'm a vegetarian."

About three people were eating at my table. A couple guys and a woman had also sat down at another table. I hoped they had also heard me because I wanted them to also know why I was a vegetarian.

I thought I had finally expressed well my reason for being a vegetarian. And that was my reason. It made me feel morally good not to eat meat. I knew it was morally incorrect to eat meat. I had the feeling that the people around the table had understood what I had said and basically agreed with me even as they sat there eating their meat.

Dream of: 19 April 1986 (2) "Equus"

I was walking down what appeared to be Coles Boulevard in Portsmouth and came to the intersection at Scioto Trail where I turned left and headed south. The area looked quite different from

normal. Quite a bit of the land, which was red clay, had been plowed up to prepare for construction of a new gas station which was going to be very long. Space for about 10 gas tanks stretched down along Scioto Trail.

Another fellow, a woman and her daughter (about 20 years old) were walking along with me in the same general direction. Although we didn't speak to each other we walked along together in a group and bypassed a ditchdigging machine which was operating.

Finally we came to a hotel, all four of us entered and I paid for a room. We all went up to the room, went inside and lay down on the bed. I was on the right side of the bed and the girl was next to me.

The mother lay on the other side of the girl.

I pulled out my cassette player intending to tape a letter to Judith (a Dallas acquaintance). The others had never heard me speak and I pulled a pillow over my head so I could speak in private. One of them turned on the television.

I had previously taped part of the letter and had stopped when I had been talking to Judith about the movie *Equus* with Richard Burton. I continued telling Judith, "This movie was about a kid who had taken a sickle and poked out the eyes of some horses. And then he had been sent to a psychiatrist who was Richard Burton. And one of

the techniques Burton used was having the kid talk into the cassette player when Burton wasn't around and then Burton would later listen to it cause the kid didn't want to talk directly to Burton."

I had been reminded of the movie now that I was talking to Judith via the tape player.

I began having the feeling that the girl lying next to me was listening to what I was saying as I spoke into the tape player. She was lying with her back to me but she managed to throw her right leg over me. My hand was next to her back and I felt her fingers begin to intertwine with mine. I began to feel close to her but I didn't think she wanted her mother to see us holding hands. So we held hands behind the girl's back.

It suddenly occurred to me that the four of us were in Iran and staying in a hotel there. I sarcastically explained to Judith on the tape that we were in my favorite country of the world, Iran.

I and the fellow with me were on our way to visit a prison in Iran which I thought was the same prison where I had been imprisoned near Tabriz, Iran for eight months from June 1978 until my escape in February 1979. I thought the fellow and I were going to visit someone presently imprisoned there and that the girl and her mother likewise were going to visit someone they knew in jail.

We rose, left the hotel and finally arrived at the prison. Quite a few American prisoners were here and some other Americans had also come to visit the prisoners. I saw a couple fellows who were lawyers and I spoke with one whom I recognized.

He was probably in his mid-40s and had white hair. I told him I didn't have a very high opinion of lawyers in general and he said he didn't either. He said the word which most often came to his mind when he thought about lawyers was "urinary."

I told him that wasn't the word that most often came to my mind. When I thought of lawyers I thought more of the other end of the body, the rectum. "Asshole" was a more appropriate word, I thought.

I saw a couple of other fellows whom I knew. I began to be concerned that someone who had known me when I had been in prison here might recognize me. As we walked along I thought I saw one of the guards whom I had known while I had been in prison. But he had grown older and now had white hair.

I then noticed a small girl (probably 3-4 years old) had been brought in and was lying on a stairs in front of the guard. She clearly had some kind of malady and the guard was apparently reading some Moslem scripture over the child. I thought how depraved some people in the world were to

bring a child to that guard, whom I remembered as a real idiot, for help.

I walked on by and he didn't notice me. I was hoping no one would see me and remember that I had actually escaped from prison. If they did they might try to put me back. I spoke to one fellow who knew I had been in prison here and asked him to please not mention my former affiliations with this prison. I didn't think he would.

I walked into a small room where we were to be checked before we were allowed to see the other prisoners. Several other white-haired Iranian soldiers were in the room. Another lawyer walked up and talked about how much it was costing him to be here. He said he had come from New York and it was going to cost him about \$2,000 for the round trip. I told him I had come from Texas and it was going to cost me about \$1,500.

Dream of: 22 April 1986 "Living In Harmony"

I had met an attractive, dark-haired woman who reminded me of someone but I didn't know who. I immediately fell in love with her. The next day I was looking through a magazine and saw a picture of a movie actress who looked exactly like the woman and I realized it was the movie actress who the woman had reminded me of. I went to the woman again and told her about the amazing resemblance.

I also had two other extremely attractive girl friends with whom I was in love. I met one of them, a blonde (about 20 years old), the next day and began trying to explain the situation to her. I wanted to tell her I was in love with three women at the same time even though I didn't think she would be able to accept it.

I even thought I might like to live with all three women although I didn't plan on having sex with any of them. I just wanted to live in harmony with them. I put my arms around the blonde, hugged her, and felt extremely in love with her. She asked me how I would feel if a woman were in love with me and two other men at the same time and wanted to live with all three of us. I admitted to myself that I probably wouldn't be able to accept it.

I suggested that all of us meet that evening and that we invite a couple other fellows to come. I mentioned one guy who might join us and she mentioned another whose name was Jeffery. I thought Jeffery was a fellow about 20 years old who looked like Keaton (a Portsmouth acquaintance). I thought we had a feasible plan.

We started walking along the road we were on until we came to a sharp decline. She suggested that we slide down the decline, sat down and began sliding. I sat down and slid behind her. But

she began going very fast and I began falling behind. That disturbed me somewhat, but I couldn't seem to catch up. Suddenly I realized she was out of control. I heard her scream back to me something about the police trying to stop her. She continued on out of control and approached a busy intersection.

Finally I stood and began running after her. She slid into the intersection and went under the middle of a car that was passing. The car ran over top of her without hitting her (the wheels had missed her only by a few centimeters) and she slipped unharmed out the other side. Another car slammed on its brakes narrowly missing her and a third car also stopped.

When she finally stood up I ran down to her, put my arms around her and walked away with her. It wasn't good for her to be risking her life like that and I felt it was partly my fault.

Something was going to have to change. Dealing with the three woman had made the last three days monumentally hectic.

Dream of: 22 April 1986 (2) "An Agreement With God"

After waking up on a bed in an upstairs bedroom of the Gallia County Farmhouse, I arose, pulled on a pair of blue jeans, and walked downstairs. As I

passed through the living room, I noticed Leah sitting there. Instead of stopping to talk with Leah, I proceeded on to the kitchen, where I found my sister (16-17 years old) sitting in a chair, covered by a blanket, so I couldn't see what she was wearing.

No one else was around, except my mother, whom I could see sitting outside on the back porch. Seeing we were alone, I sat down on the arm of my sister's chair and hinted I would like to have sex with her. At first she didn't respond; but finally, moving in a way which reminded me of Louise, she laid her hand on my penis, and teased, "Well let me see."

As she unzipped my pants and extracted my erect penis, I noticed something white on the tip and the side of the shaft. I couldn't tell whether the substance was lint, dried-up sperm, or something else, but my sister paid no attention to the substance and proceeded to insert my penis into her mouth. I was somewhat repulsed. If I were going to perform oral sex on her, I would want her to be cleaner than that.

I was also somewhat preoccupied that my sister might have a venereal disease. She was herself obviously taking a risk by inserting my penis into her mouth since she couldn't be certain I didn't have a contagious disease. My concerns, however,

were overcome by the insatiable pleasure I began to feel. As I began moving my penis back and forth in my sister's mouth, I raised one knee to make sure my mother couldn't view us from the back porch. Finally I urged my sister to have intercourse with me. She extracted my penis from her mouth, apparently preparing to position herself so we could copulate.

Suddenly, however, a thought hit me: I had become celibate. Since I had made an agreement with God that I wouldn't have sex anymore, I knew I couldn't proceed. Even though I still had a flagrant erection, I instantly ceased what I was doing. I felt I hadn't actually broken my agreement with God, because I had momentarily forgotten the agreement. The important thing was that I had stopped.

As I stood back up, I suddenly remembered Leah in the next room, and I wondered whether Leah had overheard any of the sounds which my sister and I had made while my sister had been performing oral sex on me.

When I walked back into the living room, I didn't see Leah anywhere. Instead of looking for her, I walked over to one of the large picture windows in the living room and looked outside. Noticing it had been raining, I stepped outside the front door onto the front porch.

Some two-by-four boards which obviously belonged to my step-grandfather Clarence were lying in disarray in the front yard. I remembered I had recently used a number of two-by-fours while working on my Cabin, and I reflected that if Clarence had wanted to help me, he could have given me some of the two-by-fours lying in the yard, but he hadn't. Instead he would probably just let the boards rot.

Some large logs, some over a meter in diameter, were mixed in with the two-by-fours. Logs were also lying across the road at the foot of the hill in front of the Farmhouse, down by the bridge which crossed over Symmes Creek, the muddy creek which passed at the bottom of the hill in front of the House and twisted on through the Farm.

After walking over to the pile of logs and boards in the front yard, I touched one board, unexpectedly causing some logs to dislodge and roll down the side of the hill into the road. Perhaps a dozen unleashed logs plowed into the road and about half of those crashed into the creek. I immediately began worrying about how much each log was worth and I tried to calculate how many two-by-fours could be made from each log.

Fearful the logs in the creek would be lost, I raced down the side of the hill to the creek bank, but when I saw Clarence himself had now stepped out

of the Farmhouse, I ran back up the hill to where he was standing beside the House. Since he didn't appear to realize I was the one responsible for the logs having rolled down the hill, I was unsure I would tell him.

As Clarence and I stood next to each other in the yard, for the first time I noticed several trees appeared to have been blown over in the yard, as if from a severe storm which had struck during the night. One tree had actually been uprooted and thrown on top of the electric wires, while a second tree was simply leaning over on the wires. As we surveyed the damage, Clarence warned me about the electric wires. I thought the wires could probably kill me if I touched them just right.

Continuing to examine the area, I innocently mentioned to Clarence that some of his logs had rolled down into the creek. He immediately expressed concern. Together he and I walked down to the road, to the spot where the logs lay scattered on the road. The logs which had rolled into the creek had already washed away. I also realized some large trees had been cut down on the other side of the creek, in a field not owned by Clarence.

As Clarence and I stood in the road, several strange men walked up and began discussing with us the recent storm and what had happened to the

trees and logs. When I asked the men if they knew who owned the logs on the other side of the creek, they informed me they themselves owned those logs. This news concerned me because now I realized it was possible the logs from the other side of the creek might become mixed in with Clarence's logs which had rolled into the creek.

Suddenly a long green motor vehicle came roaring across the bridge which crossed Symmes Creek at the bottom of the hill in front of the Farmhouse.

Once the vehicle was on our side of the bridge, just a few meters from us, it had to swerve off the road to miss the logs in the road. At first I thought the vehicle was a Rolls Royce, but as it ran off the road, I realized it was a van.

When the van came to a stop in the field next to us, I moved close enough to peer into it and see it was filled with people. I also noticed a number of bags of cellulose insulation inside the van.

Mystified by the van's presence, I had the uncertain feeling the people inside were my uncle Liston and his family.

Now even more people began arriving. Looking out again over the creek, I noticed ice and snow covered the creek banks. Through the snow and ice, some people wearing white mountain-climbing clothing were climbing toward us, up the steep creek banks, three men and one woman. I was

likewise puzzled by their presence. Apparently they were simply traveling along the creek, and had decided to stop here. They stalked past us without speaking, and as they headed up the hill toward the Farmhouse, I followed.

By the time I reached the House, the people had already entered, doffed their mountain-climbing clothes and were trying to relax. I walked over to one man and belligerently grabbed him by the collar. He didn't seem strong. Bullying him, I demanded to know what they were doing here. When he wouldn't answer, I approached another member of the party, again insisting on an answer, but I still received no response. I finally ordered that if they weren't going to answer my questions, they were all going to have to leave forthwith, even though it was freezing outside.

They all stood and marched out, without even first putting their mountain-climbing clothes back on. Not until they were outside did they begin donning their mountain-climbing clothes. I followed them and began walking with them down the hill from the House. Now with a more affable disposition, I pointed to Clarence and informed one mountain-climber that he could talk to Clarence, that Clarence was the owner of the House.

One mountain-climber walked over to Clarence and began speaking. I couldn't hear what Clarence

said, but apparently he directed all the mountain-climbers to board his car. It looked as if Clarence intended to transport them all somewhere. Before he left, however, Clarence walked over to me and asked me if he should take them. I didn't know what to say. I advised him that the people hadn't been cooperative, that they hadn't explained where they were from or anything about themselves. I just didn't know what they were doing here.

However, the mountain-climbers intrigued me. If Clarence were going to take them somewhere, I wanted to go along. I still wanted to know who they were, and whence they had come. Thinking there would be room for me in Clarence's car, I calculated that there were four mountain climbers and that Clarence made five. Thus there would be space for one more person in the car.

As we all stood close to the bridge and talked, I glanced over the edge of the bridge to the bank of the creek below. Startled to see that, before my eyes, deer tracks were materializing in the sand on the bank, even though no deer was in sight, I concluded an invisible deer must be making the tracks. I vaguely recalled I had heard or read somewhere about such a creature. As I continued to stare at the tracks moving along the shore, the tracks changed into raccoon tracks, and I thought

the creature had now turned into an invisible
raccoon.

Excited, I hurried from the road, down to the bank of the creek, close to the animal's tracks. I thought the invisible creature had the power to show itself to me and I wanted it to materialize in front of me. Now that I was close to the tracks, I could see they had changed again, this time into a simple unbroken line. I didn't know what the creature had become, but I thought it might now be a worm. As the line moved along through the sand, I reached out my hand and laid it in front of where the line was headed.

Suddenly a white viscous substance materialized in the palm of my hand. I held up my hand and allowed the amorphous slime to slide off into my other hand. When some goo cascaded to the ground, I tried to scrape up the gouts from the sand; I wanted to make sure I had all of it. However, the task was difficult, because the volume of the substance was increasing, continuing to grow until it was almost the size of my head. Suddenly, without warning, the substance expanded out over top of me, into a type of white, ghostly umbrella. As I stood awe-struck, the jelly-fish-like umbrella closed around my sides, oozing beneath me until I was completely enveloped. However, I still had room to move. I even had enough space to lie down on my back.

As I lay on my back inside the white shroud, I looked upward, and saw what appeared to be a dome above me. I could also distinguish a face inside the dome.

The entity began to rise, like a ship, lifting me up into the air. I realized something momentous was happening to me, and at first I was frightened. I thought the whole event might have been designed to scare me for something bad I had done, such as masturbating or having recently had some kind of sex.

Although the face in the dome above me was frightening, I knew I didn't need to concentrate on it. Instead, as I tried to imagine the face changing, it seemed to become more tranquil and pleasant.

Lying on my back, I recognized that I was in the hands of some force greater than I, and that I needed to be as serene and dispassionate as possible. As we floated from the creek bank, out over the creek, I thought, "If it drops me and I fall into this creek – it's freezing out here – I'll probably just drown. I've got all my clothes on. So I've got to ride with this thing and be as tranquil as I possibly can."

Dream of: 24 April 1986 "The Gift Of Being An Artist"

I was riding along in the passenger seat of a pickup truck. The driver was a man (about 50 years old) who had been living with me for a while. We were on a short trip to pick up something for him in his truck, and when we finally reached our destination, I was intrigued to see the man load, into the back of the truck, a box which resembled a spanking new wooden coffin – a rather small coffin made of thin wood. I didn't say anything, but judging from what I observed, I concluded the man had murdered someone, someone whom I had never met.

Upon returning to the house where the man and I were living, I walked straight to a room in the back and lay down in a bed. I hadn't lain there long, when I looked up and saw the man's daughter had entered the room. She had red-tinted hair and reminded me of a comely girl I knew named Carey. Perhaps 20 years old, she was sporting a festive outfit – blue jeans, a black button-up shirt and a brightly colored hat. She seemed happy to see me, and I was happy to see her.

Without knocking, her father (the man with whom I was living) abruptly strode into the room and interrupted us. But he didn't stay; he had simply stepped in to tell us he was leaving. And then he left. Immediately the girl reposed herself on the bed beside me. As we talked, I broached the

subject of the murder, which she already knew about. But she was as much in the dark as I about the identity of the murdered man. We didn't even know where the body was located. It might be in the coffin, but I had no proof of that. The only fact upon which we could agree was that the murdered man had owned a dog which performed tricks. However, I was unsure such a detail had anything to do with the murder.

I was most concerned that I might somehow be drawn into a murder investigation, that the police might arrive and begin questioning me. I discussed my angst with the girl, and she agreed with me that I didn't know anything about the murder. I had never met the murdered man, I had never seen his dog, and I had never seen the dog do tricks. The only question was whether I had seen the coffin. I was unsure – if I were questioned – whether I should say anything about the coffin to the police; I might have to lie about that. After all, I knew the girl's father quite well, and I didn't want to present evidence against him. However I didn't feel quite right about lying about the coffin.

As the girl and I talked, I reflected that although I had known the girl for a long time and although I thought she was attractive, I had never attempted to have any kind of relationship with her, even though I thought she was also attracted to me.

Lying on my back, I reached over, wrapped my arm around the girl and pulled her on top of me.

She was a bit overweight but that didn't bother me. When I kissed her neck, I could tell she liked it. I kissed her lips, small and painted bright red. The kiss was pleasant for me, and I knew she also enjoyed it. I stuck my tongue into her small mouth.

We talked for a while, then kissed again.

Gradually I began feeling the girl's breasts through her black shirt. We turned around so she was lying on her back. My head was over her head, but my body was stretched out away from her body in the opposite direction to her body. As I unbuttoned the first two top buttons of her blouse, she was unbuttoning the other buttons. Obviously she wanted to continue.

Once her blouse was unbuttoned, I began feeling her small breasts through her white bra. Finally I stuck my thumb under her bra so I could touch the bare skin of her breasts. When I finally unbuttoned her pants, she said, "That lets it all out."

She was referring to the fact that with her pants unbuttoned, which were very tight on her, she looked somewhat overweight. Realizing she was abashed by my seeing she was overweight, I asked her why she didn't simply lose some weight.

We both stood up and began taking off our clothes. Once she had doffed her blouse and pants,

I could see her stomach was indeed somewhat flabby. And when we had finished undressing and she was standing naked next to the bed, I noticed she had a small penis. Thinking it just must be an overlarge clitoris, I was unconcerned, and finally it just seemed to vanish.

After she had lain down and relaxed her head on a pillow, I moved on top of her. But suddenly it occurred to me that I wasn't going to actually be able to have sex with her – I had become celibate. I was even concerned I had gone too far by doing what I was doing.

I realized I was an artist and that my artistic gift could be snuffed out if I were to actually have sex with the girl. However I was so attracted to her I didn't want to stop immediately. Lying down next to her, I un-artfully said, "I'm not going to be able to go all the way."

Disappointed, she said she wanted to go on. I replied, "Well maybe we shouldn't continue at all."

But she wanted to proceed, even though she indicated she thought it would be cruel to begin and then not go all the way. With potent erection, I lay on top of her and proceeded to explain why I couldn't have sex with her. I didn't want her to think I had some kind of venereal disease, because I didn't. But she didn't seem concerned with that. Since I also didn't want her to think I was

impotent, I began hunching her so she could feel that I had an erection. I was glad she could obviously perceive that I was quite potent.

But suddenly I realized that I was running a strong risk and that I had to stop. It somewhat dawned on me that I was dreaming and I remembered having recently had a dream where I had stopped in a similar situation. I knew it was important for me to cease because I had made an agreement with God that I wouldn't have sex. As a result of the agreement, I had been given the gift of being an artist. I was slowly becoming conscious of that fact; but still it was somewhat incomprehensible to think I could give up sex.

Nevertheless I stood up and declared to the girl that we could proceed no further. She seemed disappointed but not perturbed with me. I was a bit shaken, but I knew I had done the right thing.

Dream of: 29 April 1986 "Crossing Into Jordan"

Since I had some spare time, I decided to visit the Near East for two or three weeks. I boarded a plane and flew to Lebanon where I disembarked and boarded a bus. Several other people my age were on the bus. I had earlier seen my old junior-high school classmate Phil Waddell sitting by himself on the plane, and now I again discovered Phil by himself on the bus. He appeared to be in

his early 30s and he hadn't shaved in about a day.
I didn't speak to him.

A fellow sat down beside me and the bus took off. I was happy and exuberant. I talked quite a lot and I even sang some. When I put my hands over my mouth to make noises, the fellow next to me sang along.

Although I wanted to go to Syria, most of the other people on the bus were going south to Israel. I first thought that Syria was also south of Lebanon, but then I began to realize that I hadn't thought the matter out well and that Syria was actually north of Lebanon. Since I thought we were headed south, I therefore thought that I was going in the wrong direction. I asked someone which way we were going and the person told me that we were first going to go over to Jordan. I thought, "Well, we must be going due west over to Jordan."

I further learned that when we reached Jordan, some men of King Hussein of Jordan were supposed to accompany the passengers to Israel. I began to think, "If we're in Lebanon and we enter into south Lebanon there might be some guerilla warfare going on."

When I heard people talking about the guerilla warfare in Lebanon, I thought about how the last time I had visited the East I had ended up spending eight months in jail in Iran. I didn't want

anything like that to happen again. A number of Americans had recently been kidnapped in the area. I certainly didn't want that to happen to me. If I were kidnapped, I might end up in jail for a year or more.

I finally decided to walk up to the bus driver and ask him what I should do when we crossed into Jordan. I walked up to him and he said, "Yes sir. What can I do for you?"

I replied, "I'm going to Syria. I'm not going down to Israel. Would it be better if I split off from the group when we got into Jordan?"

But he didn't seem to know what I should do.

Dream of: 08 May 1986 "Courthouse Card Game"

I had decided to leave Dallas and practice law elsewhere. At first I thought I might want to go somewhere north but then decided I would like to move to a small Texan county south of San Antonio. I decided to visit some of those towns and to take with me some cassettes which I had made concerning Texas law which I could listen to in the car while traveling. I thought listening to the tapes would be interesting since I hadn't studied any Texas law in quite a long time and since I was still thinking of practicing law in Texas.

I went to a county south of San Antonio and soon found myself in the county courthouse where some people who appeared to be clerks were standing around. I didn't know what they thought about my being here, but I figured seeing someone new here was unusual. Two lawyers were sitting at a long cafeteria-like table playing cards. One was about 40 years old and overweight. The other was James O'Briant (a Dallas attorney) who had moved down there from Dallas. I asked O'Briant how many lawyers were in this town and he replied, "Three."

I thought the card game they were playing was five card poker and I sat down to play with them.

For each hand of cards that one of the lawyers won he was appointed by the court to be the attorney for someone. First, notices of foreclosure sales which had been posted at the courthouse were dealt out and I looked at the five which I had received. One of my notices was based upon a 1962 mortgage. At first I thought whoever had the notice based upon the earliest dated mortgage would win the hand.

Each of us wrote down the dates of the mortgages on scraps of paper and we then used the scraps of paper to bet with. We were then dealt some regular playing cards. Suddenly O'Briant laid down his cards. He had a 4, 5, 6 and 7 and another 5. He said he won because he had four cards in a row. I thought he would have needed for all five

cards to be in a row, but apparently he indeed had won the hand.

Another hand was dealt. I still didn't understand the game and I asked the other, older lawyer what to do with the older mortgages. He said they were wild. I asked, "Well, what year do they begin being wild?"

He wouldn't answer me. I still couldn't understand the game and finally I said, "Well I'm just going to have to set out and watch a little while."

I did so. I didn't think I was going to get any court appointments anyway, and besides, I wanted to visit several counties today.

In the next hand, for some reason, O'Briant was dealt about ten cards – all face cards and aces -- but he couldn't seem to hold the cards right and seemed somewhat confused. I remembered that he had always seemed like a somewhat duffless character.

I thought, "There's really not much to look at in terms of these lawyers here. It would probably be pretty easy to come in and gain the confidence of the people in this town."

I was still unsure I wanted to move into a small town like this because it might be too confining. I wanted to travel a lot and only practice law about

4 months out of the year. Some cases might compel me to stay here against my will. I still wanted to visit some other towns and make the rounds of those southern Texas communities.

Dream of: 09 May 1986 "Quintets"

I had apparently placed an ad in a newspaper advertising to meet women and received a letter which looked like a form letter in response to the ad. Apparently the woman writing me had been answering several other ads in the paper also. The letter said the woman's birthday was in 1966 so I concluded she must be about 20 years old.

As I read the letter I thought, "I wonder if I should answer this ad. She's only 20 years old."

Nevertheless I thought it might be interesting to meet the woman even though she was so young.

The letter continued, "Dave and I celebrated our first anniversary when he and some of our quintets made love to me."

I thought the word "quintets" indicated "five" but I wasn't sure whether they were her children. Next to the word "quintets" was a picture of two fish with their noses close to each other. Behind the fish on the right were three larger fish which I thought represented three of the five quintets.

The last sentence of the letter said something about "... a very strong need of manhood inside of me."

Dream of: 09 May 1986 (2) "Stool"

A couple other people and I were living with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel in their home, located in a type of housing complex. I had learned that a special price was being offered for phones and I wanted to have one installed. I called the phone company and a telephone man came to the house to install the phone.

After the phone had been installed I went to one of my neighbor's. A man came to the door, invited me in, and asked me if I could do something with his stool. I was unsure what he meant, but thought he was talking about a stool which he used to sit on.

But apparently he was talking about some dog feces which he had scooped up and put into a sack. However he had failed to completely scoop up all the feces and looking down I realized I had stepped in some of it. He said, "You stepped in it."

I didn't have any shoes on and was only wearing socks. But I thought only a little was on me and I would be able to wipe it off. I decided to get rid of the sack of feces for him.

I asked him about his phone and he said he thought the phone company had hooked my line onto his line. Now the phone would ring for me, but every time I would use it I would also be occupying his line. Neither of us wanted it hooked up that way. I told him I was going to call the phone company immediately and tell them to redo the line.

I went back to Clarence and Mabel's house. The man from the phone company returned and while he and I began to have an argument over the way he had hooked up the phone I noticed he had also moved a large canvass upon which Mabel had been painting something and in the process had battered it around causing some large holes in it.

I angrily told the man we weren't going to pay for anything he had done. Looking at him more closely, I saw that he looked just like Leland.

Suddenly he grabbed my finger and began twisting it. I looked over in the doorway and saw Clarence (only about 30 years old) standing there. Although he and I hadn't been getting along well lately I thought perhaps now we could reconcile and I cried to him, "Grandpa help me!"

I thought he would surely come to my aid, but he just stood and watched.

The man wasn't that strong and I began twisting myself around until I was able to put my arm

around his neck in a choke hold. I pulled him on the ground, began choking him and said, "Let go you bastard."

Some other people gathered around us and finally he released my finger. I was quite angry and I wasn't sure what I should do with him.

Dream of: 10 May 1986 "Language Teacher"

I was sitting at a booth in a classroom somewhere in Dallas. A couple other people were sitting and sleeping in the same booth. I myself was dozing on and off. A black-haired woman (about 30 years old) was teaching some kind of language in the class.

She would occasionally look at me and I would look back at her. I thought she was simply beautiful.

The class finally ended. I left the classroom and walked to the toilet. Inside in the sink I saw a pile of feces. I was going to take off my shirt and put it on a cement shelf. But I remembered I had seen that same pile of feces on the cement shelf before.

Apparently someone had knocked it off the shelf into the sink where it was now rotting. So I didn't put my shirt on the shelf.

I looked at myself in the mirror over the sink and saw that I wasn't bad-looking even though I was somewhat disheveled from sleeping.

I walked out of the toilet and back toward the classroom. I knew I had sometimes seen the lady teacher after class behind the school. I wondered what she would think if I were to ask her out. She was so beautiful I might even be interested in marrying her. I thought I could be so happy if I had someone like her.

Dream of: 10 May 1986 (2) "Bus In The Hall"

I was in my Cedar Springs Law Office. I walked out into the hallway where I discovered a city bus. It turned the corner at the end of the hall, drove close to where I was and stopped. Some people began getting off while others boarded. I walked over to the bus and asked the driver (a stocky, black fellow about 30 years old) if he were going to be making regular stops here in the hall.

He said he didn't know. I asked him the same question several times but he simply wouldn't answer. He was actually rather nasty about it and finally he asked, "What difference does it make?"

I said, "Well if you come up here then we don't have to go outside and wait. We save 15 minutes. We could continue working right up to the point when you pull up front here. We could go downtown then and have something to eat. There's better food downtown."

He said he still couldn't tell me. Finally I said,
"What's your name?"

He told me his name and I said, "Well I'll just go in
there right now and call and find out if you're
supposed to be up here."

He grabbed me and tried to prevent my going
back into my office. I began screaming, "Assault!
Assault! He's assaulting me!"

He tried to push me down and I tried to push him
off. I wondered if I should try to start fighting him,
but I figured it would be better if he hit me so I
could have him arrested. A crowd gathered and I
thought I saw a policeman among them. I
continued hollering because I wanted to have him
arrested. He had obviously gone too far.

Dream of: 11 May 1986 "Preparing A Speech"

I was driving my silver 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit
down a dirt road in what appeared to be a foreign
country. Many Moslem-looking people were
walking along the road. I had a black Uzi
submachine gun (about 40 centimeters long). I
enjoyed having the gun and I felt protected with it,
but I was concerned that I wasn't allowed to have
such a weapon in this place. I thought one of the
groups of Moslem-looking people along the road
might try to stop my car, take the gun away from
me and perhaps even arrest me.

I reached a place where heavy road machinery – perhaps a grader or a bulldozer – had plowed up part of the road. I had to turn around and go back past the same groups of Moslems I had just passed. I was still concerned they might try to stop me, but no one did.

Finally I came to a traffic jam. A white corvette in front of me would first speed up and then it would slow down. I was concerned I might slide into the rear of the car and damage it.

It suddenly occurred to me that the traffic jam was caused by a mass exodus of people who were afraid a war was going to break out here. I likewise was in a hurry to depart. I thought the situation was similar to the beginning of an atomic war: a person simply wouldn't be able to get out in time.

Suddenly a car hit me in the rear. I in turn bumped the corvette in front of me, but there was no damage of any consequence to any of the vehicles.

I finally made it out of the traffic jam and reached a place which appeared to be in Germany where a large number of Americans were located.

Apparently a war had broken out between the Soviet Union and the United States, and Americans had been sent to Germany to fight. I

entered what appeared to be an auditorium and began preparing for battle.

My immediate superior stepped up to me, picked me out and said he had something for me to do. He took me over to another auditorium where a group of women was stationed. He picked out a girl from the women and asked her to come down to where we were. She stood beside me and he said he wanted the two of us to prepare a talk dealing with some kind of fair which used to be held between the United States and the Soviet Union. He said we should be prepared to give the talk within three hours and then he walked away.

The girl walked back up and sat down. I went with her. Many women were sitting around whom I felt looking at us. Some were quite attractive. The girl herself was very pretty and I felt rather special being with her. She was probably in her late teens and seemed intelligent. She was thin and well-proportioned.

I didn't know exactly how to write our speech. Since I knew that both Germans and Americans would be in the audience, I wondered whether the speech should be given in German or English. Since we were in Germany and I knew more Germans than Americans would be in the audience, I concluded that I should give the

speech in German. I would make mistakes in German, but I would do adequately well.

I suggested to the girl that she go with me so we could research the subject together. When she agreed, we left and walked outside. I asked her how she felt about talking in front of thousands of people. The idea didn't appear to bother her. I had had some recent practice talking in groups and I thought this would be further good practice for me.

I told her I had to find my car and I mentioned the Uzi submachine gun which I had in the car. I said, "I really like this Uzi. I've got it with me."

I couldn't tell whether she was impressed. We began looking for my car but I couldn't remember exactly where I had parked it. I knew there was a certain parking lot where cars had to be backed in. I thought my car was there and we headed in that direction.

Dream of: 12 May 1986 "Exposed"

My old girlfriend Birdie had recently married Vernon (the third husband of my ex-wife, Louise) and the two of them had moved in together into the Ressinger House (a house in Portsmouth, Ohio where my great aunt Dorothy and my great uncle Adolph lived most of their lives).

Birdie and I arranged to see each other one night while Vernon was going to be gone. I was planning to spend the night with her. Although Vernon knew I was going to be there, apparently he did not object to the idea.

On the appointed day I went to Birdie's house. We both took off all our clothes and climbed in bed together. I was uncertain I should have sex with her -- she might have a venereal disease. Plus it simply didn't seem right for me to be having sex with her. Nevertheless I couldn't resist her nude body and we began having sex.

We finished just as it was becoming dawn. Birdie rose, looked outside and suddenly said that Vernon was returning. I said, "Well what am I going to do?"

I was naked and began trying to put my clothes on. Referring to the front and back doors, she said I should run out the opposite one from the one Vernon came in. Suddenly I heard Vernon coming in the back door and I quickly ran out the front door, but I had forgotten to take my clothes with me and I was completely naked.

I was afraid Vernon was going to follow me. I ran down the street past my great aunt Goldie's house, which was next door to the Ressinger House. I looked for my car, which I had parked out front, but I didn't see it anywhere. I thought, "He must

have called somebody during the night and had it towed away."

I ran around the corner and hid. I thought I saw Vernon come and walk past me without seeing me. Apparently he was looking for me.

I was still completely nude, but I walked into a small restaurant, where I found my old friend, Mike Walls. I sat down and told Walls I needed to borrow his car. While we were sitting there, Mike Spencer (a former schoolmate from high school) walked in. He seemed surprised to see me. I had the feeling he was in cahoots with Vernon. Spencer invited me outside and said he would give me a ride. I knew I shouldn't go because he was probably working for Vernon and he might try to beat me up.

Spencer said something about my penis hanging out. I looked down and saw that my penis was clearly visible. I felt quite exposed sitting there naked in a public restaurant.

Walls didn't understand that Spencer might be working for Vernon and Walls thought I should go with Spencer.

Finally Spencer left. I told Walls I was going to take a bus to his house, got up and left the restaurant. Finally a bus stopped nearby and I boarded it. The bus went down the street a short

ways and I disembarked. But I realized I wasn't at Walls' house and I needed to get back on the bus. It started to pull out and I hollered for it to stop. It stopped. I got back on and told the driver (who was a woman) that I needed to get off at another stop.

I asked the driver whether the bus went to the hilltop area of Portsmouth. She replied that it did. I thought that would be a rather circuitous route to arrive at Walls' house. I walked to the back of the bus and sat down. I thought I would simply continue riding the bus until I reached the place where I needed to go.

Dream of: 15 May 1986 "All Creation"

I seemed to be watching a movie in which a man was spying on a farm where some murders had apparently taken place. The man rode up on horse and into a barn to look around. A woman saw him, began hollering and grabbed a shotgun. The man rode off, but the woman ran to the barn door, fired the gun and cried, "I got him!"

The man didn't fall from the horse and rode off. The woman and some other people then began tracking the man. They found some blood, followed it and finally came to a desolate area where they found the man lying on the ground. They picked the man up and he stood on his feet. He had blood on his head and apparently had

fallen from his horse. He was a husky fellow
(about 40 years old).

A couple men were with the woman and I thought they were going to shoot the man right there; but instead they started walking him along and headed back toward the farmhouse.

They came to an area where many Hispanic bodies were lying around all stiff with some of their legs sticking up in the air. Some other people who weren't Hispanics were standing nearby.

Apparently the non-Hispanics had been bringing the Hispanic people up there, making them work for them and then killing them.

Some other Hispanics and a few Anglo Saxons were also there working. One young fellow among them looked like a cross-breed between a Hispanic and an Anglo-Saxon. I thought he might possibly be the son of one of the owners of the place.

As they walked around I realized I was actually the fellow whom they had apprehended. As I marched along with them I thought they were probably going to kill me, but suddenly someone came running back from the house and apparently they had decided not to kill anyone else right now. Everyone was overjoyed and broke out into a song which sounded like something which might be sung at a church meeting. It went, "All creation is

so wholesome to be working again for me, I tell
you I must cry."

I felt joyful. I knew the song and I began singing
along with them.

Dream of: 16 May 1986 "Replay"

I was in Portsmouth, Ohio where I had been
seeing a girl I had once known named Sharon. I
met another girl whom I didn't recognize at first,
but soon realized was Vickie. She had become
older.

I liked Vickie very much and I felt a strong
attraction between us. I put my arms around her
and held her close to me. We were standing on the
porch of the house she had once lived in on
Hutchins Street in Portsmouth. The main
difference between us now and the way we used to
be was simply that we were both much older.

I wanted to be with her very much and she also
obviously wanted to be with me. We fell down into
some snow on the ground and lay hugging each
other.

We stood back up; Vickie said we would now have
to obtain her mother's approval. I fell over stiff
into the snow. I remembered Vickie's mother
hadn't approved of me the last time; her mother
had been one of the main reasons Vickie and I had

separated. I thought the same thing would happen all over again. Vickie was encouraging; she said her mother would probably be better this time now that Vickie was older.

I stood back up. I realized I was going to have to tell Sharon I wasn't going to see her anymore. It seemed very much like a replay of what had happened back in 1978 when I had first met Vickie. I asked Vickie how old she was; she was five years younger than I. She said she had been born in November five years after me.

I hesitated about being with her because she was considerably younger than I, but finally I decided it didn't make any difference because I wanted to be with her anyway. I was in love with her.

Vickie's sister was sitting nearby; she had seen us. Her sister had black hair and reminded me of Carla Kees (a Portsmouth acquaintance); she also reminded me somewhat of a Portsmouth acquaintance named Chris. She looked at us knowingly as if she knew what was going on between us, but she didn't seem to disapprove.

A red sports car pulled up and I walked over to it. In the car was an attractive girl whom I had recently met. She had been with me once before; she said she wanted to see me again to go over something with me. I was unsure whether we were studying something together or what; but

apparently we were in school together. She said there was going to be a party the next night at someone's house; she wanted to know if I was going to go. I said, "No."

I told her she could call me and I pulled out one of my attorney cards. I had some cards left over that I hadn't used. Some other peoples' names were also on the front of the cards. Among them was the name "Bob Fullerton," who was supposed to be my barber. The card said my address was in Washington, D.C. and gave a second address of Wilmington. I told her the addresses were wrong and that the Washington, D.C. address had been put there when I had been working in Washington, D.C. But I thought to myself that I had never really worked in Washington, D.C.

The girl was rather sexy; at the same she time seemed rather frivolous. I didn't want to have much to do with her. Vickie was watching us in the background, but she didn't seem jealous and she didn't seem to mind my talking with the girl. Her attitude seemed mature; I liked that. I asked the girl if we could meet the next day, Sunday afternoon. She agreed; I told her to call me and we could arrange a time.

Dream of: 16 May 1986 (2) "Art Books"

My father and I were traveling about half way between Cincinnati and Portsmouth, Ohio and

stopped to go into some kind of variety store. I saw what at first appeared to be some posters but soon realized they were actually puzzles which someone had put together. I thought they might be interesting to hang on the wall and thought I might buy two or three. I began going through them and picked out some. Then I saw another stack puzzles behind the stack I had been looking at.

Some puzzles were still in boxes most of which displayed pictures of large cathedrals on the fronts. I thought those might be interesting pictures to have. I then saw another row of assembled puzzles.

I managed to break off a piece of one puzzle that had been put together.

Some puzzles had the wrong pieces in them. The pieces were the right size but they had had been taken from different puzzles. One puzzle even had some tape on it to hold the pieces in place.

I had some checks with me from my bank in Dallas, but I knew I no longer lived in Texas and I thought I would probably not be able to buy the puzzles with the Texas checks. I didn't have any other money and I didn't want to bother my father by borrowing any money from him.

However the store also served as a post office. I thought I would indeed be able to buy the puzzles by check if I were going to send them to someone by mail. But instead of taking the puzzles to the counter I looked around and found some art books, which I decided to buy and send. I thought I would probably buy \$14-\$15 worth. I didn't know exactly what I was going to do with the art books but I thought they might be helpful.

I walked up to the counter where quite a number of people were gathered. One woman was in front of me but she stepped away. I told the woman behind the counter taking orders that I wanted to send the art books to Portsmouth, Ohio and I handed them to her. I told her I was sending them to myself. She looked at me puzzled as if wondering why I didn't simply take them with me.

I thought about it and it did seem like a better idea to simply try to pay for the books with the checks and then take them with me.

Dream of: 19 May 1986 "Stained Couch"

I was living in an apartment with some woman. In the living room was a large, gold-colored couch, the type that comes in three sections which fit together like a rectangle with one side open. Somehow the woman had spilled some oily-type substance on the couch which left a large mark. I looked more closely and saw that the substance

was actually all over the couch. The woman was in the room with me and I began telling her just how bad the couch now looked.

I then turned around and looked behind me. For a moment it seemed as if I were no longer standing in a room but was actually out in the country looking over a wooded landscape. I said, "But it doesn't look so bad when you look at it from this direction."

The woman had originally sold me the couch for \$3,000. She told me not to worry about it because she would buy it back from me. She said she was going to move and she wanted to take the couch with her. She wanted to know how much I wanted for the couch. I thought it was certainly not worth \$3,000. But she said she would pay me \$3,400 for the couch. I said, "OK."

She pulled out her checkbook, wrote a check and handed it to me. I glanced at it without paying much attention at first. But looking closer I saw that the check was only for \$3,100. I asked, "What's this?"

She replied, "The rest of its going to come from the government."

I wasn't really that concerned. I walked over to her, pulled her into my arms and suggested that the rest of it could simply come from her.

She was about 40 years old but still attractive. She was thin and had black hair. I knew she wanted to have sex with me and I pulled her closer to me. I turned her around and began taking off her clothes. I then took off my clothes. I had an erection and noticed how large my penis was. I thought about how I hadn't been using it lately for having sex. Even the woman hadn't recently had the use of my penis. But I knew she wanted to.

She lay down and I got on top of her. I was ready to begin having sex with her but before I started she had an orgasm. I thought she would probably have an orgasm again when we actually began having intercourse. She said she was wet so I simply pushed my penis into her. But as I began having sex with her I thought what I was doing was insane. I didn't know her well and she might have some kind of venereal disease such as Herpes. I could be contaminated for life.

But I knew I didn't have any cuts or abrasions on my penis. So I couldn't be infected that way. I remembered that my father had once told me that I would probably never catch a venereal disease if I would simply urinate and wash my penis immediately after having sex. I thought that was what I would do when I finished this time.

Then she began moving around and somehow turned around so my penis was bent back double.

Suddenly I felt as if I were going to climax. My penis suddenly flipped out so that it was pointed away from her. I suddenly ejaculated and the sperm flew clear across the room in several directions. I had made quite a mess of the room.

I didn't know if she had been on the verge of climaxing. I hoped she had been able to climax at least once while I had been inside her.

Dream of: 19 May 1986 (2) "Bribery Cesspool"

I had paid about \$70 for a small fancy bicycle which I rode into South Shore, Kentucky across the Ohio River from Portsmouth. The bike had buttons for turn signals which came on when the buttons were pressed. I passed a boy (about 10 years old) also riding a bicycle. I thought how easily I had been able to pass him.

A couple minutes later he passed me. He seemed to be pedaling as hard as he could while I was just taking my time. I thought I could re-pass him if I wanted to, but I just let him go on.

I was headed in the direction back toward Portsmouth. I came to the main crossing of the railroad tracks in South Shore and stopped. A couple cars pulled up on my left. The light changed so we could go, but one of the cars – a long, white one – pulled in front of me. Thinking I

had the right of way, I continued moving and ran into the side of the car with my bicycle. It appeared I hadn't damaged the car at first, but I slammed my bicycle into it again and put a little dent in the car.

I motioned to the man driving the car to pull over. He did so and then stepped out of his car. I told him I had had the right of way and that he had pulled out in front of me, but actually I wasn't completely sure I had had the right of way.

I turned around and saw that some policemen had pulled up. I thought, "Well, we made a mistake by pulling over. We should have just gone on."

A black policeman walked up to me and asked whose fault the accident had been. I told him it had been the other fellow's fault. He began questioning me about the accident. I began explaining how three lanes had merged on the site into two lanes. I had had the right of way in my lane.

The policeman didn't seem to be understanding well what I was saying. Another policeman was talking with the other fellow. Finally the policeman I was with took me inside a building. We sat down with another black man assisting the policeman and we began talking. He asked me what I was doing here. I told him I was a lawyer,

that I had come to Kentucky to go roller skating and get some relaxation.

He told me the accident was going to cost me \$200 to put up a bond. It occurred to me for an instant that I hadn't yet filled out my income tax return and I wondered what kind of fine I would be facing for that if I didn't hasten to take care of it. Finally I said, "Well I just do not have \$200."

I actually did have over \$200 with me in my billfold, but I repeated, "I just don't have \$200. I'll just have to go to jail."

I stood up and said, "Well, you'll just have to take me away."

He told me to sit back down and relax. He continued talking and finally I said, "That's just like a nigger."

Actually I didn't even realize what I was saying until I had already spoken and then I wasn't even sure whether I had actually said it. I thought, "Well if I said that then I'm in trouble."

The policeman said he was just going to give me a ticket and that within 10 days I would have to pay \$10 if I wanted to go to court. I thought that sounded just fine, but then he laid his hand on my leg and I thought he was trying to touch my penis. I stopped him. He said something about my

contributing to some kind of fund. I thought he wanted some kind of bribe so I wouldn't have to pay as much, but apparently I wouldn't have to pay the bribe immediately.

I stood up. He gave me the ticket and I walked outside. There I encountered someone I knew and told him the police and bribery here made the whole place seem like a cesspool.

Dream of: 20 May 1986 "Glancing In The Mirror"

Some other fellows and I had stopped at a woman's home located on the other side of the street from the House in Patriot. The woman was about 30 years old and I thought she was a school teacher. We talked and finally I rose and walked into a back room.

I walked over to a closet and began explaining to someone here that I knew a trap door was in that closet because one time I had hidden there. At that time Brian Morris (a Portsmouth acquaintance) had gone into the closet, picked up the trap door and discovered me.

As we talked I walked over to the trap door and picked it up. I didn't see anything inside and backed away. But suddenly, Morris stood up from under the trap door and stepped into the room. Apparently he had been seeing the woman, he

didn't want anyone to know about it and he had hidden there.

I told Morris he didn't need to hide and he came out. I wondered if he had heard me talking about him while he had been hiding there. I was glad I hadn't said anything bad about him. We walked into the kitchen but Morris didn't seem to want to stay here with us. It was rather late – around midnight. Morris walked over to the woman, who was sitting at the kitchen table, gave her a kiss and left. As he did so I thought the woman probably saw a number of different men.

I followed Morris out onto the porch and asked him where he was going. He said he was just going to run around for a while. I asked him if he were going to bed tonight but he didn't know. He wasn't very friendly and I was unsure he wanted any company. I told him I didn't know whether I was going to be with the other people very long because they had places to go. Morris said something about going to a bowling alley and I thought he was referring to a bowling alley in Gallipolis. I thought he must have a car.

Morris left but I wanted to go with him. So I left the others there, got into my 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit and picked Morris up. I told Morris I had just gotten a parking ticket on my car. Someone had left a note in the car. Also I had left my billfold

in the car and it was now gone. I wondered if the police had taken my billfold to ensure that I would come and pay the parking ticket.

We began driving around and finally came to a small town where I had never been before. We passed some mirrors and I saw myself. I thought about how old I looked.

The town was actually rather large and we drove down a number of streets. Finally we came to one street where there was quite a bit of activity even though it was after midnight. I thought perhaps we might go dancing. I asked Morris if we were on the strip. He said that the strip was at another location and that it wasn't very long.

We passed one spot and I said, "Well there's a place."

We could see inside the building and there appeared to be a bunch of teenagers inside. Some girls were wearing green outfits with white lettering that looked like pompom suits. I thought perhaps they were cheerleaders who had come from a football game. It looked as if they were dancing inside.

I parked the car and as we walked inside I realized I hadn't actually been driving my car but had been riding a small bicycle with long handlebars. I just pedaled the bicycle right on into the building and

rode it around. I didn't have a lock for it so I had to keep it with me.

There was a mirror inside and looking at myself I noticed I was wearing a scarf around my waist. I told Morris I had lost my belt and I was wearing the scarf to hold my pants up. But I wanted to take it off because it didn't look very good. Morris and I were also wearing ties.

I also noticed again how old I looked. I was in my 30s and here I was with a bunch of teenagers. I was uncertain I wanted to try to pick up one of the girls. I didn't even know if I wanted to dance.

Morris didn't seem to be enjoying himself. Plus it was an aggravation lugging the bicycle around. But finally I saw that there was a room where other kids had left their bicycles. Another room contained some shelves where kids had left scarves similar to mine. I thought about leaving my scarf there but I didn't see any open place to put it.

Finally Morris and I walked outside and Morris said sarcastically, "Are there any more fun places where you want to go?"

He wasn't friendly and I was unsure he even wanted to be with me. I wondered if Morris had been living in Portsmouth all the time since I had last seen him years before. Perhaps he was jealous

because I had been living in other places and he had been stuck in Portsmouth. As we walked Brain kept talking but I couldn't hear exactly what he was saying.

I wasn't having much fun and I was growing rather tired of the whole place. The people were too young and I didn't feel as if I really belonged.

Dream of: 20 May 1986 (2) "Slight Infraction"

I was at my girlfriend's house (although she herself wasn't at the house) in a town close to Portsmouth. I was supposed to meet her somewhere else later. A couple other girls were in the house, but they finally went out to their car. About a half hour later I left and found the girls still sitting outside. They said they needed their key. So I went back into the house to see if I could get a key for them.

I asked someone inside for the keys to the girls' car and he gave them to me. I also picked up another set of keys lying on a table which didn't belong to me and took them with me. At first I thought they were keys to my car, but when I got back outside, I realized they were part of the set to the girls' car. I thought I would also give them to the girls.

I walked out into a large parking lot which contained many other cars and boarded my 1984

Volkswagen Rabbit. I was supposed to meet my girlfriend at 1 p.m. I thought it was already 12:20 and that I would probably not make it on time. But when I got in my car I saw that it was only 11:20 and that I would probably be able to make it.

My girlfriend and I hadn't been getting along well lately and I thought our relationship was coming to an end. She had a sister and perhaps I would start seeing her. But I was unsure.

I pulled up to a stop light on the street. Two fellows on a motorcycle pulled up near me. The one sitting on the back of the motorcycle was blowing a whistle. Another fellow standing in the street told the fellow blowing the whistle to stop blowing it. Both the fellow blowing the whistle and the man who had told him to stop looked about 30 years old and each had a long beard. The whistle-blower ignored the other fellow and continued blowing away. I thought there was going to be a fight; but finally the motorcycles pulled away.

I wanted to turn the car onto the main street. I wanted to turn left but thought I might ought to turn right, go down the street and turn around. Instead, I shot out into the street past another line of cars, but suddenly realized I had turned the wrong way on a one-way street. I immediately pulled into a driveway.

Suddenly I saw a policeman behind me and I stopped the car. I looked at the car which was rather messy inside. Some books were scattered about. One was about the cinema. I left it lying there thinking it might be a good book for the policeman to see. I threw some other things under the seat.

I wondered whether I should get out of the car or simply wait for the officer to come to me. Finally I stepped out of the car and walked back to where he was. The policeman, wearing a black police uniform, had gotten out of his car and was walking toward my car. But then he turned around, went back to his car and got in. He indicated he wanted me to also get into his car. The car had three doors on the side where I was and I asked him if he wanted me to get up front with him. He said, "Yea get up front."

One of the rear doors was open and I shut it. Then I got into the front seat. I said, "I think I know what it is that I did wrong. But I'm going to beg you not to give me a ticket."

He replied, "Well I'm probably going to give you a ticket anyway. But go ahead."

I began by telling him I was a lawyer. I said I didn't want to go to trial on this matter, but that I would if I had to. I went on to explain that when I had made the turn I didn't know I was turning

onto a one-way street because I was unfamiliar with the area. But I had immediately pulled over when I had realized I was on a one-way street. I tried to emphasize that the offense hadn't been a serious one.

The policeman was probably 55-60 years old and wasn't in very good shape. He reminded me of Phil Fish (a character played by Abe Vigoda on the television series "Barney Miller"). But his face was stern.

He began driving around and we came to a traffic light. There were three lanes. The left lane was a left turn lane and the other two lanes went straight ahead. I said, "Now what would happen if a guy came up here and he was sitting in this middle lane which is not a turn lane and there was no traffic, not a car in sight, and he went ahead and turned left. Would you give him a ticket?"

He replied, "No, not necessarily."

The policeman continued driving down the street and suddenly made a U-turn right in the middle of the street. He seemed to be trying to show me that he was able to commit certain infractions of the law with impunity. Finally I said, "Yea if you give me a ticket I'll just have to take it to court and go to trial. I'll ask for a jury. If I can just convince one of them that I was in the right then I'll get off."

I figured my main reason for going to trial would be in hopes that the police officer wouldn't show up. But I figured he probably would since he seemed like the kind of cop who would go to court. But if he didn't show up in court I could get off.

I emphasized to him that I knew I had done something wrong. But I also tried to point out the slight nature of the infraction and that the cause had been my unfamiliarity with the area. Finally he agreed with me that the offense had been of slight significance even though he thought it was worse than what I suggested. He finally said, "Steve I think it was a more serious degree than that. I think you really regret it. And so I'm not going to give you a ticket."

I said, "Oh, thank you."

Dream of: 21 May 1986 "The Next Life"

Another fellow and I were hiding behind a car and a bag which someone had thrown down. We were watching an enemy force similar to the Nazis about to execute some prisoners of all sorts who had been captured. It seemed like as if this had happened to me once before, but I couldn't remember exactly when or where. I had an idea of what was going to happen but I wasn't completely sure.

The soldiers walked up and began shooting many prisoners. Someone then discovered me and the fellow with me, grabbed us and put us with some prisoners. I thought we would probably soon be executed. Many prisoners standing around me were old and haggard. One cadaverous-looking woman was standing next to me. I spoke to her.

I felt stalwart and was prepared to die. She gave some advice about our doing what the captors told us to do. I said, "Yes. Yes. I'm going to. I saw what they did to those other people."

I wanted to encourage the people around me. Referring to our captors, I said, "But their day will come, and we will be back in the next life."

I could tell the old woman was rather dubious about whether we would actually have a next life. I went on to explain to her that I was sure there would be a next life. There was much more to life than just the fleeting time in our present life.

Another life was sure to come.

The old woman was probably over 60 years old. Suddenly on impulse I threw my arms around her and held her tightly. I moved my feet back from her slightly so we were leaning on each other somewhat. She whispered, "Touch me."

I thought she wanted me to display some sexual move toward her. She said, "Touch my breasts."

I squeezed her breasts and she said, "Touch me lower."

I backed away from her, but she tried to pull me closer to her and rub against my penis. I backed completely away from her. I felt as if the woman had some problems, but I didn't feel as if it was for me to criticize her in any way. Whatever her problems were, it wasn't for me to judge. I was here merely to observe. She seemed upset. Suddenly she began making many different faces. Her faces were sad, crazy and pleasant. She asked me what I thought of the faces. I replied, "Well, they make me think and they make me learn, so bring them on."

Dream of: 22 May 1986 "Inherited Sword"

While in an apparent schoolroom, I realized that a sword in a closet of the room would give me great powers with which I could conquer my enemies.

Also in the closet was a type of armored coat which would protect me. Both the sword and the coat had belonged to my father - I had never been able to obtain them before.

Knowing people in the hallway would probably try to attack me, I seized the sword, and when a warrior entered the room, I confronted and slew him.

After I replaced the sword in the closet and prepared to don the armored coat, another large muscular man rushed into the room and attacked me. Managing to reach back into the closet and retrieve the sword, I threw the man off me and aimed the sword at the man's neck, which I thought was his vulnerable organ. Although I hit him several times with the sword, he continued attacking me until I finally knocked him down and he didn't rise again. I had defeated him.

Dream of: 24 May 1986 "Radically Changed Behavior"

I was a witness in a trial in which Mike Schwille (a Dallas misdemeanor court judge) was the judge. The trial was being held in the living room of the Logan Street House where four long tables had been arranged in a square.

Although I wasn't on trial myself, I was asked some questions; I told the assembled people that I had recently bought an ounce of marijuana and smoked a joint. I regretted having bought the marijuana, because I hadn't smoked marijuana in a long time. I told them I would turn the ounce of marijuana over to them.

The trial had begun about 8:30 a.m. and had drug on until about 9:30, when the judge decided to go upstairs and take a break. The house began to seem more like the House in Patriot.

When a group of about six black people sitting on a raised platform began singing a religious song, other people joined in. When they began singing the word "Amen" over and over, I likewise began singing "Amen." My voice was clear and resonant and at one point I even carried the song – I was obviously one of the better singers. Finally I lost track of the words and someone else picked up the song.

Another judge came downstairs to take Schwille's place. Schwille had needed to leave and go to his own court in downtown Dallas which was supposed to have begun at 9 o'clock that morning. The jurors began to deliberate and the new judge told them they should make their deliberations right in front of the other people in the courtroom.

Apparently the entire trial had just been a practice trial, so it didn't matter if the other people in the room heard the jurors' deliberations. The jurors began to deliberate, but we still couldn't hear what they were saying. Finally, the jurors broke up and sat down. One juror sat next to the defendant.

Suddenly a woman walked into the room and said that the defendant was accused of beating his wife and that the wife had been badly battered. Since evidence of the beaten hadn't been given before, I thought the jurors had probably found the

defendant not-guilty because they hadn't known about the beating.

It appeared that the woman juror who was sitting next to the defendant was explaining the verdict to him, but I couldn't hear what she was saying. Someone told me to call over to her, so I screamed as loudly as I could to her that we couldn't hear her. People looked at me as if I were crazy for screaming like that. When the woman didn't respond to me, I finally stood and walked over to her. After asking her to speak up so we could hear, I walked back to where I had been.

When the other jurors stood up, I walked to them and asked one of them what the verdict had been; I was told the verdict had been "not-guilty."

When a female juror asked me if I were going to bring the marijuana in which I had bought, and if I were going to give it to her, I told her I would and I left. I began walking around; I was feeling quite bad and was unsure I wanted to turn the marijuana over to the woman juror. I went to the Hill in New Boston where I had hidden the marijuana and retrieved it. I then returned to Portsmouth and walked around with the marijuana. Since I didn't know what to do with it, I stuck it in my pocket.

I was near Logan Street at Mound Park and I decided I needed to get a taxi. I didn't think it was

safe to be walking around there, and I certainly didn't want to be arrested. I saw a sign which said "public phone" which I thought I could use to call a taxi, but then I felt the key to the Logan Street House in my pocket and I decided to just walk back there.

I felt confused and distraught; suddenly I wanted to smoke more marijuana; but that depressed me because I knew I hadn't smoked any for a year and a half before I had smoked that one joint. Now I felt as if I were once again addicted to marijuana. All I could think of was returning to the Logan Street House and smoking more marijuana.

I remembered how I had recently spoken with my old college professor Rembert Glass and how I had somewhat chided him for having once told me he had never known a heavy marijuana smoker who had been able to quit completely. I had told him I had been able to stop. Now, however, I realized I had begun smoking again.

I was sure I didn't want to give the marijuana to someone else; I thought I would destroy it myself rather than do that. If I turned it over to the police, they might arrest me, so I couldn't take that chance.

When I reached the Logan Street House, I felt as if I were going insane and losing touch with reality. I

thought, "Well this is what marijuana does. It radically changes my behavior."

My behavior indeed was radically changed. What I wanted to do more than anything was smoke more marijuana. Finally I walked into the bathroom and began dumping the marijuana into the commode.

Before I had dumped it all, however, I stopped while a little bit was still left. I thought maybe I could just smoke one joint and then dispose of the rest. I was having a difficult time thinking about anything but smoking.

Dream of: 26 May 1986 "Overcoming God's Advice"

Vickie and I had reunited. Vickie and I had once had a short fervent love affair many years before when I had lived in Portsmouth, Ohio. Now I had asked Vickie to marry me and she had agreed. After proposing, I didn't see Vickie for a few days, but when we met again, we began walking down the street together. We passed my great-uncle Curt, and waved to him. We continued walking, and then a bit later we once again saw Curt and passed him. This time I stopped, backed up to Curt, and told him I wanted to introduce him to Vickie. When I attempted the introduction, however, I simply could not remember Curt's name. I finally guessed that his name might be "George Musser." But that didn't sound right. His

last name might be "Musser," but I didn't think his first name was "George." Finally I said, "Mr. Musser, I'd like you to meet Vickie."

Vickie looked at him and said to him, "I liked you better the other way." As it turned out, Vickie already knew Curt. She was now referring to the fact that Curt had gained quite a bit of weight, and that she had liked him better when he had been thinner.

Curt walked along with us a ways, then continued on by himself. When Vickie and I were alone again, I asked her if she were sure she wanted to marry me. After she replied that she was positive, I asked her if she had any doubts. She replied, "I just have a slight doubt whether or not I'm doing the right thing."

I said, "Well that's a pretty big doubt."

She added, "But basically I'm doubt-free."

Although she seemed happy to be with me, she seemed a little sadder than I remembered her, not quite as cheerful. I was glad we were together, but I still had reservations about marrying her because she was about six years younger than I, and I doubted it was wise for me to be marrying someone so much younger. I even had a lingering feeling that God didn't want me to marry her because she was so young. She made me so happy,

however, I couldn't resist her; I thought she was the most wonderful person in the world. I was so happy to be with her that my happiness overcame my doubts about her being so young.

I flattered Vickie that she was the most intelligent, active and creative girl I had ever known. I had especially thought about her during our separation for the last year. I didn't tell her she was the prettiest girl I had ever cared for, however, because I didn't think that was true, but I thought in her own way she was the most spiritually beautiful. I wanted her to know that I had been thinking about her and that I did think she was beautiful.

Dream of: 27 May 1986 "Blood Brothers"

A fellow about my age and I had decided to become blood brothers. I took a knife and rapidly ran it across the palm of my right hand. It caused a very slight cut. I then told him to give me his hand. He hesitated at first but then stretched out his hand to me. I made a slight cut on his hand. But I hadn't cut him deeply enough to draw blood. I told him to give me his hand again and again I tried. But again no blood came and I had to try several times before I finally drew blood from him.

But when I looked back at my hand no blood was now coming out. So I ran the knife across my hand again several times, but I didn't feel anything.

Suddenly the fellow pulled out a saw and told me to use that. I looked at the saw and certainly didn't want to use that. The idea seemed silly.

So I kept trying to cut myself with the knife until finally I managed to slash my index finger open close to the palm and blood started quickly dripping out. I looked at his hand and he still had some blood on it. We quickly clasped our hands.

We both had on long-sleeved shirts and I was afraid we would get blood all over them. The blood coming from me was particularly dark. We let our hands go and then we clasped them again as if we were shaking hands. The act signified that we were now blood brothers.

Dream of: 28 May 1986 "Moivet"

While a friend and I were in a French-speaking country, either France or Canada, we walked into a restaurant for something to eat. We sat down at a table and I noticed some pictures for sale in the restaurant. I myself had a picture which I had been using in making a collage, and I saw the same picture for sale in the restaurant.

I hadn't actually paid much attention to my picture before, but I now began examining it more closely.

It was of a scene in a forest and depicted some large tree trunks rising toward the sky. For the first time I noticed quite a number of things in the picture which I hadn't noticed before.

For example, a small group of children, who appeared to be Indians, were in a line weaving through the trees. I also noticed some carvings on one of the trees. Under the carvings was a fresh carving, in the process of being made, of a bat hanging upside down. A chisel being used to carve out the bat was poised in mid-air as if an invisible person were holding it. I somehow had the impression that a bat itself was making the carving of the bat.

The picture was about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a meter high and about a half meter wide. I held the picture in my hands and noticed that part of the picture had been burnt on the left corner. I recalled that I myself had recently been practicing burning pictures for their effects on collages. The burnt effect of the picture produced a certain effect which didn't hurt it, although I had thought it had hurt it at first glance.

About half way up the picture on the left side was a picture of a car and a truck. The car had been painted with such detail that it almost looked like a photograph. I then looked out a window and saw a car (exactly like the one in the picture) parked in an outside garage about 25 meters away. A truck was also sitting there which looked like the one in the picture. I could hardly believe my eyes.

I picked up a pair of binoculars to see more clearly and looked through them at the car. The detail was almost exactly like the picture.

A very pretty waitress (probably in her early 20s) walked up and seated us at a different table. I still had my picture and I began trying to read the name of the artist who had painted it. It looked like it was "Moivet" and appeared to be an obscure French painter whose work I hadn't looked at before. I thought so much symbolism was in this painting that I should probably look up some of his other works to see if they had as much symbolism.

Part of the picture which depicted the car and truck had come off from the rest of the picture and it appeared as if indeed a photograph of the automobiles had been attached to the rest of the painting. It had blended in so well before with the rest of the painting, it had been difficult to tell.

I spoke to the waitress in French, since I knew she spoke French, and I asked her if the picture was the same scene as the scene out the window. She didn't seem to understand me, so I picked up the picture, told her to come with me and walked back to where I had first been.

I asked her to sit down in the seat where I had been sitting and I pointed out the window to the scene outside. I had already begun to surmise that the photograph had indeed been taken of the

scene outside and then attached to the painting. I was somewhat using my questions simply as an excuse to talk with the girl. I pointed to the picture and asked her in French if it was the same as the scene outside.

She couldn't seem to understand exactly what I was saying. I knelt down behind her and put my chin on her right shoulder, pressed my face against her soft face and pointed outside. I could also feel how soft the white sweater was she was wearing.

Looking outside, I noticed some other cars had pulled up which were partially blocking our vision. The car I wanted her to look at was yellow with green license plates. I said, "La segunda amarilla. La licencia grun."

I was trying to say in French "the second yellow car" and "the green license tags." I couldn't remember for sure whether "grun" was the French word for "green." It seemed as if "grun" might have been a German word.

The girl was soft and I was quite attracted to her.

She was barefoot and her feet appeared to have become somewhat soiled from walking around the restaurant, but that didn't particularly bother me.

I noticed some other men sitting around and thought they were probably becoming jealous of my being so close to her.

I said, "Wait a minute."

I walked over to the table, picked up the binoculars, handed them to her, and asked her to look through them, but I was beginning to think it really didn't make any difference. I had already achieved my purpose of getting close to her and it no longer mattered what she thought about the picture.

Dream of: 29 May 1986 "Money And Drugs"

My father was sitting in the front passenger seat of my car which I was driving along a road in Gallia County. For quite a while I had wanted to pass a car which was in front of me, but was unable to pass because of a double yellow line.

Finally, as we were going down a hill, I saw a place to pass at the bottom of the hill. I sped up, but the car in front of me had also sped up while going down the hill. I wasn't able to reach the car to pass it until we were almost at the end of the passing zone. I decided to go ahead and try to pass anyway.

Just as I got into the left lane I realized another hill was coming up and I wasn't going to be able to see if any cars were coming toward me. The car I was passing wasn't slowing down either. I honked my horn for it to slow down so I could go on around. As I passed the car I could tell from the look on the driver's face that he was perturbed.

But I did manage to squeeze safely back into the right-hand lane in front of him.

Even though I began driving around 75 miles an hour, my father didn't say anything about my speed. When we came to a curve to the right, I was going so fast that I slid off the left side of the road and turned the car around. Cars coming toward me quickly swerved out of the way and missed us. My car wasn't damaged in any way, so I pulled back on to the road and continued along.

But I decided to slow down.

We were getting low on gas. Finally I saw a gas station, pulled in and had the tank filled up. My father wrote out a check to me for \$175 with which to pay for the gas, although the cost of the gas was only \$15. My father wanted me to get the balance in cash and give it to him because he needed some money. I told him I didn't think they would cash a check for that amount. He said they had a system so they would be able to cash the check.

We pulled a short ways from the gas pump. The attendant, who was heavy-set, short and probably in his late 40s, came out and I handed him the check. He reminded me of someone but I couldn't place him. He was wearing a dark green work suit. He said there was no way he was going to be able to cash the check. I told him he was going to have

to because we didn't have any other way of paying him.

I knew that was a lie because both my father and I had more money – we could pay him with cash if we had to. The attendant said he would see what he could do and he walked back inside. Finally a tall lanky fellow (probably in his mid-20s) walked outside. He was holding his arm against his chest and was carrying a bunch of quarters in it. He told me he would have to give me the change in quarters. He said he was glad this had happened because he wanted to get rid of those quarters. I thought it was just a ruse because he didn't actually want to pay us in cash and he didn't think we would accept all those quarters. I asked my father what he thought and he said to go ahead and take the quarters.

The fellow then said he first had some 1950 silver dollars and he began handing those to me. I looked on the front of the silver dollars and saw the words "twenty centimes" written there. I realized the pieces were French money and only worth twenty centimes. After he had given me five or six I stopped him and told him to slow down. I explained to him that the coins he was giving me were French coins and that each one was only worth twenty centimes. Five of them therefore made one French franc. I told him a French franc was only worth 8 cents. So five of the coins were

only worth 8 cents and he was trying to say that each one was worth \$1.

So he took the coins back and then handed me a whole handful of change. There were pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters in the mixture. He told me to count the money and that he would write it down. He would then repeat the same thing over and over. I became frustrated and said, "We can't do this."

I threw all the money onto the ground in front of him. He was knelling on the ground and the money fell around his knees. I opened up the coin compartment in my car in which were a bunch of quarters and told him instead that we were going to pay him in quarters. I began counting out the quarters to him.

He told me to wait and went back inside. We waited and waited. Finally someone came back outside. This person was apparently some kind of police authority. He said he was concerned about the coins. I was unsure whether he was talking about the ones the attendant had tried to give us or the ones we had tried to give him.

But apparently the official was concerned about some coins actually being drugs. They wanted us to wait a while and we went inside. There I saw a tray which had what appeared to be some powdery paint on it. There were about a dozen

different colors and each color was in a circle about two centimeters in diameter. Each circle was about the size of a coin and apparently the circles had something to do with the drug we were accused of having. I didn't think the colored powders were drugs, but I realized the coins we had had did somehow have some kind of powder in them. I stuck my finger in the powders and began tasting them. The whitish powder tasted like vanilla. I thought another one was probably peach and so on. But I didn't feel any drug effects. It just tasted like a sugary-flavored substance.

Apparently someone was confused.

I walked back outside and asked my father if there was any possibility that any of the stuff we had had in the car was drugs. He didn't know if anything we had had was drugs. I was becoming more and more upset and wanted to leave, but we seemed to have become trapped in some kind of bureaucratic entanglement.

We waited for almost a week. I was frustrated because I wanted to get out of there, but I couldn't seem to leave. Many strange people were also staying there and during the course of the week I became acquainted with some.

One day I was walking outside close to the gas station and came to a shady area near some bushes and trees. I found some knives lying there.

One appeared to be a shaving knife and had a long black handle. It also reminded me of a switchblade. I thought it was very pretty and elegant, picked it up and stuck it in my right rear pocket. Some other objects were also lying there.

I heard someone coming; an attractive, black-haired woman about 30 years old walked up. I had seen her before. Another fellow was with her. The woman began explaining that someone had been killed there and that the objects had been used in the murder. The fellow with her had come out to pick up the objects and he began putting them on a little tray. She didn't know about the knife I had in my pocket. I didn't say anything because I wanted to keep it.

After the fellow had placed the objects on the tray, he carried them away. The woman remained. This was the first time I had ever talked with her. I realized I had been rather withdrawn lately and I hadn't been projecting myself on people, but I wanted to talk with her and I decided to project myself more. She walked up close to me and I put my left arm around her. She brought her face closer to mine and I could now see that she actually wasn't particularly pretty. Her teeth were rather crooked.

I wanted to get away from her. But she meanwhile was looking at my face and saw that I was actually

rather good-looking. She wanted to be with me. I asked her if she knew why she was there. She replied, "No."

I thought she was rather mixed up because she didn't know why she was there, but I told her I had been there for a week and I likewise didn't know why I was there. I told her I thought I was there because of something to do with drugs, but I was no longer even sure of that. I didn't know why I was there.

Dream of: 29 May 1986 (2) "Mediator"

I had been hired by a black woman (probably in her early 40s) who reminded me both of Ms. Boyd (a legal client) and Mrs. Henderson (the mother of one of my juvenile legal clients). She was a fat woman and lived in a house which reminded me of the Grace Street House (the House in New Boston where Birdie lived in the late 1960s). The woman was concerned because her daughter had just started seeing a black boy of whom she didn't approve. The girl was about 13 years old, but looked as if she were 16. She was attractive, slender and fully developed. The woman wanted me to find out what was going on between her daughter and the boy and basically to stop the daughter from seeing the boy.

I found the boy and spoke with him. He seemed rather dissolute, but at least he did talk with me.

First he told me he was 14 but finally confessed that he was 16. He reminded me of Mrs. Henderson's son.

The next day I went to talk with the mother at her house. Her daughter was present. I suggested that she, her daughter, the boy and I meet and talk.

The mother said the boy might think she was approving of his relationship with her daughter if she did that. I said, "Well just because North Vietnam and the United States sat down at the peace table did not mean that they liked each other."

The mother agreed with me. The daughter wanted to make sure she (the daughter) would be there. I said, "Of course she'd be there. Just like in the case of North Vietnam and the United States, there was a representative of the people of Vietnam there, too."

We agreed we would all get together. I then asked the girl how old she thought the boy was. She said, "Fourteen."

But finally she said she also thought he was 16. The actual age of the boy seemed to be a big factor in the entire situation.

I tried to think about where we could meet. At first I thought we could just meet here at the woman's house but then thought meeting here wouldn't be

good because we wanted to meet on neutral ground. A park might be a good place. I thought about a park table. If we sat at such a table and the boy and girl sat on one side while I sat with the mother on the other side, it might appear that I was taking the mother's side. But I wanted to appear neutral at the meeting.

I didn't want to take sides. I only wanted to act as a mediator. For example, I didn't want to put the boy on the defensive by asking him how old he was.

I wasn't certain what kind of table we should have. If we used a park table I should somehow sit at the head of the table.

Dream of: 01 June 1986 "Heaven On Earth"

I was with my nephew David and another person who seemed like his aunt and who reminded me of pictures of mother Mary which I had seen. David was asking the woman some questions and wanted to know where heaven was. She hesitated. I knew she had been giving him a lot of false information about matters like that; so before she had a chance to answer I said to David, "Nobody knows where heaven is."

But then I corrected myself and said, "Well at least nobody who we know of knows where it is."

I noticed that his aunt didn't seem to care that I was actually telling him the truth for a change. David asked me if heaven was here on earth. I replied, "No heaven isn't here on earth."

But then I stopped, thought and a tear came to my eye. I said, "Well maybe it's here on earth."

It seemed that perhaps indeed heaven was here on earth. Maybe some people actually knew they were in heaven and were living on earth who we do not know about. Or perhaps some people were just experiencing a type of heaven while they were alive here on earth and that was as close as one could get to heaven.

Dream of: 01 June 1986 (2) "Eagle Claws"

I was at the House in Patriot, Ohio (the home of my maternal grandparents when I was a child). A sick man was staying in the small room which used to be my uncle George's bedroom. The man's attractive blonde wife (in her late 20s) called and told the man she was coming to visit him.

When she arrived I met her in the front living room of the house. I began having a relationship with the woman and began going to bed with her. We didn't actually have sex, but were getting close to it.

Later the man began telling me about how much the woman loved him. He said that even though he was sick and bedfast she was still going to have oral sex with him. I began thinking that unbeknownst to him I was doing the same thing with the woman in the other room.

While all this was going on I was also in the process of making an experimental collage by using scrap pieces of paper and pictures. Much of the material was merely pictures of different types of textures, although it was still quite pretty. I was making some interesting designs on the board by pasting the pictures together.

I had pasted many pieces of paper together to form lines which led to the middle of the collage for emphasis. As one of the centerpieces of the collage I was going to place a picture of a man who appeared to be a Roman emperor. He was wearing a long, white robe and was driving a chariot. I was also thinking of placing on the collage a picture I had of a statue of a naked boy.

Next to him I would place a picture of an eagle which had flown down and grabbed the boy's penis with its claws. I had thought about putting that picture in an earlier collage and now seemed like a good time to use it.

I went into the back room of the house and there I discovered Phil Waddell (a former high school

classmate). He had earlier spoken to me of the woman visiting the sick man. He didn't know I was having a relationship with her and he told me he was going to have a relationship with her.

The woman was also lying down in the room and I sat down beside her. Waddell likewise sat close to her. She began talking to Waddell. I told her I knew she was friends with Waddell, just like she was friends with me.

The woman lay on her back and Waddell lay next to her while I sat near her head. I began unbuttoning her blouse and felt her breast through her bra. I pulled her bra up over her breast and Waddell bent over and began kissing her breast.

She wanted us to stop and she said, "Please, no."

But at the same time she was obviously enjoying very much what was taking place even though she acted as if she wanted us to stop. I was however concerned about the sick man in the next room, whom I knew was very close to her and might even be her husband. I was afraid he might come into the room and I suggested we all go upstairs where both Waddell and I could have sex with the woman. But I was unsure she was going to agree to have sex with both of us at the same time.

Dream of: 01 June 1986 (3) "Coffee-Maker"

I had moved to a new city and needed to find a job. With me was a woman who somewhat reminded me of my ex-wife, Louise, likewise looking for a job. Finally we both found jobs at the same place where we were both paid \$5.50 an hour. I worked in a small office with another woman.

The person who employed us reminded me of judge Schwille. He called me on the phone one day after I had been working for about a month and told me he had some stomach problems. He needed someone to prepare his coffee for him which he thought would help cure his problems. He wanted to know if I would prepare it. I didn't have to give him an answer right that minute.

I hung up and began reflecting about the proposal. Since I knew nothing about making coffee and since I didn't think coffee would be good for his stomach anyway, it bothered me that I would make it for him. I really didn't want to do it.

In the meantime Louise had already found another job, had moved on and was making more money. I began thinking I likewise needed to advance to a better job. \$5.50 an hour simply wasn't enough to fool with. But the nice thing about my job was that I didn't actually have to work much. I was able to do what I wanted most of the time, but I still didn't like the job.

I was sitting at my desk early one morning thinking over the matter. I thought of calling another woman who worked in the office and talking to her. Her name was Adrian and she reminded me somewhat of Terra Perry (a Dallas acquaintance). Before I called, a woman who reminded me somewhat of Mireya (a Dallas acquaintance) walked into the office. I didn't want to call Adrian in front of the woman because I had decided I specifically wanted to say to Adrian, "I want to make love to you."

I would have to wait until the woman left. In the meantime I thought about making coffee. I figured I would have to make it if I were going to continue working there. The coffee could be made in a kitchen there which somewhat reminded me of the kitchen of the House in Patriot. I knew some coffee filters were in the kitchen but I really didn't know how they worked. I would have to ask someone for assistance. The whole idea was disgusting to me.

Dream of: 03 June 1986 "Virtues Of Airplanes"

As I was walking down a street in Portsmouth I encountered Mark Upton (a Portsmouth acquaintance) getting out of a car. We began walking along together and he told me he had just hitchhiked back to Portsmouth from Texas. He

seemed tall and lanky and had long frizzy hair and a beard. He was wearing a button-down shirt which had no collar.

A car passed by being driven by someone I recognized. The driver was a black-haired fellow (in his early 20s) whom I used to know but I couldn't remember exactly from where. The car was an antique and the body resembled a round tub. It was painted blue and the engine, which was visible, was painted black. The fellow pulled up to a stop sign, saw me and pulled over to the left side of the road close to the stop sign.

Mark and I walked over to the passenger side of the front of the car and spoke with the fellow. We hadn't seen each other for about ten years. He began telling me he had been in Portsmouth all that time. He had had several other cars and had only recently built the one he was driving which he liked the best of any he had had.

Mark told the fellow he had just walked back to Portsmouth from Texas. I said, "Well you hitchhiked part of the way didn't you Mark?"

Mark said he had hitchhiked part of the way.

The fellow in the car said he also had air transport. I thought he meant he had an airplane. He began telling me about it. It was a two-seater. After listening to him, I told him I didn't like flying

in planes because I was too afraid of them. He continued extolling the virtues of airplanes and I continued maintaining that they were too dangerous.

Dream of: 04 June 1986 "Playing Concentration"

I seemed to be in the downstairs of the House in Patriot and was playing the game "Concentration" with two other people. I was sitting on the right of a slender, good-looking, blonde lady (about 25 years old). A man was on the other side of her. The woman and I were both sitting under covers.

The puzzle on the board had been almost completely uncovered revealing the pictures which we were trying to fit together to make some kind of sentence or saying. There must have been 25-30 pictures on the board.

Another man who was the monitor gave each of us in turn a chance to solve the puzzle. I looked at the pictures but I couldn't seem to make any sense out of them. Since I couldn't see the board well, I walked over to it and began moving it around. It was only a piece of plywood leaning against what appeared to be an easel. The host, wondering what I was doing, walked over to me and I told him I needed to move it out so I could see it better. It wasn't leaning out far enough at the bottom.

When I returned to my place, I noticed a smaller version of the big board right in front of me which I could see more clearly. On the top part of the board were some pictures of flowers. In the lower right-hand corner was something resembling a piece of paper which had been torn out and pasted on the board. It said, "Alcoholics Anonymous." I thought the key word there was "Anonymous" and that the puzzle was probably either a song or a poem that was anonymous. To the left of the words "Alcoholics Anonymous" was a small picture of Texas.

During the course of the game we had also been accumulating some dollar points. Since the woman had the most points she would win if no one solved the puzzle. Finally no one could solve the puzzle and the game ended. The woman won and she was going to be allowed to return the next day.

The woman and I kept getting closer and closer until finally our legs were touching. I wondered if she was wearing slacks or a skirt. Since I could feel her skin I concluded she must be wearing a skirt. I didn't have anything on my legs either. I managed to put my leg under her left leg and raised it up so that my thigh was against her crotch. She didn't seem to object.

At one point she turned away and bent over. As she did I could see that she was wearing a short

white skirt. When she bent over I could also see her panties. Then she pulled the cover back up on her.

She kept getting closer and closer. I wasn't wearing any pants and I thought perhaps she was going to bend over and perform fellatio on me.

Instead, however, I maneuvered around and – realizing she was no longer wearing any panties – inserted my penis into her vagina.

The host, however, became upset at our activity. Apparently he didn't think we should be doing that while we were playing the game and he said we were going to be disqualified. But that didn't stop me and we continued anyway.

Finally I realized we had gotten into a position where no one could see us and what we were doing was all right. Having sort of become invisible to the world, we continued.

Finally we stopped having sex. Everyone was going to spend the night here and we went to separate rooms to sleep. When it was close to morning I awoke and went to the woman's bedroom – downstairs – and found it empty. I looked up the stairs and thought she was probably up there, maybe taking a shower. I sat down and waited for her to come back downstairs.

Dream of: 08 June 1986 "Leaving For Canada"

I had driven to Chillicothe, Ohio and had entered a room located in a branch of a college. After I sat down, the room gradually began filling up with people. A movie was being shown in the front of the room. On the walls were a number of paintings, most of which seemed to portray Walt Disney characters such as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

On one wall close to me was hanging a large bed spread. Whoever had painted the paintings had also painted what appeared to be a cartoon on the back of the bedspread. The paintings were quite well-done; some local artist had probably executed them.

Some young attractive shapely college were girls in the room. I might try to pick one of them up; but they just seemed much too young for me. It seemed amazing that I should be so old that even college girls were too young for me.

I thought about where I could find women who would be more appropriate for me. The type of career woman who lived in Dallas, Texas would be more fitting.

I was sitting in a chair with the aisle to my right. A man (about 35 years old) sat down in the chair to my left. He was large-boned but didn't appear to be overweight. He was wearing a plaid shirt and seemed a bit dirty, as if he had been working on a

farm and had just come from there. Finally he turned to me and said something in French. I didn't understand exactly what he had said, but responded to him in French.

I had the impression that Chillicothe was about 80 per cent French-speaking. I began trying to explain to him that I had come to Chillicothe merely to learn a little French. A woman (probably in her early 30s) seated in front of me turned around and also began speaking in French. I asked her where she was from and she said French Canada.

I told her I was getting ready to go there. I asked her where she was from in French Canada and she said it was so far out of the way that it didn't even have a name. I told her I was going to go to Quebec City mainly because I thought Quebec City was about ninety-seven percent French-speaking.

Another woman, who likewise apparently was from Canada, was seated on the other side of the ma; she also began speaking with us in French. I asked them if many foreign students were in Chillicothe. Nobody responded, but I had the feeling that there were, especially since so much French was being spoken here.

The woman in front of me asked me where I was from. I told her I was presently living in Portsmouth and added that I had already been

through college and graduate school. I had only come up here to learn some French. She asked me if I had an apartment and I said, "No, actually I'm living with my mother right now."

I wanted her to know I was just staying with my mother for a very short time and that I didn't really live with her.

I had a tray with a piece of cake on it. I was getting ready to leave and I asked the girl in front of me if she would like to have some cake. She said she would. She had some orange juice and offered me some. I also had some milk and she asked me for some. I thought I would just pour my milk into her orange juice and mix them together since I thought milk and orange juice went well together.

I finally left, returned to my mother's home and began preparing to leave for Canada. I had some collages I had made in front of me. I turned one of them over and on the back wrote "Clifford." I wanted to write his name four times on the back, but I only wrote it twice. I wanted my mother to know that if something should happen to me the collages should be given to Clifford.

Dream of: 19 June 1986 "Airplane Crash"

I was on an airplane with my mother, my sister and my brother Chris. The plane seemed more

than anything like a long empty tube. My sister had with her a small boy (about 3-4 years old). He had a camera in his hand and was wearing some kind of mask. I looked at him and commented to my mother that he looked "goofy." I said to my sister "Doesn't he look goofy."

But she seemed a bit offended and I realized I shouldn't have said that to her because she obviously wouldn't agree with me.

The little boy was standing up high on something and I took my eyes off him for a minute. When I looked back he was gone and I thought he had somehow fallen overboard. I said, "Something's happened to him."

But then I walked back to the end of the tube and found him sitting in a wheelchair. My sister said she hadn't been worried at all and she hadn't thought he had fallen overboard. I pushed him back up to where we were.

Something suddenly happened to the plane and it turned into a nose dive. It appeared we had some kind of problem. It felt as if something then fell off the plane and it straightened up. But then it started going down again.

Apparently we were over the ocean headed for New York City, but were still quite far away. The pilots were standing near us and were apparently

planning for a crash. One man who was apparently an assistant said he would be there to assist us off the plane. They began looking at the roof of the plane trying to determine how we would get out if we crashed. One of the men said, "Well if we live through this we'll be able to say we've lived through an airplane crash."

I thought it was very possible that we were going to die, but I wasn't frightened. I realized there was nothing we could do and the best thing was simply to remain calm. I knew it was going to be difficult for my sister's little boy if we crashed in the ocean.

Plus Chris had muscular dystrophy and was in a wheelchair. We might have to abandon Chris. It would be awful for him to drown, but he would be the most likely one to be abandoned. We knew he wouldn't live long anyway. But I could hardly bear the thought of just leaving him on the plane and decided to try my best to save him.

Dream of: 21 June 1986 "Came At Night"

I had gone to Walls' house to visit him. He began showing me something he had type-written on about three sheets of paper. I was unsure at first what it was, but as I read I noticed how well the writing flowed. Some magazine pictures were also included with the writing and I began cutting out some pictures, one of which was a large whale.

After I finished reading, Walls asked me what I thought about it. I hadn't given it much thought but I said to him, "Actually, it was much better than what I would have anticipated from you."

He replied, "Yea, a lot of people have said that."

I was surprised he could write so well and that his grammar, spelling and punctuation had been so good. The piece had actually reminded me of the way my dreams were written. I said, "I hope you don't mind, I took the liberty of making some corrections, including cutting out some of the pictures."

He said he didn't mind. I said, "This whale was on the back side of what you wrote, so some of what you wrote is cut out here. You gotta be careful about not losing that."

I knew Walls wasn't accomplishing anything at the moment and I wanted to tell him he could be doing something with his life instead of letting it slip by. He obviously had some abilities if he would simply put them to use.

Walls brought out a large, hard-covered book for me to look at. It had a colorful art picture on the front and the name of the book was *Cowboy*. I opened it up to an article he wanted to show me, the name of which was "Came at Night." It apparently dealt with duck hunting. One picture

showed a type of little chair made of reeds and straw in which a person could sit in the water and call ducks in to shoot.

Dream of: 22 June 1986 "El Nino"

I had gone to a movie dealing with Mexico the first scene of which showed an area of Mexico which had been devastated by a tornado. As I watched, it seemed as if I were actually walking around in the area. The tornado had struck about a week earlier, but there was still fire burning in some buildings.

A large trailer park had been hit, trailers were overturned and small buildings had crumbled. Someone said the name of the tornado had been "El Nino."

The movie, progressing and focusing in upon a particular family, showed a man and his wife and some other man who seemed to be the brother of the husband who had been living with the couple.

The brother had gone insane and the wife decided that he needed to be killed. The husband agreed with her. The wife went out and bought an instrument which looked like an ice scraper for car windows which had a razor blade on its end. She wanted her husband to kill his brother with it and gave it to him as a birthday present. But the husband became upset, threw it away, said he wasn't going to do it and left.

That night the wife suddenly awoke and found that the crazy brother had hold of her. He was making an odd noise and seemed to be trying to bite her.

The wife began screaming, "Oh! Oh!"

Suddenly I realized it was actually I who was screaming instead of the woman.

Dream of: 22 June 1986 (2) "Mental Illness Class"

While in Portsmouth, Ohio I had decided to enroll in a mental illness class for mentally ill people which was being held on Scioto Trail. I didn't think

I was mentally ill, but I thought it would be interesting to take the class which was for only one hour a week and had about 20 people in it.

I drove to the place, walked in and was given some pajama-type clothes to change into. I began meeting some other people in the class who seemed as if they were indeed mentally ill. I was unsure whether they were going to be able to leave when the class was over. The fellow in charge of the class was quite friendly and reminded me of Jacques Allard (an acquaintance from Quebec City).

We were allowed to have some things with us. I was permitted a chain, about three meters long. It looked like a chain which might be used for a dog. Some other fellow got hold of my chain and began

terrorizing people with it. Finally the man in charge had to take the chain away from him and he returned it to me since he apparently thought it was all right for me to have it. I told him I was sorry, wrapped the chain around my hand and held onto it. No one else bothered me about it.

I stayed for an hour and then left.

A week later I drove my car back there again, walked in and changed into some cream-colored, pajama-type clothes. Some bunk beds were there and I got up on top of one. Some girls (in their late teens and early 20s) were in the room. One climbed up where I was and sat down on top of my penis as I was lying on my back. She said something about our getting serious together. I replied, "In this position we are serious together."

She then got off. Three or four other girls in the room (all very pretty) spoke French to each other.

I thought one might be Tombs (a Portsmouth acquaintance) since she reminded me of her, but she seemed so young and I thought Tombs would have probably aged in the intervening years since I had last seen her around 1972.

One girl said something to me in English and then began speaking French to the other girls. She was obviously bilingual and seemed to be speaking perfectly in both languages. I said, "Je veux que tu parles francais."

She replied to me in French, but I couldn't understand her well. The girls continued chattering away with each other and they seemed to like me.

Finally I got off the bunk bed, walked over to a chair, sat down and observed what was taking place. I noticed a mirror and looked into it. I had recently cut my hair. I looked as if I were about 20 years old and I was rather innocent-looking.

Some fellow, who seemed friendly at first, walked up and began bothering me. He did seem to have some mental problems, but finally he left me alone.

I didn't think I was mentally ill, but I was enjoying being here. It was fun. I noticed that many of the people, including the girls, had gone outside to play tennis. Although they were playing tennis, there appeared to be as many players on each side as there would be in a volleyball game.

I thought I might go out and play with them. I might ought to first change back into the blue jeans I had been wearing when I had come in. But then I decided I didn't want to go out there because I didn't want anyone off the street to see me out there with those people and conclude that I had a mental illness. So I stayed inside.

I began thinking that the only mental illness I really had was my attraction to those girls. I needed to control my attraction to women. If I had any kind of mental illness at all, that was where it lay. The girls were extremely attractive to me. I simply wanted to be with them.

I had my tape player with me and I decided to record what was taking place. I thought I might be dreaming, but I was unsure. I walked outside with the tape player and began speaking into it. I was speaking quite clearly and distinctly into the tape player. Obviously nothing was wrong with me.

I began thinking that when my hour was up, I might invite the girls to come with me, if they were able to leave. We could all get in my car together. I was unsure what we would do. I didn't think it would be wise to drink alcohol with them, but I was tempted to since they were so enticing.

Dream of: 23 June 1986 "No Character"

I encountered Louise one night at a banquet. I could tell she had been drinking alcohol profusely. After I sat down next to her at a banquet table, we started kissing and she told me she wanted to marry me again. I wanted to be with her but I didn't quite know what to think of the idea of our being married again. I didn't reject the idea, however, and indeed thought we probably would marry again.

I saw someone and told Louise I had to go somewhere for a few minutes and would be right back. The person I had seen was Grierson (a Portsmouth acquaintance). I pulled him over to the side and told him I wanted to talk with him. He took me into a tiny office where there were three lawyers. He said we could talk there and Louise wouldn't be able to hear us.

I asked Grierson if he had ever gone out with Louise. For some reason I thought he had. He told me he had gone out with her some time in December of last year. I tried to remember what month it presently was and realized December had only been a few months earlier. Grierson said he had only been out with Louise that one time.

I asked him how he had met Louise. He said any time he went to a party he would simply ask where she was. He then gave a name which Louise was apparently presently using which he would ask for. He said if she were at the party she would always be surrounded by a bunch of men. Apparently men were always after her and gathered around her.

I told him she wanted to marry me again and I felt rather self-important because of that. The other lawyers (one was a woman) in the room also knew Louise. The woman lawyer looked incredulous at the idea of our marrying again. I was actually

bragging somewhat about the fact, but actually I had already decided I wasn't going to remarry Louise.

I walked back out to where Louise was. She was pouring red liquid from a pitcher into her glass. I thought it might be kool aid, but I knew it was probably wine. She was obviously intoxicated. No men were around her right now, although she was indeed quite attractive.

I walked over to her, got her and walked away from the table with her. I told her she was going to have to do something: from this moment forward, from that last drink she had just had, she was going to have to stop drinking alcohol forever. She looked astonished. I could tell she knew she was an alcoholic (and I knew she was an alcoholic) but she wasn't ready to stop drinking. I knew drinking was a serious problem for her. Even if we never married she needed to stop drinking alcohol.

I broke the news to her that we weren't going to marry. She took it rather calmly, but then she started retaliating against me and burst out, "Steve you have no character, control or conviction."

She continued criticizing me; I began to become very angry although I knew I should try to control my anger. She was such an immature person, helping her mature into a responsible woman was

almost hopeless. Nevertheless, I still cared very much for her. That paradox was really the basis of my anger. She was such an immature child, yet I still couldn't help having deep feelings for her.

As we walked along, I raised my hand up to her neck and with my thumb and middle finger squeezed the back of her neck very hard trying to hurt her. But she said, "Ah, that feels good."

I wanted to point out to her that although she was criticizing me so much, nevertheless she was still with me even though she could obviously have a lot of other different men.

I told her we were going to my house and she could still spend the night with me. She said she would, but I knew I wasn't going to have sex with her. She knew it also. We still felt we could spend the night with each other; obviously, however, having sex would be a major mistake.

Suddenly I realized I was dreaming. I found myself walking alone down the street. I saw some houses and some dogs lying in front of one house. I began looking for my tape recorder because I wanted to record the dream. I thought I had left it in front of one of the houses, lying close to the front door, but I looked and couldn't seem to find it. I did find a radio. Finally I found my recorder. I began looking for the cord so I could hook it up and record my dream.

Dream of: 24 June 1986 "Returning to College"

I had gone to visit Weinstein who was living in a house in Chillicothe, Ohio. Wittenburg (a former high school classmate) was also at the house. I was planning to return to high school in Chillicothe -- I still had a year to finish. Weinstein was also going to return to high school for a year.

I spent the night at Weinstein's, intending to rise and go to school the following morning. Weinstein and Wittenburg slept together in a bed in one room and I slept in a different bed in a different room.

When morning came, I woke, walked into Weinstein's room and woke him. He said he wasn't going to go this morning and he was going to wait until the following day. I began dressing and getting ready because I wanted to go ahead and go. I had a pair of orange tennis shoes I was going to wear, but I decided they were too bright.

I wondered about Weinstein and Wittenburg sleeping together. Did something more than just friendship exist between them?

I really didn't want to go to high school. Besides, I was 33 years old and chances were I wouldn't be readmitted anyway. Perhaps instead I would go to the college in Chillicothe. I might like to study

chemistry, which might take a long time, but would be interesting. I might become a chemist and even be able to manufacture hallucinogens someday. More interesting, I thought, would be to use my knowledge of chemistry to practice patent law someday.

Something had happened to my car and I set out on foot, walking down the right side of the road. I walked on the road at first, until I noticed a car coming behind me, then I began walking on the grass beside the road. After a short distance I saw the high school ahead on my left. I knew I would need to go farther into town to find the college.

Close to the high school on my left, separated from the road by a fence, was a field which contained some animals. Two beautiful, big-horn sheep almost twice as big as me were in the field. The left horn of one sheep had been broken off.

Fields were also on my right and I thought they were cared for by the high school as part of some classes. Finally I came to a small creek being crossed by some horses which walked close to me and didn't seem afraid. I didn't want to scare them. One brown pony was climbing up the bank of the creek.

I crossed the creek on a bridge on the road. On the other side I had to pass through some thin

wires to get back on the grass beside the road,
where I continued walking.

On the left side of the road were some other
animals being fed by women who looked like nuns.
I thought the women must be in charge of feeding
the animals.

I finally came to a small building which had its
back to the road. I looked around to the front of
the building and saw a woman come out who
appeared to be a nun. Animals were apparently
being fed in the building.

What appeared to be chimpanzees or large apes
were digging around in the ground. One dug up
what appeared to be a large nut and grabbed it.
Some large melons then came rolling out of the
building, apparently being put out for the apes to
feed on. One chimpanzee threw one melon
straight up in the air. It fell to the ground and
burst open. I also saw some watermelon which the
apes were being given to eat.

I continued walking until I finally found myself in
Quebec City, Canada. I came to a street near Laval
University where I knew I had recently gone to a
store to purchase some books containing pictures
which I intended to use in collages. I thought I
might once again walk up that street.

Dream of: 24 June 1986 (2) "Curved Mirror"

I had decided I was finally going to confront my old girlfriend Birdie and her husband Rick about Birdie's daughter, Brandi. Having learned they were living somewhere near Kilean, Texas, I went to visit them. They were expecting me when I arrived. I walked into their home, which (I was surprised to find) was large and well-furnished.

Although other children (which Birdie had apparently had) were also in the house, Brandi was nowhere to be seen. Pictures of other children were sitting around the house, but I didn't see any of Brandi. A picture of one girl looked a bit like Rick, but I didn't think the picture was of Brandi.

Rick (whom I had never personally met) was sitting at a small desk in a room which was raised higher than the room in which Birdie and I were standing. He stepped down out of the higher room and bent over to pick up something. He was wearing blue jeans which had paint or something on them. I felt like saying (but I didn't) that I was glad Birdie had found someone who had taken good care of her. I was glad Rick had provided a good home for Birdie because Birdie's welfare had concerned me through the years. I didn't have anything against Rick – I simply wanted to learn whether I was Brandi's natural father.

When the three of us stepped back up to the higher room and sat down, I noticed Birdie

appeared to be pregnant. I didn't know at first whether I should say exactly why I was there in front of the children, but after Birdie and Rick finally opened the subject, I said, "Well, it's a very simple thing what I want. I simply want to go and have a blood test."

Rick and Birdie had obviously already discussed the matter. They seemed against the proposition of a blood test. Rick said if I tried to approach Brandi, they would have an arrest warrant issued for me to keep me away from her. I said, "Why drag this out? I will get a court order. All I want to know is who the natural father is. I guarantee you that I will get a court order. But why not avoid all that? Or if I have to, I will simply wait until she is seventeen which is the legal age of adulthood in Texas."

As we continued talking, they began to relent and appeared amenable to the blood test. When Rick asked me where I wanted the results sent, I was taken by surprise for a second. I looked Rick right in the eye and replied, "Well I want to be sure when the blood samples are taken that the proper samples are given to the doctor."

Birdie raised her finger, pointed it at my nose and said something about my being awfully tricky about this thing.

Rick left the room and Birdie and I began walking together through the house. We passed the living room which contained some nice clean neat furniture. In front of one couch, all arranged in a row, were some little statuettes, apparently toys for children. Birdie left me alone and I continued wandering about. In one room I found a gigantic mirror about five meters wide. It rose to the ceiling and even curved around some onto the ceiling. I thought the mirror must be difficult to clean. I stood in front of the mirror waiting for someone to return.

Dream of: 27 June 1986 "Mystery Movie"

I was watching what appeared to be a mystery movie that had suddenly began. At the same time I somehow appeared to be in the movie. A man and two of his sons had suddenly been kidnapped and taken away. A third son (who seemed like me) was left behind and was trying to find the others. The third son went out and got into a car. He started out intending to go forward, but instead began backing down a hill. When he finally put the car in forward, he discovered he was stuck in some snow which covered the ground.

He put the car back into reverse and began going backwards again. He also began sharply turning the car around so he was finally able to back to the top of the hill.

A house was at the top of the hill. A woman (about 35 years old) came out of the house. She told the man she had a terrible pain and it appeared she had a bad tooth ache. Although he was in a hurry to search for his father and brothers he said, "Get in."

She and a couple of her children (boys) got into the car and the man drove off. He wasn't able to immediately find his father and brothers, so he, the woman and the two children went to the home of a man whom the woman knew. They stayed there for a while and it became clear in the movie that the woman and man at the house were in cahoots with the kidnappers and were planning to kidnap the third brother and kill him. Without warning they then killed the third brother.

The scene suddenly changed and showed the father and two brothers standing in a room. They looked very noble and reminded me of Socrates getting ready to die. The two boys were each given a glass of poison. They both drank the poison and fell over dead. The father then was given a glass of poison. He drank it and likewise fell over dead.

The next scene showed the arrival of the police. A vial of poison was found, and on the vial was a fingerprint. A commentator's voice said that the fingerprint had set in motion a search which had

lasted for 20 years. The mystery was who had killed everyone.

The answer was to be found in something which had already been seen in the movie. It was left up to the audience to try to solve it. The commentator then began explaining exactly what the answer to the mystery was.

Dream of: 27 June 1986 (2) "Divorce Proceeding"

My father and my mother were in the process of obtaining a divorce. I accompanied them to court one day for a hearing in front of a lady judge. My mother had a lady lawyer working for her.

My father was first put on the witness stand and questioned; then my mother was questioned on the stand. My mother seemed humble while my father seemed haughty and proud. The judge was rather hard on my father. I thought someone should point out that when my brother Chris had had muscular dystrophy, my mother – not my father – had taken care of Chris. I had never seen my father feed Chris, but I had seen my mother feed him many times. Finally the judge made some preliminary determinations about the divorce.

I left the court and went to the House in Patriot, where I found my paternal step-grandfather Clarence, and I began telling him about some

things which were going to be cleaned out of the attic of the House. An old 1955 encyclopedia was up there. I thought Clarence might want the encyclopedia, even though it might not be any good. I decided to go up in the attic to scrounge around for it.

I headed for the attic and took a dog, which seemed like Clarence's dog, Mike, with me. Once we were in the attic, the dog sniffed around until it turned up a mouse which it began chasing. Finally the dog caught the mouse and began playing with it. A large hole was in the attic where the floor was missing. The dog threw the mouse through the hole and it fell into the downstairs living room, directly below the attic. I walked toward the hole, failed to see it and started falling through. I caught myself before I went all the way through and I let myself drop down into the living room.

There I found my mother and her lady lawyer talking about what had happened at court. They handed me the papers which the judge had signed and my mother wanted to know what I thought. It appeared to me there hadn't yet been a division of the property and that much work apparently still remained for the lawyers to do.

My mother appeared rather haggard. I felt she somewhat deserved that. She wasn't completely

innocent in the divorce and she had to accept some blame and responsibility herself.

One paper said something about my father's having 50 employees. I knew he had some employees in his insulation factory, but I didn't think there were that many.

I asked the lawyer what she thought. She said my mother would probably get the New Boston House and that there would probably be a 50/50 split of the property. My mother would also receive a third of my father's net income for the rest of both their lives, but my father would still be able to pay his employees as a business expense before any determination of net income. I found it hard to believe that the judge would grant my mother part of my father's net income. That would be a type of alimony.

A few days later we went to another hearing where quite a few people were present. The judge said she wanted 10 different people in the audience to write something about somebody they knew. It should be noted if the person were dead.

I, for some reason, decided to write something about John Smith (an old friend who died around 1972). Although John Smith was dead, I didn't make a note about it. Everyone turned in their papers and the judge began going through them.

When she came to my paper she said she

understood that John Smith was dead. She asked how many people in the audience knew John Smith. No one raised their hand. The judge wanted to know why the person who had written the paper hadn't noted that John Smith was dead. Finally she said, "Mr. Collier, would you explain."

I said, "Well actually I forgot that he was dead. It's been a number of years ago. But I could tell you everything I know about him."

She asked me to proceed. I said, "At the time I met him I was living on the West Side in Portsmouth, Ohio."

Suddenly I found myself at the West Portsmouth House. I knew I was however still in the middle of the divorce proceedings and I thought the judge was in the House with me.

I began describing the House and I talked about the carpet in the living room. I said I had put down the carpet because part of the floor was missing and the dirt was even showing through in places. I had hung another old carpet over one door to keep out the cold in the winter. I said, "At the time I was living there I was dealing drugs."

Even though I didn't want to discuss my having sold drugs, I decided that being completely honest would be best. I repeated, "I was dealing drugs at that time. My father owned that house and he just

let me live over there. He knew I was dealing drugs. Just let me live over there and deal drugs. I continued doing that and living there until finally I was arrested for possession of marijuana in the spring of 1972."

I didn't see any point in mentioning that my father had come to the House when I had been arrested while the police were still there nor that he had gone to the jail and bailed me out. I also didn't mention that I had never actually been convicted. I simply said I had been arrested and said, "That was when I quit dealing drugs. Finally I got off the drugs and became a lawyer like you."

Dream of: 30 June 1986 "Cruise Ship"

Louise (about 25 years old) and I were together on a large white cruise ship equipped with a movie theater. Louise had black hair and was very cute. We went to the theater and encountered Campbell (a former law student) whom I was surprised to see. He told me he had graduated from law school but wasn't yet working. I thought about asking him if he had seen Donna lately but I decided it would probably be better not to bring her up in front of Louise.

Louise and I sat down to watch the movies, a triple feature. We watched the first two movies and at the end of the second, Cosby (another former law student) walked into the theater. He stopped to

peak with me and I asked him what he was doing these days. I thought he had become a clerk for the Texas Supreme Court. I felt proud knowing Cosby since he had been able to obtain such an important position after law school.

But he apparently wasn't working for the Supreme Court. Instead he rattled off a long name which sounded like a court but which turned out to be the office of a prosecuting attorney. He said he was going into criminal investigations, but he was still waiting for that job to begin.

I told him seeing him like this seemed strange because I had been thinking about him just a short while before he had appeared. He said he had likewise been thinking about me because he had actually seen me come into the theater earlier. He had noticed me because of my shoes. He pointed out the black non-leather shoes I was wearing. I was proud of my cheap synthetic shoes because they weren't made of animal products, even though most people thought they were unbecoming.

I asked about his wife, a Philippine lady whom I had met before. He said she was fine; and then he departed. I thought of asking for his address but then I thought, "Na. He'll be down in Austin. It won't be necessary to have his address."

After Cosby left, I pointed out my shoes again to Louise. She had never really liked them and she seemed amazed that I still had the same pair of shoes after such a long time.

Louise and I walked out onto the deck of the ship.

No one else was around and we began playing a game of hide and seek. I sought a place to hide. I jumped off the back of the boat into the water and held onto the boat which was moving rather fast. I

was completely submerged and began trying to rise to the surface, but it was taking longer than I had expected. However, I somehow seemed to be able to breathe somewhat under the water, although not as well as I wanted. Finally my head surfaced and I took a deep, satisfying breath through my nostrils.

I climbed back on board and looked around. The ship seemed to gradually ascend in front of me in a step like fashion. It rather looked like a labyrinth of white marble before me. I was tired of the game and I didn't want to play hide and seek any longer. I hollered out to Louise to come on out because we were finished playing. I told her if she didn't come out I would hide myself and scare the dickens out of her.

I saw her head appear from behind a wall on top of the deck which seemed to lead to a stair well.

She stepped out completely nude. She walked

down to where I was. Suddenly what looked like a large board crashed in the stairwell in the place Louise had just come from. I thought somebody dangerous was hiding there.

I walked toward the stairwell, picked up a broom handle lying nearby and hollered out something. I heard some more noise in the stairwell and I felt someone was threatening us. I thought if someone stuck his head out, I might just hit him with the broom handle without even stopping to ask questions.

If we could make it back to the movie theater we could be safe. Louise, obviously very scarred, held onto me. Her nudity made her all the more vulnerable.

Dream of: 30 June 1986 (2) "Tracking Lions"

I was working at a job located in an underground area inside a mountain. The job was part of a construction project by the United States government to build a place safe against atomic weapons. Tunnels had been cut throughout the mountain and the mountain itself had been partially built by dirt being taken from the interior of the mountain and piled on top of the mountain.

Many other people, including a number of security personnel, were also working.

I found a map which pictured the mountain and showed a cut-away view of tunnels in the mountain. Different numbers were written on the map for different levels of the mountain. I had seen the map discussed before in a manual, but I was still unsure what the numbers represented. The numbers went up to 100 and I thought they might represent the number of atomic bombs necessary to be dropped on the mountain to penetrate to certain levels.

Taking maps out of the area wasn't permitted, but I decided to smuggle the map out. I folded it up into a very tiny square and stuck it into the watch-pocket of my blue jeans.

During the course of the day a short part of a movie entitled *The Development of a Mushroom Cloud* was shown. The part I saw showed the picture of an atomic missile landing and penetrating the earth. The mushroom cloud just began to form when the segment ended.

Later I ran into a fellow whom I hadn't seen working there before. Apparently he was a new maintenance man replacing another maintenance man. I approached him, asked if he were the new maintenance man and he replied affirmatively.

At the end of a day's work - when it was time to leave - I began gathering my things together, which included a pair of leather brogan boots and

my heavy, white, wool sweater. I went to a very large elevator where people were loading up to leave. A long line was moving quite slowly.

I walked into a small room in front of the elevator door where a fellow was sitting in a fold-up chair and watching the line slowly trek past. I was tired and I sat down in another foldup chair next to the fellow. I tried to put on my boots, but I simply couldn't seem to get them on. Finally everyone had loaded onto the elevator and the people began hollering for me to hurry. I couldn't seem to assemble all my things quickly enough. I ran to catch the closing door. I tried at first to stick my boot in the door to stop it, then managed to stick my fingers in the door and it reopened. As the door opened I thought I had caught my boot in it, but I saw that someone else's boot – a tan-colored boot darker than mine – was caught in the door. Yet the boot didn't impede the functioning of the elevator door.

I boarded the elevator, but instead of going up, the elevator headed down. I thought that the elevator would go back up and that I could have simply caught it on its way back up. Suddenly I realized I had left my sweater lying behind. I would need to stop and pick it up on the way back up because it was the only good sweater I had.

Someone in the back of the elevator was making a sound, "Baa. Baa." like a sheep. I rather felt as if we were all crowded together like sheep.

I was concerned about having the map on me because I thought it was a security breach and that I could probably go to jail if I were apprehended. Nevertheless, I still wanted to have the map to hang on my wall to look at.

A fellow in the elevator asked me if I would like to go tracking the next morning with him. It was already about three in the morning and he was going to leave about six. I told him I didn't want to go. I recalled I had had some recent dreams about tracking and wondered why.

I wondered what the fellow intended to track. I began imagining in my mind lions running through the jungle leaving their tracks behind. I also imagined tracking around my Cabin on the Gallia County Farm. I knew there wouldn't be as many animals there and I thought tracking would be very difficult on the Farm. Tracking a lion would be difficult, much less a smaller animal.

Dream of: 30 June 1986 (3) "Wallpaperer"

I was attending high school in Portsmouth. The principal of the high school was McSwain and one of my teachers was Dohoney.

It was Monday and I wanted to go to Europe on Friday at the end of the week. I talked with McSwain about it; he said I could arrange with my teachers to take my final exams at the end of the week so I would be able to go. The tests could simply be oral exams taken by having talks with the teachers.

But I wasn't really prepared to be taking any exams. One of my science classes in particular had been completely neglected. I might even have to wait until the following week to take the exams.

I talked to McSwain again; he told me to tell my teachers to prepare the exams for me so I could take them that Friday and be able to depart. He said he was going to give them the order to allow it.

I went on home where I was told that someone needed a couple rooms of their house wallpapered. My great-uncle Curt walked in and told me he was also planning to wallpaper a couple rooms in a house. He had also brought some wallpaper over to me. The rolls of wallpaper were very wide and were about twice the regular width. I looked at the wallpaper he had brought; I didn't particularly like the color; but I would probably use it anyway.

I suggested to him that since he was going to wallpaper a couple rooms and that I was going to

wallpaper a couple rooms that we work together.

He thought that could be arranged. We left and went to the house where I was going to wallpaper two rooms. It turned out that he was supposed to wallpaper two rooms in the same house.

When we arrived, a woman answered the door and invited us in. It seemed as if the house was perhaps a nursing home. The woman led me to the two rooms where I was supposed to wallpaper.

The rooms were much larger than I had anticipated. Did I really want to do this? The rooms had quite a bit of furniture which would obviously have to be moved around, entailing extra work. I looked over the old wallpaper.

Whoever had put the old wallpaper on the ceiling had left some paste on top of the wallpaper. It had dried into a hard crusty unattractive substance.

In the second room the wallpaper on the walls had been applied rather sloppily. About half-way up the wall a piece of wood running parallel to the floor encircled the room. Whoever had put on the old wallpaper had papered over the wood. A bluish, flowery wallpaper had been used below the wood and another design of wallpaper had been used above the wood. The blue paper had been put over the strip of wood and then scotch tape had been put on the blue wallpaper to hold it to the wood. It wasn't sticking well; I could easily pull it loose with my fingers.

The more I looked at the rooms the more I realized just how little I knew about wallpapering. The job was obviously going to be very big, and I did not know how much to charge. I thought wallpaperers probably usually charged \$100-\$150 per room for wallpapering; but it would probably take me so long, I didn't know whether it was worth my time.

Plus, if I spent a lot of time working on wallpapering I wouldn't have time to study for the exams which I was going to have to take soon.

Should we first take off the old wallpaper before beginning? I asked Curt; he said it wouldn't be necessary. But I could see that the old wallpaper had a lot of bubbles in it because whoever had done it hadn't done a very good job. I hated to wallpaper over the old wallpaper.

I thought that the old wallpaper could be taken off by steaming the room. Once steam was applied the old wallpaper could be peeled off.

If I could simply learn how to do the work I could probably do it again if I needed to earn some money. So it might be worthwhile to learn.

In the back of my mind I recalled the man who had wallpapered the Gay Street House years before. I had understood that he had known my grandfather Cole before Cole had died.

Dream of: 01 July 1986 "The Razor's Edge"

I was walking around a park in Dallas which contained a number of people among whom was Paul Light (a Dallas attorney). He was sitting at a picnic table, talking with someone who was apparently his client. It sounded as if he were telling the client how much he, Light, would charge to handle a case for him. As I walked by, Light and I exchanged greetings.

A special bus was being driven from the park to the Dallas County courthouse by judge Mike Schwille for lawyers who were going to do criminal appointment work in his court. The ride was supposed to take about half an hour; I decided to take the bus. Some lawyers gathered and we began boarding. Two seats were on each side of the aisle and six or seven rows of those seats in the rear were filled. I sat down in a seat near the rear.

I began reflecting on how feckless the lawyers on the bus seemed. Yet I myself had only been away from them for two months and felt rather sheepish coming back so quickly.

My old friend Roger Anderson and Anderson's brother Jim were also on the bus. One lawyer (about 40 years old) suggested to me that I hire Jim to work for me. The lawyer apparently planned to hire Anderson to work for him. I told him I couldn't afford to do that.

We finally arrived at the courthouse and began filing off the bus. I had failed to speak to the judge when I had boarded and wanted to speak to him as I got off, but I discovered he had already left the bus and gone to his chambers. Someone else was sitting in the driver's seat on the bus. I thought I would just talk to the judge when I got inside.

I walked into the courtroom, saw several people whom I knew and began circulating among them. Everyone seemed happy to see me.

The suit I was wearing was one of the same suits I had had before I had left Dallas. I wondered if anyone would notice I hadn't bought any new suits.

The lawyers put their names in a box so they could be drawn to see who would be appointed. Each lawyer was given a letter when his name was drawn and the letters were written down. When my name was drawn I was given an "A." Someone else had also gotten an "A"; I wondered how the letters would be distinguished. There must be some way of knowing who was who when two people were given the same letters, but I didn't know exactly how the system worked.

I noticed a new fellow who seemed to have become quite adept at the procedure. Yet I thought I still knew a good deal more than he about what was going on.

I looked for Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney) but I didn't see her anywhere, although I would have liked to.

I saw Rhonda (the court reporter) and Vestal (the court administrator); I thought I needed to take them out to lunch. I should have taken them out before I left Dallas, but had never done so. I had a conflict in my mind, because I had decided not to buy meat or alcohol for anyone when I took them out to eat. I wondered what I should do. I began to vacillate and thought perhaps in this case I would let them go ahead and eat what they wanted, but I was still uncertain I would be able to do that and thought it might present a slight problem. I walked over to Louise, who was at her desk. She seemed glad to see me and I asked her how things had been going. She said things had gone fine and there had been no problems.

Loretta, one of the prosecuting attorneys, walked over to me and said she would like to speak with me. I immediately left Louise and went with Loretta who told me one of my former clients wanted to appeal a case. Loretta wanted to know if I would like to contact the client for the appeal. Of course it wasn't my responsibility to contact the client, but I could if I wanted to. Loretta said if the client didn't go through me then the client would have to go to Denver or some other distant city. Loretta said it would cost \$200 to appeal the case

in Dallas and only \$75 someplace else. I said, "Yea, but she'll have to travel and that'll be a lot of extra expense going to those other places. She'd be better off to do it here."

Loretta was writing something on a piece of paper, which looked like the abbreviation A.E.C. I asked her what that stood for and she mumbled something which I didn't understand. I didn't ask her to repeat it; I thought I would figure it out later. I asked her if I had left anything else behind undone. She said I hadn't, that I had taken care of everything and had done a good job. I felt good about that.

It felt good to be back and it seemed pleasant to be in a courtroom again. A woman walked up and asked me if I had gotten a California hair cut while I had been gone. I said, "No."

She mentioned I had told her I was going to get a California hair cut before I had left.

Finally I saw my ex-wife, Louise. She was smoking a cigarette and the smoke was swirling around her head. She had short dark hair styled differently than I had ever seen it. It somewhat reminded me of a 1920s style hairdo. Her hair hung over her forehead and was cut straight across level with her eyebrows. It looked nice. She looked somewhat like Sophie MacDonald (a character played by Theresa Russell in the movie *The*

Razor's Edge), who had become so dissolute in Paris.

She saw me but didn't say anything. She passed by me once and when she came near me the second time I said, "Hi, how are you?"

She turned and looked at me. Then she walked over and stood beside me. My hand was resting on something and she put her rear against my hand. I felt like pinching her, but I didn't. She seemed to be wearing a tight pink dress and appeared to have gained a little weight.

She said she was surprised to see me back. I told her that since I was in town anyway, I thought I would come down to the courthouse to earn some extra money to replenish my dwindling supplies. I felt good because I actually still had quite a bit of money saved and had not let it dwindle to nothing.

Louise mentioned she had gotten a different haircut. She said she had returned her hair to its original color and apparently she had used dye to do so. Moist dye had rubbed off onto her skin and left a dark spot on her nose between her eyes. I pointed it out to her and she became concerned. I thought she was going to go off to fix it before I had a chance to talk with her any more.

Before Louise could leave, Louise walked up to us, said she wanted to tell us both three truths and rattled off the first truth.

The second truth, she said, was that when one plays gin rummy one should play the hand through one's superior and not one's inferior. Apparently she was saying that one had to use a proxy when playing rummy, but if that proxy makes a mistake and is one's superior, one will be able to control one's anger. However if the proxy is one's inferior, one wouldn't be able to control one's anger. The thrust of the truth had something to do with "the great brown liquid." She was obviously referring to alcohol and basically saying alcohol could destroy a person.

The third truth dealt with cigarettes and how bad they were for a person. I thought Louise should be directing that at Louise, since Louise was the one standing there smoking.

Louise and I separated and suddenly I saw my old friend, Leah, in the courtroom walking toward me.

She was very tall and almost seemed to be wearing stilts. I hugged her and my face only came to her breasts, which seemed large and firm. Since I didn't want to bury my nose in her bosom, I didn't hug her tightly. She was wearing a long white strapless dress. She had a dark tan and looked much different than I remembered her, but

I knew it was her. She was surprised to see I had returned and wanted to know how I was doing.

I left her and walked into the clerks' office. Francis (a court clerk) and three other clerks were all huddled at their desks. I said, "Guess who's back."

They all laughed. I had said it in the same tone of voice as the little girl on the movie *Poltergeist II* had said, "They're back."

Francis had a large smile on her face and seemed happy to see me back.

Dream of: 02 July 1986 "Most Evil Act"

I was in the process of moving to a city which reminded me somewhat of Columbus, Ohio. I arrived somewhere and as I stayed here my environment continued to change so I was able to see different living accommodations. I finally decided on one lodging in particular and it was brought into clearer focus around me.

A black-haired woman friend of mine (probably in her late 20s) had given me a present the previous day. Today, I in turn, was going to give three certificates to Judith (a Dallas acquaintance) with which she would be able to obtain three presents like the one I had received.

I had already bought the three certificates and had placed them all in a beige manila folder which I had in my hand. Each certificate looked like a small catalog brochure and consisted of four or five pages with colored pictures of the items which the bearer would be able to obtain with the certificates.

As well as some very pretty pottery and other glass items, on the front page of the certificates were pictures of some colorful stained-glass flowers in the upper right corner. These were exactly like the present I had received the previous day and represented what Judith would be able to obtain.

Judith walked into the room where I was, I mentioned that I was going to give her a gift and said, "What I'm giving you - I'm giving you three of the same thing."

She likewise was planning to give me a gift although she didn't yet have it ready. She sat down to my right on the couch where I was seated, took out a pen and paper and began drawing something. I saw that she was drawing a picture of a stained-glass flower exactly like the one on the front of my certificate. She finished and handed me a certificate exactly like the ones I planned to give to her. I felt a bit awkward because I had planned to give her three certificates instead of

one. So I just pulled one of the certificates out of the manila folder and handed it to her.

As I had pulled the certificate out to give to Judith, I had noticed the receipt for the certificates also in the folder. I thought I had only paid \$25 to \$30 for each certificate. But I saw that the total price for all three certificates had been \$123 and some odd cents.

Judith and I sat down at a table. The present I had received the day before had become a luxuriant salad, which I began eating. As I ate the salad, the woman who had given me the present and some other people walked into the room and sat down. After they were seated, my environment, without my actually being aware of it, again changed, and transformed itself into a small cafe, with the same people still seated in the room. Other people were here whom I had recently met who either lived in the same house as me or nearby.

One fellow (probably in his late 20s) who had just entered interested me and I began talking with him. I already liked him although I didn't yet know him well. He was slender, had short dark hair and was wearing glasses. He told me he was a scientist and that he worked with trees. I was impressed. I stood up for a moment and told him I myself was interested in trees and had just recently planted a number of walnut trees on some land in Ohio. I

explained to him that my grandparents had a large farm of about 400 acres and that someday I would own part of that farm. He seemed interested in that fact because he seemed to need somewhere to plant trees. I thought perhaps by talking we might even be able to arrange something whereby we could plant trees together.

I certainly hadn't planted my trees scientifically. Many different grades of walnuts are produced from walnut trees. I however had planted my trees from random seedlings without knowing what kind of walnuts would be produced.

As we talked about the walnut trees, I once slipped and described the trees as maple trees instead of walnut trees.

I was interested in the prospect of harvesting nuts from the trees, but I was much more intrigued by the future value of the lumber from the trees. We began talking about when I might actually be able to reap money from the trees.

He seemed to think I might be able to harvest the trees in 25 to 30 years, but I said, "No. I think that they will not be fully mature, ready for possible harvesting, before 100 years. In the meantime, in 40 years from now, I could mortgage those trees standing right in the field."

I didn't mention my age or how old I would be in 40 years because I didn't want to bring that up, but the idea of mortgaging the trees for very large sums of money was extremely exciting to me. I was enjoying taking with the fellow.

Someone mentioned the fact that I was a vegetarian and the fellow said, "You're a vegetarian too?"

He told me he was also a vegetarian, asked me if I ate fish and I said, "No. I don't eat fish. I don't eat any of it. Once in a great while I will eat some fish. But it is very rarely. It usually happens when I'm moving or I'm in a strange place and I become very hungry and give in. But I never eat any other kind of meat. It is definitely an evil thing to do. I don't want to sound like I'm preaching, but it's just a simple fact that it is evil. And it's especially evil for people who have come in contact with vegetarianism and understand what it stands for to eat meat."

A girl who reminded me of Marcia Gillman (an acquaintance) was sitting at one of the tables in the cafe. Her ears seemed to perk up when I mentioned that eating meat was evil and she asked me why I thought that.

Quite a few other people were listening as I spoke, but I turned to Marcia and directed my attention to her because she seemed so interested in the

subject. I asked, "You really want to know the reason?"

She said she did and I said, "There are a number of reasons. If you use reason and truth, then you can logically reach the conclusion that it is evil in this day and age to eat meat. It is simply an evil act that people perform."

There was no doubt in my mind that I was correct in what I was saying. If one were to discuss "evil," then meat-eating could definitely be focused in on as one of the evils of the world. I continued, "As a matter of fact, it is the most evil thing that is happening in the world today. The other evil things that exist in the world today are not the most evil things that people think they are. It is meat-eating that is the most evil thing in the world today."

I began thinking of all the reasons why eating meat was evil, focused in upon one reason in particular and began to explain to her, "Half the world's population today is starving. The reason those people are starving is because there is not enough food in the world today. I know that there are other reasons and that lack of food is not the only one. There are problems of supplying the people even if there were enough food. But nevertheless one of the reasons is that there simply is not enough food to go around for the

people today the way it is. It takes sixteen pounds of grain, which could be used to feed those people to produce that one pound of beef which you're stuffing down your gullet."

I had almost said throat instead of "gullet." I wasn't actually sure what a gullet was. But I thought it was the throat of a bird. Marcia seemed to have a bird-like quality about her and I thought it was an appropriate word.

I then cupped my hands together to try to represent bowls of one pound of grain. I then acted as if I were sitting the bowls of grain in front of her and each time I set one down I emphasized it by uttering, "Unh." I thought perhaps I should have actually counted each bowl up to sixteen, but she was getting the message. I continued up to sixteen to visually show her how many bowls of food could be provided from that one pound of luscious meat which she had to eat.

The message that the eating of meat was an evil thing had definitely gotten across to her and she had grasped the concept. I felt I had conveyed the knowledge of the evil that she committed and that now she had the choice of deciding whether she would continue committing the evil act of eating meat.

Dream of: 02 July 1986 (2) "Oh My God"

I had borrowed my mother's medium-sized white car to take a long trip for about 1,500 kilometers.

After driving a long ways, I finally decided I wanted to stop and I pulled into a place that looked like a combination of a house and a motel.

After going inside, I was given a room on the second floor.

I ascended to the second floor, which seemed like the typical second floor of a two-story frame house, with several rooms. I walked into my room first, and then walked into one of the other rooms, where I encountered a rather attractive woman (about 30 years old) who also was apparently spending the night there. She was wearing a tee shirt and jeans and was shapely, even though she had a large body.

I finally walked back downstairs and entered a room which seemed like an outlet for a Sears Department store. Some counters were placed around the room and on the counters sat what at first appeared to be mirrors. In front of the mirrors were some stools and I sat down in one.

I quickly learned that the mirror-like devices were actually new inventions whereby a person could press certain buttons and see what different types of clothes would look like on a person. The image that appeared wasn't a mirror-image of the person using the device, but rather an image of another

person which could be dressed by pressing various buttons. I watched some people in the room who were operating some machines. Finally a lady clerk walked over to me and asked if she could help me. I told her I had never used the device before and I didn't know exactly how to do it.

When she pressed a button, a picture of a woman suddenly appeared on the screen. The attractive woman had dark hair and was clad in only a brazier and panties. The clerk continued to assist me until I was able to dress the image with various types of clothes by operating the machine. It struck me for an instant how popular a device like that would be in fashion-conscious Quebec City, Canada, where I had been staying lately.

It seemed like more than anything, the machine would help people determine the color of clothes they would like to buy. People would be able to eliminate many colors. But it didn't help them see the texture of the clothes and what they were really like.

When the clerk finally left me on my own, the woman whom I had met on the second floor showed up. She sat down on a stool next to me and began helping me. She had used the machines before and was rather adept at them. When she told me to turn the page to bring up a different picture on the machine, I did so. The picture of a

young girl (about 7-8 years old) showed up. I thought it would likewise be possible to dress up the little girl in all the clothes.

Apparently the machines were still in the experimental stage and they hadn't yet been produced for men's fashions. I asked, "I wonder why they didn't make these things for men."

I felt as if the woman would be available that night for me if I wanted to pursue her. Deciding I might as well be aggressive, I laid my hand on hers. She let me hold her hand and she wrapped her fingers in mine. I caressed her hand some. I thought it was possible that we would spend the night together.

I could feel myself beginning to have an erection. I was aroused and was somewhat concerned that I might have a climax before we even did anything.

When I finally grew tired of the machine, I walked back upstairs to my room. Shortly thereafter the woman came back up and went to her room. That surprised me for a moment, because I had momentarily forgotten that the woman's room was also upstairs.

I left my room and walked into her room. She didn't stop me. I told her how nice it was that her room was right up there by mine. She replied, "Yes. It's convenient for you isn't it."

When I put my arms around her, we fell on her bed together. I could feel her voluptuous breasts pressing against my body as we lay there. I knew I had an erection. I felt as if I could control it, but I was uncertain. I thought I might climax at any time.

I wasn't really certain exactly what I was doing. I wasn't even sure I wanted to have sex with her. I knew I had basically given up sex and was uncertain I wanted to begin again. But it did seem pleasant lying there next to her.

I began to wonder what would happen if I were in a situation in which there were two women upstairs. One of the women might be a beautiful young blonde, whereas the other might not be quite as winsome. I imagined the blonde as being about 20 years old with frizzy blonde hair sticking up in front over a prominent forehead, sitting on the edge of a bed combing her hair.

If I wanted to be with the blonde, but knew the other woman wanted to be with me, would I attempt to be with the blonde, and then if refused by the blonde, go to the other woman? I decided I shouldn't do something like that. I would need to make the choice to begin with. I should either go for the blonde and accept total rejection or go for the other woman and forget the blonde.

Becoming somewhat conscious that I was dreaming, I thought I needed to write the dream down. I left the woman, wandered around and contemplated recording the dream. I soon came to a bus station and walked inside. I had had little sleep and was very tired. I decided that instead of continuing to drive the car to where I wanted to go, I would leave the car where I had parked it, take a bus – on which I would be able to sleep – and come back for the car later. It momentarily occurred to me that my mother's car might not be safe parked where it was, but I thought it would probably be all right.

I bought a bus ticket. A slender man (about 40 years old) walked up to me and told me he needed to go on the bus for which I had a ticket, but that there was no more room. He said that if I would take his ticket and go to a different bus station then I could continue on from the other station to where I was going and he would be able to take my bus. The man was with his family, all of which had already purchased tickets on my bus. I didn't want to see him separated from his family and so I agreed to take his ticket and his bus.

A black fellow in his late 20s wearing a beige trench coat walked up and engaged me in conversation. The subject of talk turned to crime. He talked about what should happen to a man if he raped someone. Although I hadn't realized it

before, it suddenly occurred to me that I had some very definite ideas on that subject. I vigorously said to him something of the nature, "If you, for example, rape somebody, there would only be three choices if you were caught – either to shoot you, to put you in jail or to rehabilitate you. But the order of priorities should be reversed – to rehabilitate, to put you in jail or to shoot you."

I said something of the nature, "If you for instance raped my sister, my mother or a loved one and then are caught, then you definitely must be punished. And vice versa. The same would apply to me if I had raped somebody and had been caught."

He sat down and looked rather sullen as if he were taking personally what I had said. I walked away from him and began thinking something like, "I probably shouldn't really be espousing these opinions to strangers like that. I don't know who this guy is and he might take umbrage at what I've said and when I walk out of the bus station try to harm me in some way."

I sat down and waited for my bus, the destination of which was Charlottesville. I checked once and it wasn't time yet so I sat back down. After being there a while longer I suddenly realized it was time for the bus to leave. I grabbed the two pieces of luggage I had with me, ran out of the bus station and reached the bus just as it was pulling

out. I motioned to it and it stopped. The bus opened its doors, right in the very front of the bus. The whole front opened up and I jumped on. I asked the bus driver how far it was to Charlottesville. He said it was only two or three miles. I thought, "Well that's great."

I sat down. Very few people were on the bus. We soon arrived at the next bus station where I disembarked. I walked into the station and asked the person behind the counter when the next bus would be leaving to where I was going. He said it would be leaving at ten o'clock that night. I couldn't believe it. It was only around noon. I thought, "Oh my God."

I was upset. I told the man how I had taken the ticket just to help some other fellow out, and now I was stuck there. I realized I should have checked the bus schedules before I took the ticket. I asked him when the next bus would be going back to where I had just come from. He said it would leave in 66 minutes. I went ahead and bought a ticket back. I thought something like, "Well I'll just have to sit here for an hour and wait and then go back to where I came from and then try to get another bus down to where I'm actually going."

Dream of: 02 July 1986 (3) "Man Of God"

An American fellow (four or five years younger than I) had just escaped with me into the jungles

of Nicaragua. As Nicaraguan soldiers chased us through the tangle of plants, we spied a huge tree where we thought we might be able to hide. We raced up to the tree – which was dull white and had no leaves – and began climbing its side. As we ascended, however, something bizarre happened: the body of an Indian native fell from above, down through the limbs. The body hit a second Indian body which was lying on a lower branch of the tree and together the two bodies crashed to the ground. Both bodies were of young men (probably in their 30s) clad in tea-colored leather, with long black hair. I figured the Indians had been caught and died in traps which had been set in the trees.

Although my companion and I were obviously in a dangerous predicament, we saw no alternative except to keep climbing. Once we reached the top, however, the limbs could no longer support our weight and began to bend from the pressure of our bodies, breaking underneath us. As one limb would bend down and snap, we would grab onto another lower limb. That limb would then bend and break, and we would repeat the procedure, thus descending back down the tree. Along the way, I tried to help my friend by pushing limbs in his direction so he could grab them. Happily we made it about half-way down the tree without falling. At that point, the tree's limbs again became solid enough to support us without bending and breaking. Nevertheless, we didn't

halt, but continued descending the tree until we again reached the earth.

Once on the ground, from where we were, we could look across a field and see a village on the other side. Figuring that the soldiers would be in the village, we decided that crossing the field and surrendering would be best. Concerned that land-mines might have been buried in the field, we thought about setting off the mines by throwing things in front of us as we walked across the field, but we finally decided we would simply take our chances and tramp straight across the field without trying to first set off the mines.

Before setting off across the field, we walked through a large barn on the side of the field. When we exited the barn, I gave a cursory glance to my right and spotted a Nicaraguan soldier, not 20 meters from me. When other soldiers in the field saw us and hollered for us to approach them, my friend and I raised our hands in the air and began compliantly treading toward the soldiers. On the way I managed to step into some cow manure piled up around the barn, but I quickly stepped back out of it and into the grass. As my friend and I approached the soldiers, they quickly gathered around us. When the soldiers began leading us from the field, I asked them if anyone from the United States had tried to find out about us yet, but the soldiers didn't know.

The soldiers escorted us to the village on the other side of the field, led us into a large building, and marched us down some halls. As we walked down some stairs, I said to the man behind me, "Es mi primera visita a Nicaragua."

I had been trying to make a little joke by pointing out that this was my first visit to Nicaragua, but the guard didn't seem to appreciate my humor. I began to realize that the soldiers weren't playing games and that my friend and I were in a deadly serious situation.

We were finally shepherded into a room which resembled the interior of a tiny store. On one side of the room was a shelf laden with items for sale.

Along with other cheap electronic gadgetry, I noticed a camera and something which appeared to be a radio. Behind the shelf was a door which led to the outside. When the soldiers finally pushed the shelf out of the way, we all walked through the door.

We came out into the lot of a gas station, where I noticed a sign which said that the price of gas was 57.9 cents per liter, apparently even more expensive here than in the United States. I had thought gas was supposed to be cheaper in Nicaragua.

When two yellow taxis pulled up and parked, the soldiers began roughly pulling people from the

cabs. As the people were pulled out, they held up their hands in the air. The soldiers then lined up the people and stood behind them with machine guns. I reflected upon the repressive nature of the Nicaraguan government; it seemed to me that the government had basically gone insane.

Four of the people who had been pulled out of one cab looked like teenagers. As we walked past them, I suddenly heard a shot behind me and when I turned around, I saw that one of the soldiers had shot one of the teenage boys in the back. The boy had fallen into the arms of his three companions, who had looks of absolute horror on their faces. One teenager holding the boy – a black-haired girl – had thrown both her arms around the boy.

I now knew that my companion and I would probably also be killed. Still, there was a chance that the soldiers might not shoot us because we were Americans.

While no one was paying attention, I separated from the others, but continued in the direction which I thought I should be walking. Suddenly a large tall muscular unshaven Nicaraguan soldier dressed in a green uniform said, "You. Come over here and knell down."

I turned around, looked at him and then walked toward him. He obdurately commanded, "Knell down here in front of me."

He was holding a machine gun which had a small yellow flame coming out its barrel. Another man with a large camera was standing beside him, waiting to take my picture as I submissively knelt down. Not understanding why the soldier wanted me to knell down in front of him, I thought he might simply kill me right here. Deciding that I didn't want to humble myself to this Nicaraguan soldier, I looked him in the face and said, "Fuck you."

I defiantly turned my back to him and stretched out my arms straight out from my sides parallel to the ground. Thinking that the intransigent soldier would probably kill me, I waited for him to shoot me in the back of the head. It would be an honorable death and I was unafraid to die. When the inevitable shot didn't come, however, I thought the soldier might simply wallop me in the back of the head.

With fortitude I prepared myself for a blow to the back of the head, but when that blow also didn't arrive, I thought the soldiers might not shoot me because I was an American and that they might want to keep me for some other reason.

I raised my arms and held them straight up to the sky. Gazing upward and noticing some fluffy white clouds against the blue background, I suddenly felt strength and power flowing through my body to my hands. Since I might be on the verge of dying, I thought it was as good a time as any to be mystical and spiritual. I looked at the sky and half uttered, half sang, "Father, I love you. Father, oh father, I love you."

I knew I didn't have any power over the clouds, but an indistinct vortex did appear to be forming in the clouds over my head, as I seemed to be having some effect on the clouds. I felt extremely strong and brave. Prepared to meet whatever destiny was waiting for me, I felt as if I were a man of God, and that was all that mattered.

Dream of: 03 July 1986 "Accidents And Injuries"

I was in Portsmouth and with some other people boarded a large car which belonged to me. I decided to let someone else drive and a fellow (about 20 years old) scooted into the front seat behind the steering wheel. My black-haired wife also got into the front seat and a thin little black-haired girl (about 6 years old) sat between my wife and the driver.

I got into the middle of the back seat and a woman sat on each side of me. The woman sitting on my

right (probably in her mid-50s) was slightly overweight. The woman on my left (probably in her early 30s) was shapely with large breasts. In all six people were in the car.

I couldn't remember the name of the driver. At first I thought his name was Fred, but then decided it was Glen. He began driving us around on Coles Boulevard and was doing a good job. I wanted to praise his driving and was glad he was driving because I simply didn't want to right now.

I was becoming more and more interested in the woman on my left whom I found attractive. I managed somehow to reach my right hand around her and began squeezing her right breast. She said, "Steve!"

I stopped and hoped no one else had seen me. It looked as if no one had noticed. I could tell the woman wanted to continue but she didn't want to do it in front of everyone there.

We stopped and the woman on my right got out. When she did so, she kissed me on the lips. She obviously also had been interested in me, but she was much too old for me.

I put my arm around the woman on my left and kissed her on the lips. I thought I might have gotten some lipstick on my lips because I could taste it. I began to worry that my wife might latter

kiss me, taste the lipstick and wonder where it had come from. I wasn't certain how I was going to explain it.

Suddenly my wife turned around and looked at us. I quickly took my arm from around the woman on my left; I didn't think my wife had noticed. I scooted to the right side of the back seat and the woman scooted closer to the door on the left. Although I was strongly attracted to the woman I knew I couldn't do anything with her in front of my wife.

The little girl had also turned around and was looking back at us. She was wearing a dark blue blouse. She wanted to play with me and acted as if she wanted to hit me with her arms. I thought she might be the driver's daughter, but I was unsure.

As we drove down Coles Boulevard we came to a place where there was a lot of commotion as if there had been a car wreck. Hundreds of people were out in the street. It looked as if there had been wrecks all up and down the street. Some policemen on motorcycles passed us. Our driver steered over into the left lane, which was clear, and began going very fast. As he drove something about him reminded me of my second cousin, Don. People had to jump out of his way to avoid being hit. Some cars were behind us and I thought some

policemen might be among them. I told the driver to pull over.

The police ran one car off the road and it crashed into a house. Our driver was racing along like a madman and I feared we would wreck also. I told him to pull over into someone's yard or anything, just to get off the road. Finally directly ahead of us was a wrecked car and some people were standing in front of it. Our driver slammed on the brakes and I thought for sure he was going to run into the people, but he managed to stop in the nick of time.

We had stopped right in front of Roosevelt Elementary School. I was now afraid someone would hit us in the rear. I ordered the driver to pull up into a nearby yard across the street from the school. He began driving into the yard. One car was already in the yard, but we were able to squeeze in also.

Two young men lying in the street had apparently been injured in the car wreck. So many accidents and injuries were around me I thought perhaps a terrible plague had struck the city.

Dream of: 03 July 1986 (2) "Peterson Street"

I was in Portsmouth playing a game with some other people in which we were going around to different people's houses carrying some toy guns with us. The guns shot small, light pellets which

didn't hurt. When we would arrive, with our toy guns we would force the people in the house (who were usually also playing the game) to do some exercises, such as sit-ups. Some people whose homes we went to weren't completely aware of the game, but they played along and did the exercises anyway when we pointed the guns at them.

I showed up at one house, pointed the gun at the fellow there and demanded that he do some exercises. He didn't know the gun was a play one and he did all the exercises. I left his house and walked around. Not long thereafter I saw the same fellow out on the street. I had the impression he had figured out that I had had a play gun and now he himself had a toy gun and was going around making people do exercises.

I was on Jackson Street and ran to the far east end of that street. I was wearing running shorts. I realized I was getting quite a bit of exercise myself by running around like I was. I finally came to a street called Peterson Street. The word "Peterson" seemed to mean something to me because the word "peter" was in it. It somehow seemed like an appropriate street to turn around and I did so.

Finally, I saw a small portico with some chairs on it and sat down. A number of other people were also there. Some fellow walked up, pointed a gun at me and demanded that I do some exercises. I

laughed at him and said, "You know what would happen if you shot me with that gun."

I knew it would be an assault if he actually shot me with one of the pellets and that he couldn't force me to do the exercises. Finally he sat down. I pulled out my gun and began looking at it. My gun was designed so that a pellet would be put on a long rod and when the gun was fired both the rod and the pellet came out the barrel. The rod would drop away and the pellet would continue on.

I decided to test it out. The ceiling of the portico was a drop ceiling with light-weight Styrofoam material in it. I aimed my gun at the ceiling and fired. The impact on the ceiling was actually quite hard – like a BB – and knocked the strip of ceiling it hit out of place.

Another fellow showed me his gun and said it was designed with a string on the bullet so he could pull the bullet back. He aimed his gun at the ceiling panel I had knocked out of place and fired. His bullet went through the ceiling panel and he began pulling the string with the intention of pulling the ceiling panel back into place. But he pulled the ceiling panel too hard and it fell to the ground.

I thought what he had done was hilarious and I burst out laughing. Some other people also began laughing. I recognized two of the fellows here as

people I used to know. They likewise were laughing.

Dream of: 04 July 1986 "The Clown Decasa"

While living in the Logan Street House, I had joined the military and had become a pilot. I had learned to fly a one-man jet plane but had never actually been in combat. I received a call one day and was told to prepare to fly my plane into battle.

I thought about it for a while; I was concerned about being killed, but was more concerned about killing someone else. I finally decided I wasn't going to be able to go because I didn't want to kill anybody.

I called the person who had given me my orders and I told him my decision. He asked me why and I told him I simply couldn't kill anybody. He asked, "So you're refusing the order?"

I replied, "Yes, I'm refusing to go."

He told me that would be very serious. I told him I realized that and I hung up. Afterwards the mission was canceled and no one had to fly.

I was in the front room of the House, which was empty except for a table and some chairs. I realized that three military officers were in the room discussing me, although it also seemed as if they were discussing me far away in another

place. The man with whom I had first talked was sitting directly across from me. The other two officers were sitting on the other sides of the room, talking about what I had done. The two officers with whom I hadn't talked didn't seem to realize I was the person in question (they didn't even realize I was present in the room) and they were trying to decide what to do about me since I had refused an order.

It was a very serious offense and it appeared I might be sent to prison. They mentioned that they might take away my "wings." That somewhat bothered me but not immensely. They mentioned that much money had been spent in training me to fly and they suggested that in the future I might be able to do some low-level missions but not actually go into combat. Perhaps I would merely fly transport missions. I was unsure I even wanted to do that, or even be a part of the military in any way.

The man with whom I had talked on the phone said he was going to have to prepare a report. I thought I needed to type up my own statement, send it to them, and explain why I had refused.

I had to admit that part of the reason was that I myself had been somewhat afraid of dying. There would have been a definite danger if I had actually gone into battle. I was inexperienced and I had

only been flying a short time. I didn't yet know all the maneuvers, whereas most enemy soldiers would. There was a very good chance I would have been shot down if I had actually gone into battle, but that definitely hadn't been my main reason for having refused to fly.

A woman walked into the room and said she had a statement to make about me. She said that one time I had tried to stab her dog. I remembered the incident she was talking about, but someone else and not I had tried to stab her dog. I said, "Mamn, I never tried to stab your dog."

The other two officers in the room suddenly looked up at me. Up until that point they hadn't realized I was the person whom they were discussing.

The woman began writing on a piece of paper. The officer who had been talking with me said, "Well, that's the second time we've had a report of violence in his nature. So we've got to check this out."

They really hadn't checked thoroughly into my history. I figured they could probably find all sorts of things in my past that would reflect poorly on me. The woman finally left.

My brother-in-law James and my sister walked into the room. James had some hash in a pipe and he lit it up. He passed the pipe to my sister and she took

a hit. My mother was also in the room. My sister offered the pipe to my mother, but I didn't notice whether my mother smoked any. The pipe was passed to someone and the hash smoke quickly filled the room. Finally the pipe was offered to me and I said, "No, I don't smoke."

I could clearly smell the hash. A large cloud formed over my head and I stuck my head in it. I began thinking I would probably get stoned just by sitting there, but I didn't feel anything and I finally concluded I wasn't going to get stoned. That suited me because I didn't want to be stoned anyway.

James and my sister began arguing. James spoke in a loud shrill voice and I commented to someone about his voice. I had never realized before that it was so shrill. Finally the smoke cleared, James left and my sister walked into the neighboring bedroom. Someone knocked at the door and I said, "Come in."

A boy about 16 years old walked in. He was dressed like a clown. I asked, "Can I help you?"

He walked right past me toward the bedroom into which my sister had gone. I followed the boy and grabbed him. I asked my sister, who was standing there, "What does this clown want?"

Apparently he and my sister were dating and the boy had come to pick her up. The boy said his name was "Decasa." He was quite handsome, was slender and had black hair. I thought I had either known him or his brother somewhere before. He would probably be a good person for my sister to date. I let him go and he and my sister left.

Dream of: 05 July 1986 "Losing My Will"

While I was in the basement of my mother's 29th Street House and was watching a Spanish television program (part of which also appeared to be in French), my mother and my sister descended into the basement. Apparently intending to sleep in the basement, they both climbed into bed. I half-way felt as if I would like to crawl into bed with my mother, but I didn't think I should do so because my sister was present.

I walked over to a basement door which led outside and I began demonstrating to my mother that by merely pushing the door open, someone could enter the basement while my mother and my sister were sleeping. Since my mother and my sister acted as if they would like for me to fix the door, I thought I would probably do so the following day.

I walked back upstairs and looked for a television, but I couldn't seem to find one. My mother also walked back upstairs and then she walked into the

bathroom. When she came back out of the bathroom, she was wearing a short white dress. She had black hair and looked as if she were in her early 30s. I asked, "Where are you going?"

She answered, "I'm going to the cafe. Why, do you want to go?"

I replied, "No."

I stood up, walked over to her and said, "Well, you look awful nice."

I remembered having had sex with her several times in the past. I didn't know whether she would like to have sex again, but I put my arms around her, pulled up her dress and began feeling her behind. When she raised her leg so that my penis was against her leg, I pressed against her. Immediately extremely aroused, I said, "I could come in a second."

She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me tight to her. I wanted to break away because I could feel I was close to an orgasm. I said, "Wait. Wait. No. Stop. Stop, mom."

I felt I was about to climax. Suddenly losing my will to stop myself, I climaxed.

Dream of: 08 July 1986 "Personality Formation"

My mother, my sister, my crippled brother Chris and I had flown to Los Angeles, California to visit my uncle Ronald and my aunt Violet, who had moved to California and were having a family reunion. My mother had black hair and looked as if she were about 35 years old.

After our arrival, we boarded a taxi near downtown Los Angeles. My mother climbed into the front seat with the driver, a husky black-haired fellow (probably in his late 20s). He might have been foreign. I got into the back seat and we rode off.

When I looked at the sky-line, I saw many tall buildings as well as many iron girders. It looked as if it would be a nice place to visit. I asked my mother if Ronald and Violet lived close to downtown. She wasn't sure exactly where they lived. I told her I definitely wanted to return later in the day to downtown and walk the streets since I had never been in downtown Los Angeles.

The taxi meter showed a charge of \$11 immediately as we began moving. I knew it had cost us a great deal to fly to Los Angeles. I asked my mother why we simply hadn't driven ourselves to have avoided all the extra charge. She seemed somewhat concerned about all the money she had spent.

After we had traveled a while, I asked the driver if it were much farther. He said we were almost there and we only needed to go down a few more streets. Finally we came to an apartment complex and the driver said it was the blue apartment. I looked in the direction he had indicated and saw some cars with Ohio license tags (white with red letters) parked there. My mother said, "That must be it."

We pulled up and got out of the car. We had some baggage which the taxi driver offered to carry in for us. We needed to walk up a little hill and I was going to have to carry Chris since he couldn't walk. I knew Chris was going to be heavy and I took a few minutes to prepare myself. I reflected how the muscles in my legs were strong so that I could walk, while the muscles in Chris's legs had deteriorated so he couldn't walk. Finally I picked him up, put him on my back and headed toward the house.

When we reached the house, I put Chris down. We entered a large kitchen which adjoined a large living room. Apparently the house was quite spacious. My aunt Violet immediately greeted us. She looked very different. I heard someone in the background say something about uncle Jim and I thought the person must be referring to my first cousin Jimmy.

Apparently Ronald and Violet's children – my first cousin Jimmy, my first cousin Ronnie, my first cousin Barbara, as well as a fourth child – had all brought their families out to California to visit. Someone pulled out a small picture of my sister, dressed in a little red dress, when she had been about 10 years old. The picture made a crying sound and I said, "I used to hate that sound when I used to hear it."

Violet introduced me to some people there. I hardly recognized anyone. One fellow (probably in his early 20s) walked up and Violet asked me if I knew who he was. I didn't. I thought he might be Jimmy, but he didn't look like Jimmy. I said, "Well it must be Ronald."

I was referring to my first-cousin Ronnie. But he wasn't Ronnie either. She said he was Roland. I thought she meant Raleigh. But she said he wasn't Raleigh, but Roland. I couldn't remember who Roland was, but it seemed to me that he was a little boy whom I hadn't seen in many years. I said something like, "Well it's been 20 years since I've seen anyone. Roland was just a little tiny boy. No wonder I don't recognize him."

I hugged him. And then I hugged Violet. When I hugged her, she began crying a little and she bent her head down so I couldn't see her face. I patted her on the back of the head. I began wondering

why Ronald and Violet had moved to California. It seemed strange they would move away from all their children back in Ohio.

I saw my first-cousin Barbara. She seemed to be in her early 20s, had black hair and was attractive, but she also looked different. I wanted to hug her, but I got involved in hugging other people and she got away before I could get to her. We finally stopped hugging and Barbara walked back into the room. I said hello to her. She was the only one I really wanted to hug. I thought I would like to feel her breasts squeezing against me.

She walked toward the bathroom and said something about her being a month pregnant. She *did* appear to have gained some weight. I said, "I didn't even know you were pregnant."

Violet walked into another part of the house. A woman who I thought might be Ronnie's wife, June, was in the room. I said hi to her but she apparently didn't hear me. She seemed to be getting something from a table near me. Other people in the room began sitting down. Barbara came back into the room and began talking to me. She said, "So you're a lawyer now in Dallas, the tent city."

I was unsure why she had referred to Dallas as "the tent city." I thought at one time maybe people

had traveled through Dallas and had lived in tents.
I replied, "Well I'm not really a lawyer."

I was going to try to explain to her that I was no longer a lawyer; but I decided not to go into it right then.

Instead, I decided to do some exercises. I was standing between a table to my right and a counter to my left. I was wearing blue jeans and I didn't have on a shirt. I put my right hand on the table and my left hand on the counter. I then balanced myself in the air and I began raising my legs until they were parallel to the ground.

Exercising like that felt good. I noticed my stomach had a little bit of flab which I needed to work off.

I thought about my wearing blue jeans and how I now wore blue jeans just about everywhere, whereas most people in Quebec City, Canada – where I had recently been living – liked to dress up and didn't wear blue jeans. But I thought blue jeans were sufficient. I actually was a lawyer and I felt I didn't have to prove anything by getting dressed up.

My hair also was getting quite long. There again I thought I had the freedom to wear my hair however I wanted without being concerned about what people thought.

Barbara began talking about how when I had been growing up, my mother used to plan little activities for me with the intention of forming my personality. Apparently Barbara had recently attended a lecture dealing with that same subject. Barbara used a word to describe what my mother had done. I asked her to repeat the word. She did, but I still couldn't understand the word. It sounded as if she were saying "oxy-something." I said, "Oh it's one of those fancy words."

I thought it was a rarely used, large word. I asked her to spell it, but she became distracted with something else and I couldn't get her attention. But finally she spelled the first part of the word – oxy-.

I thought I would show off a little bit and said, "Oxy in Greek means 'sharp'."

I thought about other words which began with "oxy." I thought, "Oxidize, oxidation, oxygen."

Suddenly, over an intercom system, came a woman's voice which I thought belonged to either Jimmy's or Ronnie's wife. She said that a certain activity had been planned to take place in about 10 minutes and that everyone should get ready. It appeared to me they were going to do the same type of thing that Barbara had said my mother used to do with me – plan things out.

But what I really wanted to do was go to downtown Los Angeles, find an art store and buy some art books. I thought then I could come back and the others could help me cut out pictures. That would give them something interesting to do.

Dream of: 09 July 1986 "Four Thousand Days Ago"

It was a Friday and I was in a law school classroom filled with students. The professor was Lowell Adams (my high school physics teacher).

I asked Altizer (a schoolmate from the fourth grade), who was sitting behind me, what he was going to be doing tonight. He said he was going to party. I didn't have anything to do tonight, but it didn't seem that Altizer wanted me to go with him.

I understood. It seemed to me that "party" was just another word for going out and drinking alcohol. I had gone out with Altizer once before and he had become intoxicated. I hadn't drunk anything alcoholic and he had looked rather foolish. So I figured he wasn't going to invite me to go again; I wouldn't go even if he did invite me. It did interest me, however, that he had turned into someone who drank alcohol and partied a lot. I figured he did most of his partying near Rio Grande, Ohio, close to where he lived.

The class began to draw to an end. Even before the class was finished the students began leaving.

When about half the seats were empty, I began picking up my things and preparing to leave. I had some school books with me; but I also had four black notebooks filed with dreams. My dream notebooks were really the only things I was interested in taking. I decided to just leave my law books behind. I was interested in working on my dreams and I wasn't particularly interested in law.

The students had earlier turned in some papers concerning a legal appeal. I said something to the professor about his grading the papers and he called me up to his desk. He told me I had been given a score of 154 on the paper. That was apparently a low grade. He said that a grade of 134 was an E4, which would have been failing. He seemed disappointed in my work.

I had only prepared the paper the night before I had handed it in. I thought some people in the class had probably spent a lot of time preparing their papers and had done well. Wendy (a high school classmate), who was in the class, had probably done well on the paper.

I figured I had probably made a D on the paper. I thought that might be the first time I had ever received a D, although it seemed I might have possibly gotten one other D in my life. I knew I had received a low grade on a previous paper I

had handed in; so this was the second low grade in a row I had received.

Although I hadn't put much effort into the paper, I thought my reasoning for the appeal had been good. But apparently the professor hadn't agreed with my reasoning. I asked him what would have been a better reason, but he didn't want to discuss it with me. What he did want to discuss was the fact that I wasn't producing good quality work in law school. He indicated that I was capable of much, much better work. He asked me whether I was concerned about getting into a good law school. He was referring to my going into a master's program after law school. I told him I was sure I could get into a master's program if I wanted to.

He asked me about my ex-wife Louise and what she and I planned to do. I replied, "Well Louise and I aren't even married anymore."

He was surprised to hear that. I continued, "Yea, she's married to a guy named Vernon Johnson who's a student here."

The professor didn't know who Vernon was. To my left and to Lowell Adams's right was seated Charles Adams (the dean of my high school). Charles Adams said that Vernon wasn't a student here. I replied, "Oh yes he is. I've seen him here."

I walked over to Charles Adams and said, "You want to make a bet?"

He said he would bet. I said, "Well let's bet fifty dollars."

I reached my hand to him to shake and he reached his toward me. But he said, "No let's just bet 75 cents."

George Heller (the principal of my high school) was standing behind Charles Adams. Charles Adams said, "Ask George there."

Charles Adams turned around and asked Heller. Heller replied that Vernon was indeed a student at that school. I said, "Well where's my 75 cents?"

Adams began searching through his pockets for the money and handed me some.

I walked back to my desk to finish gathering my things. My billfold was lying open on the ground next to my desk. I picked it up and thought, "It certainly was a good thing I noticed that lying there. If I had lost that I'd have been in trouble. Or if I hadn't discovered it was missing until I had got out of the school room and then had to have gone all weekend not knowing where it was that would have been a problem."

I began walking out and on my way noticed a pinkish, reddish balloon lying nearby. Its shape

reminded me of two women's breasts. I picked it up and felt it. It even felt a bit like a pair of women's breasts. I wondered if someone had been sitting in the class feeling it.

I left the schoolhouse and soon came to Richards News, about two blocks from Portsmouth High School. But I was walking in the direction toward the school instead of away from it. There was a light snowfall. I thought of going into Richards News, but then noticed that a television set was in front of the store. I stopped and looked at it. A news story was on dealing with Berlin. A woman was being interviewed and suddenly I saw myself on the screen standing behind the woman.

I thought that while I had been in Berlin on a tour looking at some of the monuments in a park, someone had been interviewing the woman and I had also been filmed. Finally the camera focused in on me. The camera began on one side of my face and went all the way around to the other side. It finally came close to my face and I got a good look at myself. My hair was gray and I had a gray beard. My face was broken out somewhat around my mouth.

The man taking the interview began asking me questions and I began talking on the television. Finally I said, "Four thousand days ago in Berlin I thought you were dead."

As I watched the television I thought many people would see the program and realize I had been in Berlin. It seemed important that I had been on a news broadcast like that and it pleased me.

Dream of: 10 July 1986 "Man In A White Suit"

I was telling a man and a woman (both probably in their 20s) about a dream I had had. The woman reminded me of someone I knew named Marcia Gillman. As I told the dream, I almost seemed to be listening to a recording of the dream, writing down the dream, and escorting the man and the woman through the scenes of the dream at the same time.

In the dream I had been having a party at an apartment in which I was living on the second story of a building. Some fellow asked me if there was anything alcoholic to drink. Although I did have some alcohol in what I called a "C Cabinet," I had been in no hurry to bring it out. The fellow asked me about opening up the C Cabinet, but I was in no hurry and I continued on with the dream.

Some excellent rock and roll music was playing in the background as I showed the two people around and I asked them if they had heard that music before. I thought perhaps I had invented the music in the dream, but they said that the music had been a popular song and that they had heard

it before. They mentioned the artist's name which sounded something like "T. J. Booker." I was a bit disappointed that I hadn't been the person who had composed the impressive music in my dream.

I finally lay down on the floor and the fellow who wanted some alcohol lay down next to me. He asked me again if I would go open the C Cabinet. I told him I would.

I was holding a sewing needle in my right hand. Suddenly the fellow lying next to me rolled over onto my hand and caused the needle to go deep into my palm. He continued pressing harder and harder and I screamed for him to get up, but he couldn't hear me because the music was so loud.

Finally he did hear me and got off my hand. I showed him my hand. The needle was in so far I couldn't pull it out. Finally I grabbed it with my teeth and was able to pull it out. It didn't feel good but it wasn't really that painful. I was able to endure it.

I began thinking I needed to get back to relating the dream. It suddenly occurred to me that so many things were happening that I might actually be dreaming. It seemed that perhaps instead of writing a dream I had already recorded, I was actually at this moment having a dream. But I was uncertain. I did however realize that -- whatever

was occurring -- I needed to record the present events.

As I thought about it, I saw in front of me what appeared to be a computer screen which reminded me of my computer screen where I write my recorded dreams. I saw a sentence on the screen which described a man entering wearing a white suit and a confident smile. I somewhat remembered a man having entered at one point during the dream. He seemed like a mysterious person and I was unsure who he was.

I suddenly looked up and saw a man enter wearing a white suit.

Dream of: 10 July 1986 (2) "Stolen Computer"

I was returning to the Apartment on Rue St. Jean in Quebec City when I met another tenant in the building named Bernhardt. He was standing in the doorway of his apartment on the second floor and was obviously quite intoxicated. He wanted to know about the empty apartment next door to my apartment on the fourth floor. He asked, "Es que quelqu'un vive dans l'appartement a cote de toi?"

I answered, "No."

He said, "Je crois que je vais vivre là."

I said, "Toi?"

He answered, "Oui, moi."

I said, "Mais je ne crois pas que nous pouvons ainsi pour quoi ton radio est trop bruyant et je ne peux pas dormir, penser ou faire rien."

He quietly laughed. He was standing right in my face and I could see that some of his teeth were missing. He looked quite obnoxious. I thought if he moved up beside me I would have to move elsewhere. I might even rent a room across the hall from mine, perhaps for \$50, to keep Bernhardt from moving into the entire apartment next to mine. There was no way I would be able to stay if he lived next to me.

I didn't trust Bernhardt and I was worried about his wanting to move in next to me. I broke away from him and started down the stairs. I noticed some fellow standing in the stairwell pouring out some alcohol on the floor. I was only wearing a pair of shorts. I turned around and thought I felt something wet on the back of my leg. I wondered if the fellow pouring out the alcohol had spilt some on me.

I decided I should go upstairs and check my apartment. I raced up the stairs to the fourth floor. I saw that my door was standing ajar and I pushed it open. As soon as I walked into the front room I saw that my stereo was missing. I said to myself, "They got it."

I walked into the second room and saw that my computer was gone. I said, "They got it too."

I was completely devastated. I had only been gone a short while and someone had been able to enter my apartment so quickly and steal everything.

Dream of: 11 July 1986 "Holy Battle"

I had gone to Patriot, Ohio to visit a former professor, a woman who had taught me at the Ohio University, Portsmouth Branch when I had attended school there. Although I hadn't seen the woman in a long time, she had once given me a key to her home, a key which I still had. Trying the key on the door, and discovering that it worked, I opened the door and walked in.

Once I was in the living room, I looked around, listened, and thought I could hear sounds originating from the bedroom. I walked over to the bedroom door and stepped inside; lying on the bed were the woman and her lover, a young man in his early 20s, complete with beard and mustache. Not wanting to disturb them, I turned and walked back out into the living room.

I only had to wait a short while before the fellow walked out of the bedroom and left the house. I, in turn, re-entered the bedroom, doffed my clothes and lay down beside the woman. About 50 years old, she was beginning to have lines in her face.

Still, she was rather attractive. She reminded me somewhat of Lily Tomlin, and a bit of my junior high school algebra teacher, Miss Wolfe.

As I lay next to her, the woman rolled up against me. I was unsure, but I thought she might want to have sex with me. When I informed her that I wasn't going to be able to make love to her, I suddenly felt her hand on the back of my leg, inching up toward my groin. I exclaimed, "No, no, please don't hurt me!"

When she stopped, I disclosed again what she already knew: that I couldn't have sex with her. Even without sex, however, I still enjoyed being with her, and I could tell that she also wanted to be with me.

Presently we decided to get up. We rose, dressed, and walked outside, where we found a little push-scooter which belonged to me. When we both climbed on, with her standing up behind me, I advised her that it might be more prudent for her to take a car; but since she wanted to stay with me, we scooted off together.

We soon reached another building – our destination. Dismounting the scooter, we walked into the building, into a large empty room on the ground floor. Two or three people were already standing in the room. When another man walked in and began threatening us, I quickly forced him

out of the room. But then, yet another man walked in – a tall rotund shirtless man. Although the man seemed affable and non-menacing on the surface, I had the feeling he had enormous power which he could use against a person if he wanted.

In my right hand I was carrying an ordinary fork. The tall round shirtless man walked up to me and challenged me to try to stab him in the chest with the fork. Giving him what he wanted, I stabbed him as hard as I could, cramming the fork about six centimeters into his chest, right between his breasts. When I saw that he was utterly unharmed by the fork, I suddenly realized who the man was: the devil! I blurted, "You're the devil, aren't you?"

When he acknowledged that he was the devil, I pulled the fork from his chest. With a single leap he abruptly jumped into a far part of the room, where he looked much smaller. It appeared that he was preparing for a baleful battle, and the other people in the room began bracing themselves for war, preparing to fight the devil. I also was steeling myself to fight, when suddenly, I yielded to the devil's putative prowess, threw down my fork, and announced, "You can't fight the devil."

Realizing it was hopeless to fight, I walked toward the devil and uttered, "Help me Lord." At first I didn't know exactly what tact I should employ, but

something suddenly came over me – I spontaneously burst out singing and clapping my hands. My voice – deep and resonant – was absolutely beautiful. Something seemed to have taken hold of me and was singing for me. It occurred to me that although I was powerless myself to fight the devil, I could enlist God's assistance – God could fight the devil. I sang, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Fight his holy battle. We believe in truth; our cause is justice."

The other people in the room began clapping along with me. I was uncertain that we were winning the struggle against the devil, but at least I didn't feel that the devil was gaining any ground.

As I sang, I picked up a pair of scissors and some pictures; I began cutting out pictures which I thought I would be able to use for a collage. As I stood there, singing and cutting at the same time, it seemed that the singing and cutting were somehow intermingled, to form a whole.

Dream of: 11 July 1986 (2) "Business Partnership"

I was living in a large dilapidated two-story house in Portsmouth which I had bought when I had been buying houses in partnership with Vaughn and Lynn (a Waco attorney). Lynn walked in and asked me if we could talk about our partnership. I pulled up a chair and asked him to sit down. He

did so. I told him I knew I owed them some money. I had in mind beginning to pay him and Vaughn, beginning July 1, 1986, \$50 every month. I wasn't in a position to pay more than that at the moment because I wasn't presently working.

I knew we still had one house in Greenville, Texas which we hadn't yet sold and on which we were going to lose money. He understood that. He hadn't seen the house in Greenville, but he said that some vandals had apparently gotten into the house and had damaged it. Somebody had looked at the house for him and reported that because it was in a bad section of town it was going to be difficult to sell. I couldn't deny that. Lynn seemed disappointed that I hadn't sold the house and settled up everything before I had left Texas. I understood how he felt but I knew that couldn't be helped at this point.

I told him my \$50 a month would have to suffice for the present. I asked him if that would be all right. I pulled out my checkbook and handed Lynn two twenties and a ten. He quickly grabbed the money.

Lynn had also been trying to sell the house I was living in here. I asked him if he had had any offers and he replied that he hadn't yet had any. A black man walked into the room and said he had been

responsible for selling a house we had had in
Midland, Texas.

**Dream of: 11 July 1986 (3) "Unoccupied
Desk"**

About 10 a.m. I awoke and found myself sitting in a law office in Portsmouth. The office was located in one of the upper stories of a downtown bank building. I was in the office by myself, although other people and lawyers were in offices around mine.

I began getting dressed and looked for a pair of black shoes which I thought I had there. I found several black shoes but needed some time to find two shoes which matched. I put on two shirts, one over top the other. I thought I might put on one of my older suits today – I wanted to buy some new suits as soon as possible.

I sat down and began thinking it might be time for me to begin practicing law again. I finally decided to do exactly that.

My father walked into the room and sat down. His hair was gray and he was quite overweight. I told him of my decision. He was happy and said, "Well if you're going to do it, you'll be one of the best ones."

He said I would be better than most lawyers he knew. He mentioned one lawyer's name, however, and said I might not be quite as good as he.

I felt rather dirty and wanted to get out of the office. I decided I wanted to go and buy a couple new suits. I had two cars – a large dark blue car and a second smaller car which I had recently bought.

A woman (about 25 years old) walked into the room and spoke with my father. I continued getting ready. I wanted to get out of there before anyone saw me in my present dirty, disheveled condition wearing these old clothes.

Babcock (a former high school classmate) walked into the room, put his arm around the woman and began whispering something into her ear. I thought he was asking the woman out, even though I knew he was married. I didn't want to talk to Babcock, but when I overheard him say something about a lawyer's having bought a new car, I mentioned to him that I had two new cars and that owning the cars was one of the reasons compelling me to go back to work.

I heard my father say that I had gone to law school and then had quit practicing law. He said my quitting the practice didn't make any sense. He thought perhaps I was now coming back to my

senses. He spoke to me and talking about the kind of work I could do, said, "There's divorce."

I said, "Yea I know. I know how to do all of that."

He wondered how much I was going to charge. I told him I certainly wouldn't be cheap.

I still had quite a bit of money which I could use to get established. I thought of all the things I would need to do to get underway, such as buying new clothes.

I picked up a couple newspapers lying there and told my father I would probably be back in about an hour. I asked him where he would be and he said he would probably be in his office. Ready to leave, I said, "Well I'll probably come back here in about an hour."

I walked out into the hall and noticed on the door to my office the name of Sullivan (a Dallas attorney). Apparently he also worked there. I headed toward the elevator, but it was packed with people and I didn't want to get on with them.

I was on about the eighth floor. I walked over to the stairs and began running down them. I listened to my feet as they hit the stairs. Although the stairs were carpeted, they still made a musical sound as my shoes hit them. I enjoyed listening to the music as I raced down the stairs.

I began thinking I could still learn French while working there. I might have to hire a French teacher and pay her \$20 an hour, but it would be worth it. I would be able to afford it.

As I passed the various floors on my way down I saw many different women working in various offices. Now that I was going to be a lawyer again I would be able to have all the women I wanted. The women would begin flocking around again. More women were in Portsmouth than I had probably originally realized. I could probably immediately meet some right there in that very building.

Finally I reached the ground floor and needed to go through a door and past an office on my left. The office belonged to the vice president of the bank. I looked through the glass door as I passed and wondered who actually was the vice president of the bank there. Some writing was on the door but I didn't read it. The office wasn't extremely large and contained a large brown desk which was unoccupied at the moment.

Dream of: 12 July 1986 "Mr. Klut"

While in Puerto Rico, I ran into my old law school classmate, Haim Habib. I learned he had failed the bar exam every time he had taken it (I estimated he had probably taken it three times although I didn't ask him) and that he was planning to take

the exam again in Puerto Rico. He had become quite despondent. He seemed much less haughty than he used to be and was more humble.

He had two children with him. I asked him where his wife was. He said she was living on a farm in upstate New York. Apparently she had been making life rather difficult for him since he had failed the exam.

I wasn't presently practicing law and had merely gone to Puerto Rico to live for a while. However, I thought about the possibility of hiring Haim to work for me. He had gone through law school and did have some legal experience. Perhaps we could work together in Puerto Rico.

Some other people with whom I had attended law school had also failed the exam and were here to retake it. One of them was Beto. Although I didn't see her, Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney) was also there. She hadn't gone to school with us. But she was likewise going to take the exam, although I was unsure she had ever taken it before.

Haim and three others gathered together in a room to study for the exam. But I saw that they weren't studying at all. They were just standing around talking. They didn't have any law books or any books designed to study for the bar exam. That might be why they had failed the exam – they didn't even bother to study for it. Apparently they

felt they had studied so much that they just couldn't study anymore.

One fellow in the room said he was 49 years old and was becoming quite worried about passing the exam. I myself felt quite good because I had passed the exam and I didn't have to worry about it anymore.

I asked them when they would have the results back from the exam. They said they hoped they would be back the following Thursday – in about a week. They would have to live in apprehension for that week. I thought after the results came back they should contact each other to learn who had passed and who hadn't.

I wondered if there was anything I could do to help the four fellows prepare for the exam. One thing they needed to know was that when they were faced with a multiple-choice question on the exam, if they didn't know the answer, they should first eliminate any answers which they thought were incorrect. But I thought surely they already knew that.

Finally the day for the exam came and the four fellows walked into a large, carpeted exam room. I accompanied them. They went into the far-left corner of the room looking out from the front. Mary Biester wasn't yet here.

In the front was a man on a podium. As I passed him he gave me some material in envelopes and told me to hold on to it. I took it and then walked back to sit with the others. But I became somewhat confused and handed out the material the man had given me to each of the four.

On the front of the envelopes it clearly said that they weren't supposed to be opened. However one of the fellows opened the envelope I had given him, although he apparently didn't read the contents. I took the envelope and the material which had been inside from him and walked out into the hall to try to put it back inside.

A number of people were gathered in the hall. I saw my old friend Steve Weinstein there. I wasn't wearing any shoes and I pointed out my bare feet to Weinstein. My right small toe was black – apparently with some dirt on it. Weinstein just looked at me, shook his head and walked away.

My mother was also in the hall. She seemed concerned when she saw that I was barefoot. But I thought that even without shoes I was much better off than those poor souls who hadn't passed the bar exam. Besides, I had wanted before to go without shoes around this place. Now I finally had my opportunity.

I had some plastic boxes in which to put the material which the man had given me. In the hall I

found two decks of playing cards. I thought they belonged in the plastic boxes and tried to put the cards in the boxes.

The man at the podium announced it was time for everyone not taking the exam to leave. I walked back into the room, gathered together some personal belongings which I had left there and carried them back out into the hall. I then went back into the room for a second load. But somehow I had mixed some of my personal belongings with some of the exam materials and had carried the exam materials out into the hall also. The man at the podium called out to me and said, "Mr. Klut."

Some people in the room who knew me giggled when they heard the man call me that. I said, "I'll be right back in. I've got some of it out here in the hall."

He looked astounded that I had taken some of the exam materials into the hall. I walked into the hall and quickly began gathering together the exam material. There were about six plastic boxes which I had to take back into the exam room. I also began gathering together some envelopes which I needed to return to the classroom.

As the test began Haim's wife, Susan, appeared. I wanted to talk with her but she left. Somebody said it looked as if something was going on

between her and me. But I simply enjoyed her company.

Dream of: 12 July 1986 (2) "Unwinding Snake"

I was on the Gallia County Farm walking up the hill toward my Cabin. I had recently been talking with a barefoot person about the matter of wearing shoes. Before starting up the hill toward my Cabin I had expressly put on a pair of shoes, especially since I thought snakes might be in the area.

As I walked along I saw my blue cover lying in the middle of the path. Something moved under the cover and I saw part of a very large snake. The part I saw was probably six centimeters in diameter. It appeared to be coming out from under the cover.

I suddenly tripped and fell next to the cover. I lay terrified next to the blanket as the snake began unwinding out from under it. I was just about to reach out and grab the snake. But I thought if I grabbed it then it probably would strike. So I simply lay there watching it unwind.

Dream of: 13 July 1986 "Golden Spider"

I was in Portsmouth talking with Roger Anderson (with whom I went to high school) about Steven

Buckner (with whom I also attended high school).

Roger told me that Steve had apparently taken some vows, had stopped drinking alcohol and had reformed immensely. I was surprised. The vows sounded similar to ones I had taken.

I thought that Steve was working on a master's degree in sociology, but that he still needed to write a thesis which he had begun but had never completed. Anderson said Steve planned to get a job and we agreed that he could probably work for the government, perhaps doing some kind of family planning, planning county roads or something of that sort. We hoped Steve wouldn't simply start doing odd jobs around town.

My mother and I went to visit Steve at his parents' house on Sherman Avenue in Portsmouth. Steve's father, Jim Buckner, was there and while Mr. Buckner led my mother out into the yard where she began gathering some pink roses, Steve and I sat down in the front room.

Steve told me that he was going to be raising some kind of bug which resembled a golden spider (although the bug wasn't a spider) and that the bug was supposed to weave a golden thread.

I didn't know what to think. After he left me alone in the room, I lay down on a bed and as I looked up, I saw a golden bug above me on the wall. It was about two centimeters long, appeared to be

artificial and had an attached little light which blinked on and off. It had a long body with several legs sticking out on both sides.

As the bug began moving out from the wall, it created a rigid, golden stick much the way a spider creates a web.

In this case, however, the stick was solid and appeared to be gold. The bug continued creating the stick until it reached the opposite wall, where it attached onto the wall. As the bug had continued across the room, it seemed to grow smaller while the stick had grown progressively larger in diameter. The golden stick also seemed to have joints, like a piece of bamboo.

I was spellbound. The stick appeared to be pure gold. I thought about reaching up to touch it, but as I watched the stick, it began expanding in diameter. Its color changed so that it looked turquoise in places. Finally, on the far end, the stick appeared to be growing into a large porcelain lamp still parallel to the floor and which connected to the wall at the base and to the rest of the stick at the top. To have an actual lamp, the bottom part of the lamp apparently would have to be broken from the wall and the top of the lamp would have to be broken from the rest of the stick. The lamp - about a meter long - throbbed as it grew.

The lamp displayed quite an artistic design and I was amazed to think the bug had somehow created a design on the lamp. Eagles appeared on the design. Upon closer scrutiny, I also discovered pictures of Donald Duck, Daffy Duck and Goofy at a picnic scene.

I couldn't understand how an animal, such as that bug, could have acquired the information to make such a design, but apparently the bug knew something about humans.

I rose and walked into the next room looking for Steve so I could tell him what had been happening. After I saw Steve's sister Jeannie, I found Steve and told him about the bug. I took him back into the room and I asked him if he had ever seen such a thing as the creation of the lamp happen before. He said he had seen it happen a number of times.

He walked over to the lamp and looked at the design. Apparently the designs were always different and he wanted to see what kind of design that lamp had. After he saw the design he turned around and walked out of the room. I then noticed another bug on the wall. It looked like the first one except it had a pink light on it.

Dream of: 14 July 1986 "Profusion Of Animals"

I was watching what appeared to be a documentary program about a man (probably in his early 40s) who was apparently working for some kind of society, perhaps National Geographic. The man, while working in a laboratory, had been studying a small sea shell which was black, brown and white. He had just that moment pinpointed the only place in the entire world where that particular type of sea shell could be found – a remote area near the shores of an ocean. Another scientist in the room said, "Well, can you leave tomorrow?"

The man replied, "Sure."

I thought how nice it must be to be able to immediately leave on long journeys like that to go looking for sea shells. The next day the man left and flew thousands of miles. When he landed he had to travel overland for four days by car until he reached the shore of the ocean, where it seemed as if I myself, instead of he, was present.

A large, red-brick building was next to the shore and actually overhung the ocean, but there was no beach -- only a high cliff from the top of which I looked straight down into the water. In the distance were two military boats, apparently there to protect against poachers.

More shells were in this particular area than anywhere else in the world. I decided to look for

the shell in question myself, but it was dangerous there and I needed to be careful. I climbed down the cliff to the water's edge, where on the shore I found some mounds of sand which appeared to be full of little rocks which looked like shells.

I saw one beautiful rock in the sand and pulled it out. It appeared to be black and white marble consisting of many tiny rocks all fused together. It seemed to have been hollowed out and perhaps one time to have served as an ancient Indian cup. I saw another similar rock.

Hundreds of pretty rocks were in the sand. I wanted to take the first one I had found with me but I didn't know whether I should. The beautiful rock slipped out of my hand and fell into the water. The water wasn't deep, but so many other rocks were in the water I couldn't see the one I had dropped.

I thought I saw a frog in the water. Plus I thought I saw some other type of fish which looked as if might be dangerous and might bite me if I were to go into the water.

Since the entire area began looking more dangerous I thought I should probably leave and I began climbing back up the cliff. A brown furry animal which was long and slender ran down the side of the bank past me. I thought it might be a mink and perhaps dangerous.

I looked back at the water's edge and saw a starfish and a lizard. There must be a profusion of animals around this area.

Dream of: 15 July 1986 "Improved Flying Ability"

About 10 a.m. I had gone to Patriot, Ohio to a spot close to the Patriot post office – where a well was located – to fetch some water. I was surprised to see my ex-wife Louise, who had come to visit me. We talked. Seeing her again was a real pleasure.

I had been learning how to fly and was now able to run, jump into the air, and fly. I decided to give Louise a demonstration of my flying virtuosity. I ran, jumped into the air and – with the assistance of a white sheet I was holding to help me guide better – began flying. It was quite windy and suddenly a current of wind caught me. At first I had simply intended to stay close to the ground, but then I decided to just go with the wind for a change.

The wind carried me so high I could barely see Louise on the ground. I thought I saw her waving to me, but I was unsure. I must just be a speck in the sky to her. I could see all of Patriot below me, including what appeared to be four men lying and sunbathing on lawn chairs. I was so high I was even above a flock of white birds.

I felt I had developed my skill at flying to a pronounced degree and felt good in the sky. I had much more control than I had ever had before; but I still had much to learn and was still apprehensive about being so high.

Finally I decided to descend; but I wasn't completely sure how to go about it safely. I put myself in a perpendicular, standing position with my arms by my sides. That way I could slice down through the air and then level off when I came close to the ground. I descended rapidly. When I approached the ground I spread out my limbs, finally hitting the earth. Although I hadn't hit hard, it was somewhat harder than I had planned.

I stood up, walked over to Louise and said, "You've never seen me go that high before, have you?"

She admitted she hadn't. She seemed rather impressed. But she seemed to be preoccupied by something else. Suddenly she asked me if I knew Mike Spencer (a former high school schoolmate). I could tell she was interested in Spencer and I had the impression that she wanted to go out with him.

I told her I knew who he was. I told her he was overweight, ugly and stupid. But she thought he had a good build and was still interested in him.

She wanted to know if he was a water diver. I remembered that he used to work for some kind of water rescue department in Portsmouth, Ohio. He

would water dive into the Ohio River and try to save people. I thought he must still be doing the same thing after all these years.

I told her she should go ahead and call him if she wanted to go out with him. But she said she didn't want to do that. I felt somewhat offended and told her it was rather an insult for me to think she would even consider going out with someone like that. I said, "But I suppose there couldn't be much more of an insult than having married Vernon."

I thought that Vernon was a low-life character. It still caused me pain to think that Louise wanted to go out with someone else besides me. Although I had the feeling she would have liked to have gone out with me also, I wasn't ready to ask her out right now and I didn't feel like spending a lot of time talking with her.

A black antique car which belonged to my step-grandfather Clarence was sitting near us. I got into the car and began looking around in it. In the glove compartment I found some basic English readers which Clarence apparently had been studying to learn how to read better. I also saw some kind of certificate which he had received.

I got back out of the car and realized Louise had already left. I thought, "Well she's probably gone over there to see about talking to Spencer."

I thought about flying up to the Gallia County Farm, but that was about 15 kilometers away and might be a little too far. I really hadn't mastered flying enough to fly that far. I might get up too high and not be able to control my flying. But I might be able to fly low part of the way to lessen the risk. Perhaps I would just walk to the Farm instead.

A fellow (probably in his mid-20s) drove by in a car headed west. The car had a large yellow rubber raft on top of it. The raft had two "for sale" signs on it and the fellow was holding a "for sale" sign in his hands even as he drove. The raft could probably be bought fairly cheaply, although I certainly didn't need a raft. I wondered if he were selling the car with the raft so the raft could be transported on it. Most people wouldn't have a car on which they could carry a raft.

I suddenly realized I had been dreaming; I needed to record what had taken place. I thought back over what had occurred. I had gone to the well to fetch some water because there was no water at the House in Patriot. When I had first gone down to the well I had seen Clarence's car and had begun going through it.

Dream of: 16 July 1986 "Statements Of A Black Woman"

Some other students and I walked into what appeared to be a college English class and we sat down. The classroom resembled the one in which I had studied Geometry in the tenth grade at Portsmouth High School. The class was being taught by a young woman (probably in her early 20s). Several weeks earlier, she had given the students an assignment to write a paper analyzing some statements which had been made by a black woman.

The teacher said she believed we had some papers to hand in to her. As far as I knew, she hadn't told us we would have to hand in the paper today, and – even though I had written my paper quite a while ago and had put the completed paper in a notebook – I hadn't brought mine with me.

The other students passed in their papers and the teacher began going through them. I continued searching through a notebook for my paper. I found several papers which I had previously written for which I had received A's and B's; but I couldn't find the paper now due.

The teacher asked if anyone in the room had not turned in a paper. Three people, including myself, raised their hands. I was sitting in about the third chair from the front, in a row of chairs on the left side of the room (from my perspective). On the right side of the room, one of the students who

had raised his hand was Austin (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we were both in the seventh grade). The teacher (now a man probably in his early 40s) gruffly asked Austin why he hadn't turned in his paper.

Austin stood up and stated that he had written a book and he hadn't had time to write the paper. Carrying his book with him, Austin walked to the front of the class. He had curly black hair and was a rather imposing figure. I knew Austin was going to go to law school, but I didn't know whether he had yet become a lawyer.

Austin was wearing an earring in his right ear. How would I look with an earring? Probably too feminine because my hair was rather long. I rather liked the idea of having an earring, but an earring would look better on a man with short hair.

Austin's book had a hardcover; apparently it had just been published. Austin opened the book to the table of contents, which displayed the names of different people. The book consisted of a group of little stories about various people whom Austin had known during his life. My name wasn't there – I didn't expect it to be there. Austin had associated with a rather exclusive set of people – I hadn't distinguished myself enough to belong to his crowd, so I wasn't surprised that I wasn't included in his book.

The book also had a page with pictures of different people who appeared in the book. Duff (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we were both in the seventh grade) and Sally (with whom I first came in contact in 1967 when we were in the tenth grade together) were pictured.

The book covered the same theme as the paper we had been supposed to write. Austin said he didn't want to be graded for the paper because he thought the paper was the kind of infantile task which might be assigned in a high school class. I clapped my hands and shouted, "Bravo." A black girl probably in her early 20s (the third person who hadn't handed in a paper) also clapped her hands.

Austin handed the book to the teacher and returned to his seat. The teacher first looked at the book, then asked for the people who had clapped their hands to say what they thought about the matter. The girl who had clapped said she felt the same way as Austin: the paper was silly and therefore she hadn't written it. The teacher asked her what she was planning to do. She said she might just drop out of school and get a job somewhere.

The teacher asked me what I thought. I told him I had been thinking about dropping out of school. Some people in the room gasped in disbelief. I told

the teacher I didn't think this type of class developed my mental capacities. I said the teacher's attention had been focused out here in some vague substratum and hadn't been directed at me personally; with about 30 people in the class, nobody really received much attention. I ended by saying, "This is especially true because of you, because you are not a good teacher."

I pointed right at the teacher and stopped. I felt good for having said what I did; but I thought the teacher would probably somehow avenge himself later.

My hair was rather long and I hadn't been a particularly good student in the class. Some people here thought I was rather stupid because of that; but I hadn't been a good student because I didn't care about this class; my abilities weren't being developed here. It seemed best to drop out.

I realized I was in high school and that later in life I would go on to law school. But at the present, no one realized I had certain potentials; I was therefore stuck in a place I didn't feel good about.

The class ended. We all rose and began filing out. I heard Austin talking to someone about how he had just had his book published.

Clifford (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we attended the seventh grade together)

and Peggy (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we attended the seventh grade together) were in the line leaving the classroom. When Clifford broke off from the line, I asked him if he were going out to the car. Maybe my paper was in the car. I might sneak away from the line of students and go with him to the car to get it.

Clifford, however, was going somewhere else. I decided I would just stay in the line and try to go to the car when the line filed outside.

Dream of: 17 July 1986 "Buffoon"

I arose from sleep about 9 a.m. at the Logan Street House. I was supposed to be the main actor in a play today, but I wasn't prepared. There had only been one rehearsal of the play, which had covered only a part of the first act of the three-act play. I hadn't memorized my part in any of the acts and I hadn't even read the third act at all. Yet the play was scheduled to begin very soon.

I couldn't remember what I had been doing all the time in which I had been supposed to be working on the play. I wished I had at least stayed up the night before and tried to memorize some of my lines instead of waiting until the very last morning.

My mother was there. When I told her that I wasn't ready for the play and that I hadn't memorized my parts yet, she seemed somewhat surprised.

I had the play in my hand; I began trying to read the third act which was written in rhyming lines.

Some of my parts were extremely long. I could hardly even read the text, but I was sure it was a comedy. It seemed to be set in 17th century France. I portrayed a fellow about 40 years old who owed some money to the public treasury and his debt was causing him all sorts of trouble. At the same time he was representing some other people with their troubles and generally acting like a buffoon.

I wanted my mother to call an information-number and find out what time the play was supposed to begin. If it didn't begin until 1 p.m., I might have a chance to at least memorize some of it.

My one hope was that someone would be behind the curtain who could read my lines to me so I could repeat them. How would that sound? I would have to wait and hear my lines each time before I could speak my parts. I was unsure how that would all turn out.

My mother called the information-number and was told that the plays usually began about 9:30. It was already almost 9:30! I was clearly in big trouble. How could I avoid going there? Perhaps I could fall down some steps and injure myself. An announcement could then be made that I had been injured and someone else could just read my part.

Suddenly I found myself at the theater. The other actors were getting ready. My old best friend in my college years, Weinstein, was there; he likewise was in the play. I asked him if he had memorized his part. Apparently he hadn't memorized all of it; but he had a good idea what his part was about and I had the feeling he knew most of it. I didn't know whether the other actors knew their parts.

I walked up to a woman (about 40 years old) in charge of the show; I told her I simply hadn't memorized my part. She said she had been afraid of that. I asked her if she was going to be there to prompt us. She said she would.

The audience was beginning to fill up the theater. I felt extremely miserable. Perhaps I would just ad lib my part and make up lines as I went along. I looked at the beginning of the play. I thought I would be the first actor but then I realized that two people would first make some kind of long announcement.

I was standing behind the curtains on the side of the stage. Perhaps if I had the script with me I could memorize my lines each time before I ran onto the stage. I tried to at least memorize my first two lines. Apparently I was to begin by explaining that I was in the public debt and was also helping some other people with their problems.

The curtain finally went up and the play began. A girl (about 20 years old) ran onto the stage and back and forth across it. I asked the woman in charge if I was supposed to go out there also. Apparently, indeed, I was supposed to go onto the stage and dance back and forth across the stage with the girl. Someone said, "Go."

I ran onto the stage; the girl seemed to make a face at me as if I had been late getting out there. I began dancing back and forth across the stage.

First I would throw one arm up into the air perpendicular to the ground and then I would throw the other arm up the same way as I pranced back and forth. I wasn't sure I was dressed correctly. I had one sock on and one sock off. I was wearing a red toboggan, but I was unsure whether I was supposed to have it on.

People began laughing uproariously; they certainly seemed to be enjoying what I was doing. I could hear my father laughing above everyone else. My old law school professor, McSwain, was also in the audience. Being on the stage and making people laugh actually felt rather good, but I really was unsure what I was supposed to do next; I still felt miserable.

Dream of: 17 July 1986 (2) "Hill Formation"

I was on the large hill behind the Gallia County Farmhouse and found a book which described the

history of the Farm. It said that about 100 ago the part of the hill above where the Farmhouse sits wasn't there. One night there had been an eruption of a volcano and that part of the hill had been formed.

I was excited after reading that and ran to the bottom of the hill. I wanted to show that passage of the book to my grandmother Mabel. I looked over at the hill that was supposed to have been formed and could see some rock strata. If there had really been a volcano then the strata wouldn't be there, because strata required many years to form. I began looking around and thought perhaps the book had been referring to another hill here on the Farm.

Dream of: 17 July 1986 (3) "Snake Man"

I had just moved into an apartment on the fourth floor of an old apartment building in New York City. The previous day I had met one of the other tenants in the building, Dave Van de Wattering (an acquaintance whom I had recently met in Quebec City). Wattering was moving out of the building and he asked me if I would see to it that any mail which came for him would be forwarded to his new address.

After he departed, I went to the mailbox located inside the front door of the building on the side of a wall in the hallway. On the left of the mailbox

were some slots for the mail. On the right was a large box-like area in which a recent batch of mail had just been placed. Quite a few people in the building were all receiving mail in one large space. I thought I might need to ask the landlord to install a separate mail box for me.

I looked around inside the box, where I found some pictures which I had cut out for collages.

There must have been 100 different pictures which I gathered together. Finally I stuck my head in the box. I was worried my head might become stuck, but I thought surely I would be able to extract it if I were able to put it in there.

I found a letter for me in the box. Then I noticed several addressed to Wettering. I also saw a phone in the box which I promptly picked up and on which I called Wettering. I spoke with Wettering while I continued looking for my collage pictures.

I told Wettering I was going to send him the letters which I had found addressed to him. One of Wettering's letters was still in the envelope but I told him some of his letters had already been opened and were out of the envelopes. The letters (I could see) were hand-written on pieces of white lined paper. It looked as if someone had written something on one letter after it had been opened. Wettering became somewhat upset that the letters had been opened. Two of his letters were folded

into very small squares. I picked them up and without reading them laid them to the side. One letter was still in the envelope. Wettering said he would come himself to get the letters. Realizing that the call was long distance and expensive, I finally told Wettering I had to go and I hung up.

While I was still looking in the box, a man (who I initially thought was my father) walked up behind me. He spoke and complained that somebody had torn down part of the building. I then saw that he wasn't my father but a man (about 35 years old) who looked like someone from the nineteenth century. He was slender, was dressed completely in black and had on a long black cape. I knew my father lived close by and I even thought my father owned the building in which I was living. I asked the man if he had already told my father about the wall being torn down and I asked if any part of his apartment had been torn down. He said one of the walls had been destroyed.

Wettering had also showed up. He and I walked outside and began looking at the building. It was an old, red, brick building in a very dilapidated condition. It almost looked as if it were ready to fall over. It was sitting on the corner of the street and had a sidewalk around it. We walked around behind the building and found that somebody (perhaps someone sent by city government) had torn down the building next to ours and in the

process had torn down one of the walls to the man's apartment, on the ground floor.

Wettering and I walked through the space where the wall had been torn away and into the man's large apartment. The man was already inside. The apartment must have had six or seven rooms. The three rooms in the rear of the apartment were missing a wall, but it looked as if those three rooms hadn't been in use anyway. I mentioned to the man that he could have rented out those three rooms, but he didn't seem interested in doing that.

The man seemed quite dignified and respectable but quite mysterious at the same time. I wondered what he did in the rather somber-looking rooms.

We walked on into the part of the apartment where the man apparently actually lived. I knew that Wettering's apartment had also been on the bottom floor on the other side of the man's apartment.

The apartment was clean but it was rather dark inside. The furniture and everything in the apartment was old as if from the last century. The place indeed seemed very strange. I commented that I felt like Alice in Wonderland there.

I pointed to some antique-looking doors and asked the man where they led. I thought they probably just went to a closet and he told me that they did just lead to a closet. He pointed to another door

which he said went to Wettering's apartment; but it had been sealed shut.

Wettering walked up toward the front of the building. I heard something out back and walked into the back yard. I couldn't believe my eyes. There in the midst of what appeared to be a small garden was a man (probably in his mid-30s) whose body was orange from his head to his waist and who, at his waist, turned into a long, white, fuzzy snake. The bottom part was about three times as long as his upper part and resembled a stuffed animal. The snake man was singing.

I ran back into the house and told Wettering he just had to come and see this, but Wettering was busy with something else and I ran back alone to where the snake man was. I then ran back inside and again called Wettering again who finally came back to where I was. When he arrived, however, I saw that the man actually had legs instead of a snake body. He still looked strange, however, being orange from the head to the waist and then being white from the waist down. His legs still looked fuzzy like those of a stuffed animal.

Somehow a small fire suddenly broke out inside the apartment. Wettering panicked, but the man who lived there quickly put it out. Another small fire began and the man likewise put it out.

I then looked to where Wettering's apartment had been and saw that a larger fire had also broken out there. It appeared the building was definitely going to burn down. I remembered my father had recently told me that if a house catches on fire to simply get out and not worry about saving anything. But I thought I was going to have to differ with him this time.

I thought I would try to save as many of my things as I could and I quickly ran upstairs to my apartment. I ran around in my rather large apartment looking for a box to put my possessions in. I couldn't yet smell smoke but I knew it would become dangerous if I did begin to smell smoke. If the fire reached the stairwell which I had just ascended, it might be difficult to go back through it.

I finally saw a cardboard box in which I had put some garbage. I dumped the garbage out onto the floor. A can of green olives with red fillings rolled out and broke open. I raced around the apartment with the box and began filling it up. I put several small black cameras into the box. Actually I was unsure if they were several cameras or just one camera in several pieces. I then put my power-saw and my instamatic camera into the box.

The box was filling up rather quickly. I then remembered I had a large, clear, plexi-glass box in

which I kept some things. I found the box, dumped some of the things out, sorted through them and put some of them back into the box. I then began trying to fill that box up.

I put a cassette player into the box. I thought I had recorded some dreams on a tape on the cassette player and I wanted to save them. Then I remembered the dreams which I had stored on computer disks and I ran to get the disks. I thought about my notebooks with typed-up dreams and I figured I would be able to throw them out the window without injuring them. It suddenly occurred to me that my IBM computer was also there and I didn't think I was going to be able to save it.

I wasn't even sure I was going to be able to carry the two boxes I already had. I began to smell a little smoke and knew I needed to get out of there as quickly as I could.

Dream of: 19 July 1986 "Harper's Third Star"

I was walking up some circular steps to the library of the Baylor Law School when I encountered professor Newton, who was standing on the right side of the steps with his arm stretching clear across to the railing on the other side. I ducked under his arm, said something to him and walked on. He asked, "Well have you learned how to walk to class yet?"

Apparently he didn't know I had already graduated from law school. I replied, "I've been out of class so long it's not even funny. Yea, I've been working in Waco and Dallas."

He asked me if I could find something for him. He wanted to know if I had a book called *Harper's Third Star*. I was unsure what book that was. I replied, "I don't have it myself, but I could find it for you."

Apparently he wanted me to do some legal research in the book and look up an address for him. I didn't want him to think I couldn't do legal research anymore simply because I wasn't now practicing law; I told him I would do it for him. I wanted him to think I was still working in a law office and all I had to do was go to my law office library to find the book. I wrote down the name of the book and said, "Well I'll let you know one way or the other."

He said, "OK."

I walked into the library. I gathered together some books; I accumulated so many that when I held them in my hands they came up to my chin. As I carried the books around, I was surprised by how many attractive women were studying in the library. I walked around until I found a table, went up to it and dumped all the books onto the floor at once. They made quite a loud noise; people looked

around at me. I shouldn't have dropped the books like that; I might possibly have damaged some.

But it was too late.

I sat down at a table where some other people were already sitting. Two girls were sitting on the other side; I asked them if someone was sitting where I had sat down. They said that somebody indeed was sitting there; they pointed to a girl and said, "That's her over there."

Although an open book was lying in front of me, the girl was apparently no longer sitting in this seat. I pushed her book to the side and said, "Well, is she sitting in two seats? Well, will she mind? She won't mind."

I was surprised to see Mancusco (a female law student) sitting to my right. I asked her how she was doing and she replied, "Just fine."

I said, "I'm surprised to see there's anybody here I still know."

I was unsure what she was doing here because I remembered that she had been practicing law in Dallas. Perhaps she still needed to take some more subjects.

I hadn't done any legal research in quite a long while and wanted to look up a number of things. I began looking at all the books I had brought; I was

unsure why I had brought so many. I probably should have only brought one.

I pulled out one tiny book only about a centimeter by a centimeter in size. It was by the writer Pliny and was written in Latin. I looked through it and thought, "And I'm even going to be reading Latin when I read this stuff."

I laid the book back down, looked at Mancusco and jokingly said, "Well what's s new."

I said it as if to say, "Now that I've got all these books I'm just going to sit here and talk with you."

I had a terrible taste in my mouth; I noticed that Mancusco had just eaten a piece of gum. I told her I had just been eating some onions and asked her if she had any more gum. She pulled out a piece of gum which looked like Dentine and handed it to me.

I picked up a book and began reading.

Dream of: 19 July 1986 (2) "Excursion To Greece"

I was in a large European city and saw where some excursion trips were being offered to Greece for \$400. I decided to take one of the trips and I got into a line in what appeared to be a hotel to buy a ticket. After I had waited a long time I reached a woman sitting at a table and bought a

ticket from her. She told me I would be taking a train part of the way. The train ride to the airport would take about an hour.

She told me I would need to take a chair along to sit on on both the train and the airplane. She showed me some wooden, fold-up chairs. I took one of the chairs and began walking around with it. The excursion wasn't scheduled to begin for several more hours and I thought there must be somewhere I could leave the chair in the meantime. I returned to the place where I had originally picked up the chair. A line of people buying tickets was still there. I saw a couple guys my age standing in line and I started talking with them. They agreed with me that we needed to find a place to leave our chairs until we were ready to go. I reached the woman who had sold me my ticket and asked her if there was somewhere I could leave the chair. She pointed to a room in the back of the building.

I walked back there with the chair. Another young couple heard me talking to the woman and likewise walked back to the room with their chairs. The two fellows I had been talking to in the line also walked back to the room with me. In the room I thought, "Why didn't they just tell us to begin with that we could leave our chairs here instead of having us all take our chairs and carry them around all over the place."

Actually in a way it was comical. One could always tell who was going on the excursion by the fact that he would be carrying the fold-up chairs around.

In the room I found a stack of chairs which rose to my chest and I put my chair on the stack. My chair had a number - 365A - and I wrote it down so I would know which chair was mine. I also noticed that the chair didn't really have a back - just a thin board across the top of it.

About 50-60 chairs were already set up in the room and about 15-20 people were sitting in some of them. I sat down in one chair and I spoke with someone. I said, "This must be where it happens. This is the *salle d'attente*."

The fellow sitting next to me said, "Contrary."

He seemed to think I was wrong.

Dream of: 20 July 1986 "Art Museum"

I was in an art museum which had high ceilings, long halls and white walls. I came upon a piece of sculpture which appeared to be little more than a number of objects sitting together. There were some wooden chairs, a wooden table, some objects made of twisted wires, and some pottery.

Up walked an artist (probably in his late 20s) who was apparently the author of the work. This was

apparently the first work of art he had ever exhibited. I spoke with the artist and asked if he were going to take the sculpture home after the exhibit was over. He said if he took it home, he would never be able to rearrange it again like it was here.

The table and the chairs had a dull look as if they had been newly made from wood and hadn't had much finishing put on them. I decided to polish the table; I sat down with some polish and began applying it to the table. The artist said coats of lacquer weren't necessary on works like this. Nevertheless I continued applying the polish to the table.

A large banquet was soon going to be held in one part of the museum and the artist was going to go to it. I, however, wasn't going. The artist left and went to the banquet.

Dream of: 21 July 1986 "Escape From Afghanistan"

I was working on a gigantic collage, one small part of which had as a theme the escape of an Afghan family from Afghanistan. As I was pasting the pictures onto the collage it began to seem as if I were watching a movie of the escape.

The family consisted of a man, his son and his black-haired daughter (probably in her early 20s).

They were carrying some baggage down a street when a car suddenly pulled up. Some people began climbing into the car and the Afghan man and his son, although they didn't know the driver, followed, putting their baggage into the car with them. The daughter had momentarily stepped over to the side and before she could reach the car it pulled away.

The man and son began hollering at the driver to stop the car, but the car didn't stop and continued up the road. The daughter returned to the road, saw the car pulling away and heard the screams of her father and brother in the car. As the car traveled up the road, a man (not the Afghan father or son), fell out of the rear left door of the car.

The daughter, wearing a long white coat, ran after the car. The car reached the top of a hill and disappeared over the other side. The daughter continued walking up the hill as night began to descend. Large buildings loomed around her.

What thoughts must be going through the girl's mind. It appeared as if her father and brother had unwillingly left her behind and now she must fend for herself to try to escape the country. I thought she might ought to try to hide under a tree until morning.

Dream of: 21 July 1986 (2) "Planting Bananas"

I was in the Gallia County Farmhouse. I had four large pieces of hardboard – about a meter by a meter and a half in size – which I had cut out to make collages on. On one of the pieces I had written the name "Jimmy Halley." My grandmother Mabel was there and asked me why I had written that. I said, "Well that piece represents how much land Jimmy Halley had up here if you wanted to give it to him. But you could give it to him anywhere you wanted to on the Farm."

Apparently Jimmy had the right to that much land – the size of the piece of hardboard – somewhere on the Farm whenever my grandparents wanted to give it to him.

My step-grandfather Clarence and I walked down to the garden in back of the house. Clarence and Mabel had planted some rows of corn there and I spoke about planting some wheat, which I thought was a type of plant which grew under the ground. Clarence told me that a person could make a lot of money planting wheat, even if it was just one long row down the middle of the field.

I asked him how much he was paying for wheat every year. He told me he was paying \$12,000 a year for wheat. I began thinking I could plant some wheat and make enough money to live on for a year. I told him I was going to plant some wheat and that seemed to make him happy.

I also had a bunch of bananas with me which I had bought. He began showing me some rows of white flowers in the garden. The petals of the flowers were very dense – like a carnation – and very wide. Clarence told me we could break off the two ends of each banana and plant them between the rows under the petals of the flowers. He said that banana trees would then grow.

We began breaking off the ends of the bananas (each piece was about two or three centimeters long) and planting them one after the other under the flowers. He said we could eat the middle part of the bananas. But I didn't know what I had done with my middle parts. I took a bite of one of his bananas and it did indeed taste good.

We continued until we had planted probably 100 banana ends. I told Clarence I didn't even know bananas could grow here. He said, "Yea, you could take an end like that and throw it down on the ground somewhere and a big banana tree would grow and that would be able to show you that that was a good place to grow bananas."

Finally we finished. Clarence then began telling me something about the history of the Farm.

But suddenly I looked up toward the Farmhouse and saw a large brownish-black bear lumbering down the hill toward us. It was about half-way

down the hill on the right side of the House as I looked up the hill. I said, "Bear!"

Clarence looked and likewise saw the bear. The bear was probably twice as big as me. I was surprised to see a bear here since I didn't think any bears were around there, although it vaguely seemed to me that Clarence had told me he had once seen a bear near here. I wanted to holler up to my grandmother to stay in the house. But we had to do something immediately.

We went into a small shed. I pointed to an old corn bin in the shed and said, "Let's get into it."

The shed itself had a door which was closed and the bin inside the shed also had a door. But over top the door to the shed was an open space the bear might be able to crawl through and the door to the bin didn't have a lock on it. We would just have to hold the door shut if the bear tried to get in. We wouldn't be very safe because if the bear managed to get inside the bin we would be trapped in there. But I saw no place else to go; so we both jumped into the corn bin.

Dream of: 23 July 1986 "Golden Sword"

My ex-wife Louise (we met as law students and were married for less than a year from 1984-1985) and I traveled together around Europe for a while, then separated because she wanted to return to

the United States and I wanted to stay longer in Europe. So she left and I stayed.

In France, I boarded a sailing ship which looked like something built in perhaps the 1600s or 1700s. I even seemed to be in a previous century when such ships plied the oceans. Only after having set sail did I realize the ship was a war ship. We spotted and prepared to attack another large sailing ship by ramming it with a silver ram which graced the bow of our ship. We sailed toward the enemy ship at full speed and rammed into its side. Our prow smashed through the enemy ship and exited the opposite side of the thoroughly damaged ship. Boards splintered and stuck out everywhere on the enemy ship.

Now an epic battle between the soldiers on the two ships ensued. With swords flailing the air, each side set about killing the other side. Right in the middle of the fray, I approached the captain of our ship and told him that I was concerned that when the enemy ship sank, it would pull our ship under with it. He seemed unconcerned and the battle raged on. Finally we all noticed that indeed both ships were sinking. Many people injured and in chains on our ship would obviously drown.

Finally both ships plunged under the water.

The survivors either fell or jumped into the water. Still wearing his golden armored vest and holding

his golden sword above his head, my muscular captain leapt into the water, where he struggled to keep his head above water. I thought my captain was of the opinion that our ship would dislodge itself from the other ship under the water and then bob back up to the surface.

A number of extremely large rocks – one might almost say hills – were jutting perpendicularly out of the water in different locations nearby. Soldiers from both sides swam in random directions toward different rocks.

I reached one rock and was able to climb onto shore, and found myself on what appeared to be an island. Other survivors, including some women who had been on our ship, had also reached the island.

Buildings, including a gigantic church, adorned the island. Clearly the island had electricity because lights glowed in the church and other buildings, but no people were to be seen. Along with perhaps one hundred other survivors, I walked into the church. One woman found a telephone and acted as if she wanted me to call someone for assistance, but after I walked past her, she began calling someone herself.

I walked down a hallway until I found a small room occupied by a sitting woman busily doing paper work. She had black hair, was short and looked

Hispanic. I walked into the room and asked her if she worked there. When she told me she did, I said something like, "Well, there's about a hundred of us out here. We've had a shipwreck."

When she matter-of-factly walked out of the room, I accompanied her outside to a car which she boarded. She said she was going to go get someone else to bring back to help us and she drove off.

When I walked back into the church, I encountered my ex-wife Louise, who hugged me and asked me what had happened. When I explained what had occurred, she seemed upset, but she seemed most bothered that I had had a number of my collages with me on the ship and that they had been lost with the ship.

She brought up the fact that my father had also been in Europe while I had been there. She wanted to know why I hadn't sent the collages back to the United States with him instead of taking them with me. I told her that since I hadn't known what was going to happen to either my father or me, I had thought the collages would be safer with me. She said she thought that with my track record, the collages would have been safer with my father. I told her I could make other collages. I thought new collages would probably even be better than the old ones. That I had had

my collages on the ship with me and had lost them
was indeed, however, a tragedy.

I thought about the type of new collage which I
would make. I would make one about the size of
one of my recent collages, about one by two
meters in size. Thinking that I might use a map on
part of the collage, I pulled out a map of Europe.
As I gazed at the map, I wondered exactly where
the battle and shipwreck had taken place and
where I was now. It appeared we had been in the
Atlantic Ocean close to the border of France and
Spain.

The map was quite detailed and showed small
islands close to the corner where France and
Spain meet on the Atlantic Ocean. Names of cities
in Spain were written there. We were apparently
in one Spanish city, the first two letters of which
were "Ba"

When some of the island's local people (including
a couple fellows wearing large back packs)
entered the church, I asked Louise who the people
were and she replied, "Those are the good
people."

Pointing out the survivors of the shipwreck who
were seated around us, I said, "And who are those
people?"

She answered, "Those are the bad people."

She then looked at me and asked, "Have you been false to your mom?"

We both began laughing. I knew what she was trying to discover. She knew that she had left me and that I no longer needed to be faithful to her. She was trying to say that I should be faithful to my mother and that I should not be with other women. What she really wanted to know was whether I had been with any other women. I reflected that I had had sex with one attractive, black-haired woman on the ship.

I thought I would tell Louise that since I didn't actually have to be faithful to my mother, I could honestly say that I had indeed been faithful to my mother.

Dream of: 23 July 1986 (2) "Resolving Conflict"

Birdie and her husband Rick had separated. I had again begun seeing Birdie, who reminded me very much of Louise. I didn't feel as if I were in love with her, but I wanted to continue seeing her anyway.

I went to her apartment one day and found her in the bedroom lying on the bed. I knelt down on my knees beside her and half-way lay on top of her. She seemed distraught; I had the feeling she had

begun seeing Rick again. I finally said, "OK.
What's the matter?."

She tried to avoid the subject but finally said that seeing me was very hard on her. She admitted she had been seeing Rick and said part of her time was now also devoted to him. She seemed more and more like Louise.

She wanted to know whether I loved her. She seemed to indicate that if I could tell her I loved her, she would return to me completely; but I was unprepared to do that.

I walked into another bedroom, sat down on the bed and to my right noticed a computer on a stand near the bed. It had a black screen which revolved so I could turn it toward me. I played around with it for a bit.

Suddenly I heard someone at the front door. Birdie ran into the front room and I followed. She said, "Oh it's Rick. He's here an hour early."

Rick (probably in his early 20s) walked in. I had never met Rick. I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. He was slender, about my height, and he had longish brown hair. I was somewhat afraid of him and I thought he might be volatile. He handed Birdie a present and then sat down on the couch.

I sat down on another couch directly across from him. My shoes were lying on the floor and I was just in socks. Obviously I had made myself at home. Birdie sat down in a chair between us. Finally I stood, approached Rick and held out my hand. We shook hands and sat back down. He seemed as if he likewise was glad we were meeting and that we might be able to resolve the situation. He said, "I'm glad we both admitted we wanted to meet."

I wanted to tell him we really needed to resolve the situation because Birdie was becoming more and more distraught and we were wrecking her life. I began feeling more calm around Rick. I thought we might be able to work it out so we could both see Birdie, although I was unsure how that could be arranged. It appeared there wasn't going to be as much conflict as I had originally anticipated.

Dream of: 23 July 1986 (3) "Dew"

Steve Weinstein (my good friend during my first couple years of college) and I were in some kind of schoolroom sitting across from each other at the end of a long table. Nothing was to my left, but some other people were seated to my right. I picked up a notebook which Steve had with him and I began looking through it. The notebook contained 20-25 pages of plain white paper. On

the first page, written in large letters in blue crayon, was what appeared to be part of the novel on which I knew Steve was working. The title of the novel had two words, one of which was "Dew."

I wondered if I should be reading his novel. I didn't know how much work that one page represented – whether it was one day's work, a week's work or what. I thought it might be interesting to read, even though I had the feeling Steve hadn't been working on it much. I leafed through the pages and saw some pages partially written in crayon. There was probably only a total of about three pages of writing in the notebook.

Toward the back I discovered some pages with drawings. One was quite well done and reminded me much of Pablo Picasso's work. It depicted a standing person wearing a long coat, which was probably 10 times as long as the person and which flowed down in front of the person. It had been drawn either in sharp pencil or ink. It somewhat reminded me of a collage because it consisted of many different blocks of color carefully arranged together. I said, "I really like that one."

Steve showed me another drawing on another page which was similar to the first one but which had been done with even more detail. When he asked me if I liked that, I replied, "Yea, I like both of them equally well."

I looked at another page and saw a sketch of the face of a bearded man lying in repose. I thought it might be a picture of a death mask. On the opposite page was the same picture (very well-done) drawn in detail. I said, "That's interesting because I was thinking of doing a collage similar to that. But I would use different size pieces of paper for the faces."

I held my fingers together to form a square of about a centimeter and said, "I've been making collages with real little tiny pieces and using them for the face."

Steve said, "Listen, mother, I've been doing 455,000 of these a year."

Dream of: 24 July 1986 "Ball Of Band-Aids"

As I was traveling around, I met a woman in New York City. She was slender (probably in her early 20s) and had long brown hair. After I had known her a short time we went to her house one night. We entered the bedroom, took off our clothes and climbed into bed together. I was unsure, but I thought I should probably have sex with her.

She stood up on her feet on the bed in front of me. Sitting up, I pulled her close to me so that her stomach was close to my face. As I kissed her between her navel and her pubic region, I felt a tremor pass through her body.

I pulled her down and she sat on top of me, her pubic region touching mine. When she bent back so her head was close to my feet, I put my legs over her chest, while her pubic region still remained next to my penis. When I bent my penis and put it inside her vagina, she protested and said she wanted to play around more. My penis came out after 10-15 seconds and I reinserted it, but the second time my penis likewise only stayed in for 10-15 seconds because she didn't want to begin having intercourse yet. Apparently she wanted to wait and she didn't want to finish quickly. I was unconcerned about finishing quickly and I felt confident we could have sex for a long time.

What did concern me was the possibility that she might have often been having sex and that she might have a venereal disease. She seemed like a clean person, however, and I thought she might even be a virgin. I had noticed when I had been inserting my penis that her vagina appeared clean and white with no sign of infection. I figured I was probably pretty safe with her.

Suddenly the phone rang. It was about three or four in the morning and I told the woman she had better answer the phone. She stood up, went into the next room, sat down naked on a chair and answered the phone. I followed her. She complained to the person on the phone that it was

1:30 a.m., even though the clock on the wall clearly said 3 o'clock. Another clock was sitting by the phone, but I didn't know whether she saw it. I held up three fingers to indicate that it was 3 o'clock in the morning.

As I walked away from her, I thought I heard her say "Ellen" and I thought perhaps Ellen had been the person on the phone calling to talk with me for some reason.

I walked into the toilet. I was wearing a pair of black shorts. Apparently I had only pulled down the shorts when I had been in bed with the woman. I pulled the shorts down, looked at my penis and saw a small beige Band-Aid on my penis. When I noticed several other beige Band-Aids on my penis, I began jerking them off. I hoped the woman hadn't noticed them. I thought she might get the wrong idea and think I had a disease which I was trying to hide.

I really didn't know why the Band-Aids were there. I thought perhaps one was covering a small cut from when I had had a vasectomy, but the other Band-Aids were apparently covering some kind of injuries.

I continued pulling off the Band-Aids until I must have taken off 25 of them. I stuck them together until they formed a ball, but then I didn't know what to do with them. Finally I saw a cabinet with

a high shelf on it and I threw the ball of Band-Aids onto the shelf, but they bounced back out. I stood up on the side of the bathtub and placed the Band-Aids back in the corner of the high shelf where I thought the woman wouldn't find them. I realized I had pulled out some of my pubic hairs with the Band-Aids when I had pulled them off and the hairs were still stuck to the Band-Aids, but I thought even if the woman did find the Band-Aids someday, she wouldn't know to whom they had belonged.

I walked back out of the toilet. I had had an erection the entire time I had been with the woman, but now my erection had disappeared and I wasn't even sure I wanted to have sex with her anymore. I walked into the bedroom where the woman was waiting for me. She said the phone call had been a wrong number. I thought a kid had probably been playing games with us.

Dream of: 26 July 1986 "Late Tax Returns"

I was with a group of people, among whom was a brother of mine about my age. We were arguing about something. Finally I walked over to Geary (a former high school classmate who became a lawyer), who was in the group, and I spoke with him. He was talking about income taxes. I admitted to him that I hadn't paid my income taxes for two years. I was becoming a bit

concerned about that and I knew I needed to file the tax returns. I was worried it might even become a criminal offense.

Geary told me not to worry about it because he had an even worse problems. He had filed tax returns and had given the wrong figures. His sister was trying to get the tax returns back for him. He said he was going to be able to get his returns back and that I should be in even better shape than he.

Ramey walked up and I admitted to him I hadn't paid my taxes in two years. He shook his head and looked astonished

I began to wonder what I was going to do. I knew I needed to go ahead and file the income tax returns immediately.

Dream of: 26 July 1986 (2) "Eagle Taking Flight"

I was sitting by a window talking with a woman whose name was Martha Barington. She talked about the power of feeling and described it as an eagle preparing to take flight. As she said that, I had an image of an eagle flapping its wings getting ready to take off flying.

Dream of: 26 July 1986 (3) "Dangerous Water Falls"

Another fellow and I were in a state park. I went to the top of a large waterfalls, stood by its edge and watched an old man and an old woman walk up to the edge of the precipitous falls. The woman seemed to lose her balance for a moment and then stood back from the edge. It occurred to me how dangerously close she was to the edge of the waterfalls.

She moved close to the edge again. Finally she turned to leave, slipped and fell onto a large rock in the water. She held onto the rock as the water rushed over it. The water kept pushing her until she was finally pushed over the edge of the falls. I watched as her small-looking body was washed down the falls. I couldn't see where the falls actually hit the bottom, but she had obviously gone all the way down.

I had a difficult time believing what I had just seen. I told some other people about it. My companion and I then walked on. My companion said perhaps we should report the incident, but I thought it was useless because the woman was obviously dead.

Much later in the day I saw a park ranger and asked him about the incident. He informed me that the woman's body had been found and he nonchantantly talked about how the old woman's family had identified the body. He said he had had

to call either two children or two step-children of the woman. They had come to him not knowing why he had called them. When they had entered the room he had told them that he had bad news for them. He then explained to them that the old woman had died.

I mentioned that it seemed rather dangerous near the falls and I asked him how many people died there each year. He said about one person a week died. I found that incredible. I mentioned that there were no safety signs; he didn't seem concerned about that.

I became very upset. The ranger simply didn't seem to care that so many people were dying. I told him they could at least put up some safety signs. My companion joined me in my complaint and we alternated in addressing the ranger.

The park was in general quite messy. Leaves were all over the place. I was eating an ice cream cone, threw it down on the ground and screamed about how dirty the place was. I was most concerned about there being no caution signs. I began screaming that about 50 people were dying.

I walked away and joined some other people. From where we were we could see the falls from a different angle from which they didn't appear to be so large – seven or eight meters tall. From this

angle it seemed that perhaps someone could have survived the fall.

Meisel (a female friend of my mother) was in the group and she told me a radio show was on right now discussing the state parks. The name of the show was "Talk." She had called in to the show and was waiting to be put on the air. She was going to let me do the talking if we could get on. I sat down at a kitchen table and waited for someone to come on the telephone. Meisel said the person who conducted the talk show was named Nelson. I asked her if that was his first or his last name, but she didn't know.

Meisel mentioned that she thought he had been saved. I thought, "Well just because a person had been saved, that does not mean they're really saved. Maybe some people believe that, but I certainly don't."

I was going to tell whoever came on the phone that I was in a state park and had just seen a woman die that day.

Dream of: 26 July 1986 (4) "Poets And Prophets"

I was a student among other students in a classroom in Dallas, Texas. When I suddenly heard that the students were going to take a test, I tapped on the shoulder of Mary Biester (a Dallas

attorney) who was sitting right in front of me, and I tried to find out what kind of test it was going to be. Apparently it was a word test.

It was a Monday and since I had not attended class on Friday, I had not expected the test. Some students were prepared, but I was completely taken by surprise.

We only had a few minutes to study for the test. Since Mary had her book open, I asked her if I could see it. When I placed my head on her shoulder, I could feel her face next to mine. I moved around, sat next to her, and asked her about a stomach problem which she had; apparently it was not that bad.

For the test, each student was going to have to stand and sing a song. We were given a bit more time to work on our songs.

The seats in the room were in rows which ran across the room. I rose and moved into the chair at the far-right side of the front row. The teacher (who reminded me somewhat of Angus McSwain, one of my law professors when I was in law school), told us to prepare to sing our songs. McSwain was going to begin with the person on the left end of the front row.

The singing began and one woman sang what appeared to be an Italian song. As the teacher

proceeded down the row toward me, I tried to think of what I was going to sing. Finally I knew I wanted to sing a song by Bob Dylan and I began writing the first lines, "Poets and prophets throughout the land."

Although I could not remember the order of the rest of the lyrics, I wrote several lines, one of which was, "Take your stand now, the chance won't come again."

Another line said, "The order is rapidly changing."

But I could not seem to fit the lines together - I simply was not prepared. However, even though I did not know how I was going to sing the song, I did at least know that the first line was "Poets and prophets throughout the land." That was the line that impressed me the most as having something beautiful about it.

I thought the second line might be, "Come sing your song well, the chance won't come again."

Another line might be, "Admit that the waters around you have grown."

I thought my ex-wife Louise was somewhere in the classroom. I wanted to sing correctly because I rather wanted to make a good impression on her. I thought my voice would be in good form; it was just a matter of getting the words right.

I began looking for a rifle which I had had with me earlier and which I had set down in front of me.

When I was unable to find the rifle, I asked,
"Where's my gun?"

I stood and began looking around for it.

When I saw some people standing along the side of the room, I decided to go stand with them. I thought perhaps the teacher would pass me by; then I could work on my lines more and sing a bit later.

Dream of: 27 July 1986 "Getting The Message"

I had been dating three different girls. One night I went out with one of them. She looked Hispanic, had dark hair and eyes and was very pretty. She was probably only 17-18 years old. She had a good build; her breasts were medium-sized. This was only about the second time we had been out together.

We went out to eat and she began talking to me in English. Apparently she and her mother had been discussing the possibility of her marrying me. I listened to her talk. I had feared something like that might happen - that she would get the wrong idea that I was really interested in her. Finally I stopped her and told her I wasn't interested in marrying her. I merely wanted to go out with her a

few times and be her friend. That was all there was and nothing more. I didn't even plan on having sex with her.

She immediately became defensive, became rather nasty toward me and told me I was gay. I listened to her. The more she talked the closer her face came to mine. Finally even as she spoke her lips were touching mine. I grabbed her, pulled her across the table toward me and kissed her. She was quite passionate. I felt slightly guilty because I thought I could easily manipulate her.

I didn't intend to have sex with her. But since she had called me gay, I felt like I wanted to show her that there was no truth in that. Plus I was definitely aroused by her. Her kiss had so much energy in it. It would be interesting to take advantage of such a fine, young body. I began running my hands over her. I put my hand under her blouse and felt her bare skin, but I didn't touch her breasts. I ran my hand along her legs but I didn't touch any sensitive areas.

Although she tried to stop me, I felt she would obviously give in if I were to pursue the matter. She was so passionate and enflamed I could clearly have my way with her if I wanted to.

Finally I stopped and decided to take her home. I figured she had at least gotten the message that I

was quite capable of having sex. It was simply my own choosing not to.

Dream of: 27 July 1986 (2) "All Alone"

I was in a large cathedral, the design of which reminded me of pictures I had seen of the new cathedral in Washington D. C. On the balcony of the cathedral was sitting a man who reminded me of Johnny Cash. He looked down at me and sang, "Hey baby, where ya been?"

I sang back to him, "San Anton."

He sang back to me, "Hey baby, where ya going."

I sang back to him, "I don't know. I'm all alone."

Dream of: 29 July 1986 "So Perfect"

I had gone to the House in Patriot and found my grandmother Leacy there. She told me she would like to start raising frogs, but she didn't have anywhere to raise them. She knew a pond was on some nearby property where she could probably raise the frogs, but somebody would probably kill them there. She told me she would like to have a pond in her back yard. My sister was there and began digging a hole in the back yard. She made the hole about two meters in diameter and about a meter deep.

I decided to build a larger pond for Leacy and asked her to show me exactly where she would like for it to be. She pointed out a spot in front of the door to the garage which was behind the house.

I began digging with a shovel and thought I would pile up the dirt around the perimeter to make the pond even deeper. But when I first piled up the dirt I put it too close to the center and had to re-pile it. As I dug, I ran into a stratum of what appeared to be either dried up peas or berries. I reached another puzzling level where the dirt became very hard.

After I had dug for quite a while I decided I would like to go to Portsmouth, Ohio. I left Patriot, went to Portsmouth and decided to visit Steve Weinstein, who seemed to be living in the basement of the Grandview Avenue House. He was only there for a few minutes and then he left.

After he had gone I thought Weinstein usually had some pornographic magazines. He had been expecting me to visit and had probably put them away somewhere. I saw some bureaus where I thought he used to keep the magazines, opened one of the drawers and there found a couple of pornographic magazines and a large picture of what appeared to be a nude woman.

I picked up the magazines and began flipping through one of them. It was hard core pornography. The pictures didn't arouse me in any way and I actually thought they were disgusting. It surprised me that Weinstein was interested in stuff like that. I wondered if he ever masturbated while looking at that kind of trash. Finally I put the magazines back.

I wanted to take a shower but wanted to do it in a new office building which had been built in downtown Portsmouth. I wanted to go to the eleventh floor of the building, take a shower and also do some work there. I also needed to take some papers to the eleventh floor of the building.

It was Sunday. I went to the building and needed to press some combination buttons to enter. I had to go through several doors and push the buttons each time. When I finally reached the last door I looked through a glass window and could see the combination I needed written on a wall inside the door. There were three two-digit numbers. The middle two-digit number was 26. However when I entered the combination I pressed 24 by mistake and had to repeat the combination. Some people inside could see me. I thought they might think I was trying to break in because I was taking so long.

But finally the door opened and I walked in. I went to the elevator, got on and it started up. I likewise needed to push numbers on the elevator to go to the eleventh floor, but before I could enter the right numbers the elevator reached the twelfth floor. I decided to get off on that floor and walk down to the eleventh. I knew where the stairway was and headed toward it.

I saw Eddie Davis (a former high school classmate) standing on the twelfth and said, "Eddie Davis."

He looked at me. He appeared just as he had looked in high school. I asked him what he was doing here. He told me he worked on the twelfth floor and that he lived on the tenth floor. I said, "I didn't even know they had apartments in this building."

He said they did. I wanted to ask him what kind of work he did. He was carrying some boxes and I thought he might just be some kind of delivery boy, although I doubted that. Another girl I had gone to high school with was sitting at a table. I couldn't remember her name.

I walked down to the eleventh floor and entered what appeared to be a large living room. Ben Head (a former high school schoolmate) was sitting there on a couch. I shook hands with a fellow who I thought was Joey Jones (another former high school schoolmate). I walked over to

Ben Head and shook his hand. He spoke and I said, "I know it's Head, but I can't remember your first name. Is it Paul?"

He said his first name was Paul. He was a bartender. He told me when I had recently seen him in Portsmouth I had been discussing him with another person and had referred to him as "Pinhead." I couldn't believe I had actually called him that.

I mentioned to him that I had some clothes with me and planned to take a shower in the building.

I sat down and told Head I had seen Eddie Davis on another floor and asked him if he knew Davis.

But he couldn't seem to remember him. I asked the other people there but no one seemed to know Davis.

I thought about asking Head about Marshall (a Portsmouth attorney). I knew Marshall was a lawyer in Portsmouth and I thought it might be interesting to work part time with him.

About 10 people were in the room most of whom I had gone to high school with. But there were also three Japanese people in the room - two fellows and a woman. Everyone else appeared to be from Portsmouth. I commented, "I bet over 50 percent of the people in Portsmouth went to high school here."

The others in the room agreed with me. Someone put on music and about five people began dancing.

One of the Japanese fellows was especially energetic. I thought I might also like to dance. But I still wanted to go downstairs and change clothes first.

I began thinking about how beautiful it was in Ohio. As I did, it seemed I was sitting next to a girl on the porch of a house on Sixth Street in Portsmouth. The sun was shining and the weather was beautiful. I said, "I can't help it. There's just something I like about Portsmouth – especially on beautiful days like this when everything is just so perfect."

It seemed so beautiful I even considered returning to live there.

I saw George Musser (a Portsmouth acquaintance) drive by. I waved at him but I was unsure he saw me. I thought perhaps I shouldn't acknowledge knowing him. I knew he had had some brain damage as a result of his having tried to commit suicide.

Dream of: 30 July 1986 "The Beast Inside"

My brother Chris (who died at the age of 16 in 1974, crippled with muscular dystrophy) and I had gone to the Gay Street House (the large Victorian house in Portsmouth, Ohio where my father lived)

to search for my father. When we didn't find my father at the House, Chris and I walked a couple blocks to Tracy Park and lay down next to each other. After we had pulled some blankets over us,

Chris asked me if I had forgotten to tell him something which my grandmother Mabel had told me. I said, "Oh, yea. She wanted to wish you a happy birthday."

Having recently had a birthday, Chris had apparently been keeping track of all the people who had wished him Happy Birthday, and he seemed a bit hurt because I had forgotten to do so.

I felt close to Chris and I wanted to hold him in my arms and kiss him, but since quite a few people were around, I was unsure kissing him in the park would be appropriate.

I told him I needed to go somewhere and I asked him if he wanted to remain there in the park. He said he did. Apparently he didn't get out much and he liked just lying in the cool park. I turned him on to his side (he couldn't turn himself over due to his muscular dystrophy) and I left him lying there.

I walked back to the Gay Street House and standing outside I found a black woman whom I had earlier left at the House and who needed to talk with my father about something. She lived in

a house (I had been there before) a couple houses distant from the Gay Street House.

She began telling me about another house which she owned on Ninth Street in Portsmouth which she rented out. When I asked her how much the rent was, she replied that it was \$75 every six weeks.

Such a price appeared to be cheap to me. I told her that I was presently studying and that I might be interested in renting the house. When she wanted to know what I would do in the house after I graduated, I told her that I needed a studio in which to work and that I didn't want to live there. The thought of actually living in the house did, however, cross my mind. Mainly, however (rather than for living quarters), I thought the house would be an accommodating place to create art-collages because I would have the ample space which I needed.

When the black woman finally asked me if I would fetch her at her home two houses away when my father returned, I told her I would. She then walked away and I walked into the Gay Street House.

There, in one of the middle rooms, I found my sister – as well as a number of letters and cassette tapes which had arrived for me. Although the

tapes were from other people to me, the tapes had my voice on them.

After I had begun sorting through the letters (there must have been 20), I suddenly realized the letters were all copies. Apparently my father had opened the letters and made the copies, and I didn't know what he had done with the originals. I complained to my sister about what had happened. Apparently she had told my father not to interfere with my mail, but he had done so anyway.

The letters were responses from people (whose addresses I had found in a publication called the Dream Network Bulletin) to whom I had written concerning dreams. I had originally sent the same letter to everyone and had explained that I was involved with several different types of experiments involving dreams. I had mentioned in the letter that I had already been working on my dreams with Sue for quite a while. I said I realized that I hadn't been working with Sue as closely as I needed and that I thought I should quickly contact her and explain that I was bringing a number of other people into the dream circle. I hoped Sue would be interested in becoming involved with a group of people working on dreams.

I began telling my sister about the dream experiments, and as I talked, she and I walked down into the basement. For one experiment I had

stopped eating sugar, and as a result, I was experiencing an effect upon my mind. I basically said, "What prompted me to do that is that I read something about LSD laced with sugar, how that the sugar affected the LSD, so that a person wasn't able to experience the complete effects of the LSD because of the sugar."

Another fellow (about 30 years old) showed up. He reminded me of a law school friend, Brian, and of my best friend from my college years, Weinstein. Several other people were also in the basement, among whom I thought I saw Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977).

The fellow had invested in some equipment and had set up a laboratory in the basement to conduct some experiments. When I saw the equipment, I thought I would like to work with some of it. The fellow had some large sacks of a rather expensive substance which could be molded into various forms. I asked him about using it. I knew I would have to spend money if I did use it. He showed me how to make a substance which looked like Styrofoam and he created several squares of the Styrofoam-like substance (each side of the squares measuring about 30 centimeters).

We next intended to next make a flexible green magnetic piece to put atop the Styrofoam squares. The fellow had a large sack of pinkish powder

which he poured into another container to make the green magnetic piece. I wasn't exactly sure what we were going to do with the finished product.

Somehow, my sister managed to get some of the substance (for the green magnetic piece) inside her and she immediately turned into a monster which resembled a werewolf. When she started to attack me, I enigmatically called her "Susan Moore" and I began talking soothingly to her and controlling her hypnotically with my eyes. I thus appeared able to control the beast inside her.

What appeared to be a small lake lay in the middle of the room. I knew that to cure my sister, we would need to put her into a small boat we had there and push her out into the middle of the lake. I kept talking with her until I had her in the boat, then we pushed her into the lake.

I thought we then would be able to begin working on a project to turn her back to her normal self.

Dream of: 31 July 1986 "Far From Spectacular"

Louise and I were lying together on some cloth in a field. It seemed when I kissed her that I was kissing some artificial, cloth flowers. Nearby I saw some real flowers and thought perhaps we could

go lie in them. But the real flowers were wild flowers and rather shrubby-looking.

We began having sex. She began telling me that earlier that day she had thought there might be a possibility that she had caught a venereal disease.

She had needed to take a test to find out. But before she could take the test, she needed to take have a sexual climax.

She had met a black fellow and she had had him masturbate her. That really surprised and disgusted me. I thought I should probably immediately stop having sex with her; but I couldn't seem to stop. I thought our relationship was probably coming to an end and even if I had sex with her I probably wouldn't be able to continue staying with her. But I continued to have sex with her without saying anything.

I became twisted around so that she was lying on her back and I was lying face down on top of her – but my face was at her feet. My penis was still in her vagina and I realized I was close to climaxing. I felt like stopping but Louise, realizing how close I was said, "Oh, I'll help you."

She began moving and I climaxed. It felt good, but was far from spectacular. I knew we would probably break up soon; that knowledge took away the pleasure.

Dream of: 31 July 1986 (2) "Series Of Wars"

After being away, I had returned to the Dallas County courthouse and was walking around the halls. I saw judge Mike Schwille talking with someone, then I walked into Schwille's courtroom.

I wanted to tell Schwille that I had returned to Dallas and that I was thinking about working again in his courtroom. Finally Schwille asked me how I was doing. I said, "Fine."

I told him I would like to talk with him and he said, "Sure."

Schwille and I walked back to his chambers. He had a television turned on and said there had apparently been some problems in Atlanta. On the TV was a picture of what appeared to be a large ferry boat which had capsized close to the shore.

The water had just begun to go over the side of the boat and all the crew members (about fifteen) jumped from the boat into the water. Finally the boat went all the way under the water. I was unsure if the boat was the incident in Atlanta he had mentioned or if the incident was something else.

I told Schwille I would definitely like to go back to work in his court. I asked him if it would be OK and he said it would be just fine. He seemed happy to see me back. We sat in silence for a while.

Some other people were also in the room.

A picture came on the television showing some boys exercising. Some were doing back flips. They ran and flipped into the air.

I asked Schwille if he were much interested in history. He said he was and he talked of history's being a series of wars. He said there was a major war about every three years. I began to think that although that had been true in the past, it had changed a great deal since the invention of atomic weapons. We still had wars in the world, but they weren't major wars.

Schwille maintained that there had been more than two world wars in history, but that we hadn't begun counting them as world wars until this century.

We finished talking; it was time for him to go out into the court. I told him I wasn't going to do any work today because I wasn't wearing a suit. I thought, "I might ought to just run home and put on a suit. It would be an extra hundred dollars."

We continued talking as we walked out into the courtroom. I realized I wasn't going to stay, broke away from him and left. I began walking down the hall. I didn't want to run into anyone right now – especially not my ex-wife Louise. I felt a strange about having returned to Dallas to practice law again, but I was there now and I would just have to go ahead and do it.

Dream of: 01 August 1986 "Creer"

Something about a movie I was watching (similar to *Star Wars*) reminded me of a baseball game.

The heroes of the movie were invading an underground fortification of Darth Vader. When the heroes reached the interior of the fortification, the robot R2 D2 was shot and knocked over. The robot C3P0 ran up and said, "You can't do that."

After C3P0 had caused some commotion and fallen, a battle ensued. Only about five combatants were on each side. During the battle Darth Vader apparently managed to escape. I was amazed that his fortification had been able to be invaded to begin with.

The heroes were trying to locate a piece of paper on which a word had been written which was a key to operating a large computer. Once the word was found, the heroes would be able to obtain reinforcements.

Suddenly, I also appeared to be one of the heroes in the battle. Noticing someone drop two pieces of paper covered with writing into a waste basket, I ran and grabbed the paper. The word for which we were looking was written somewhere on the paper in a different kind of writing than the other words.

Although I had an idea what the word was, I wasn't completely sure. I thought it was "creer,"

but I was unsure whether it was spelled "creer" or "cree." I didn't know what language it was from.

Suddenly I was shot. As the others ran out I handed the paper to one of them and said the word was written on it somewhere amongst the other words. I said, "I don't know the word, but I do know it means 'to perfect'."

They ran off with the paper. But then I remembered the word didn't mean "to perfect" but "to believe." I hollered, "To believe, to believe."

I didn't think they heard me. Knowing that perhaps a hundred words were on the paper, I wondered how they would figure out which word was the right one. Perhaps they could somehow run the words through the computer. I imagined the heroes looking through all the words and I wondered what would lead them to the correct one. I knew they had heard me say the word meant "to perfect," but I didn't think they had heard me correct myself and say "to believe." I didn't know how that would affect their actions.

I lay on my back and knew I was going to die. I was completely rigid and looked with transfixed eyes out into space. I had reached a different plane of consciousness and felt very peaceful. It was as if my task had been accomplished and now I could rest.

Dream of: 02 August 1986 "French Countryside"

I awoke one morning and realized I had been traveling around France with Brian Morris (a Portsmouth acquaintance). We had originally gone to Paris, but Morris hadn't liked Paris so we had traveled into the country. Morris spoke fluent French and said he preferred the countryside. He said that all we could see in Paris was a bunch of seals, which was the word he used to describe the tourists there. I myself wasn't quite sure that was true.

When I awoke I found myself in a truck (similar to a large truck my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel owned). The gears on the truck reminded me of a large van I had once owned. We were parked near a roadside stand where some vegetables were being sold. A man came out of the house near the stand and said good morning to us. I thought he wanted me to buy something to eat, but I wasn't interested.

Morris spoke with someone nearby. Both Morris and the other fellow wore white clothing. Finally Morris walked away and I waited quite a while for him to return; but finally I decided to leave. I began backing the truck up; but I found I was in a garden and I had some difficulty getting out. Some of the plants in the garden looked like tobacco

plants. The rest of the garden was just full of weeds, so it didn't matter if I drove over it. Finally I realized something was wrong with the truck.

Morris showed up again and told me that something was wrong with the brakes and that he could fix them. I asked him how much he would charge and he replied, "Twenty-two dollars."

I said, "That's too much. I'll pay you fifteen."

He said, "OK."

I stepped out of the truck and Morris crawled underneath to begin working on it.

Dream of: 02 August 1986 (2) "Annie Of My Dreams"

I was in a room which reminded me of a classroom, but which was located in a department store. I sat down and began looking at a book. On one page were some letters which I began touching with my fingers. A typewriter key above the book then typed out each letter I had touched.

I began typing some poetry. Some people began watching me and I realized how interesting it must be for them to see someone typing poetry. The poetry was coming to me very naturally and it was very enjoyable to feel it flowing out of me. One of the phrases in the poem was "Annie of my dreams."

Three pretty girls were standing next to me to my right. I grabbed one by the hand, pulled her next to me and asked her if she wanted to go to France with me. She said no. Turning to another girl wearing a red sweater, who wasn't quite as pretty as the first one, I said, "Well I guess I'll just have to settle for you then."

I asked her if she would like to go to France with me. She said she didn't think she could go either.

Some boys (16-17 years old) were nearby. They were wearing green school sweaters. One spoke about having taken the Law School Admission Test. I said I had taken the test and had scored 680 out of a possible 800. I said that was very high because a score of only about 500 was required to be able to get into law school. He seemed impressed.

One boy said he had taken the test and had only scored in the 100s. Another said he had started to take it, but had walked out in the middle of it.

Dream of: 03 August 1986 "Writing A Dictionary"

A man (about 40 years old) and his son (about 30 years old) were writing a dictionary. The father was sitting at a table and the son standing. They were actually revising an earlier dictionary which the father had written.

They were going through the dictionary one word at a time and apparently were only up to the Bs.

They wrote the meaning of each word as they came to it.

They were working on a particular word and the father gave the meaning of the word. He then used the word in a long, very pretty sentence while the son listened. One of the words in the sentence was an odd, seldom-used word which they had found in an old English magazine which dealt with eggs and rocks.

The father had originally started working on the dictionary by himself; but now it was a full-time job and he and his son worked on it all day long. The father commented how he could remember those pleasant evenings when he would come home and by himself had drifted into a kind of fantasy land. But now it was hard work. He was complaining somewhat; but he still enjoyed having his son work with him. He just liked reminiscing on the times when he used to write the dictionary by himself.

Dream of: 04 August 1986 "Professional Musician"

I had returned to Ohio from Quebec City. I walked into a bar, went into the toilet, and began looking at myself in the mirror. I had two mirrors so I could hold one up and see myself in the back. I

thought about all the teenagers I had seen in Quebec who had shaved the hair off the sides and backs of their heads. That style hadn't reached Ohio yet but would get there eventually.

I had earlier started cutting my hair and hadn't finished it. With some scissors I began cutting some hair which was flipping up in the back. I also had two razor blades – one pink and one brown. The brown one had a short blade. I picked up one blade and began shaving all the hair off about two centimeters above my ears. I cut irregularly at first, but was finally able to even it out. Although my skin was white where the hair was shaved off, part of the skin was slightly darker where I had apparently cut off the hair before. I continued shaving to the back of my head. It was a rather radical hairstyle. It somehow reminded me of the contour of the brain.

I began painting black eyeliner around my eyes. I put it on heavy until it finally looked as if I were wearing black glasses. Before finishing, I went back into the bar, leaving my paraphernalia in the restroom for a while, but I soon returned to the toilet, picked up another razor blade which someone had left and I used it. Finally I began using my own razor blade again.

A fellow walked in and began using the urinal. He turned around, looked at me and made a comment

about my looking like a woman. When I retorted sharply, he said something else and acted as if he wanted to fight. When I stepped closer to him, I recognized him as was Nunley (a former junior high schoolmate). He looked as if he were in his early 20s. I said, "It's Steve Collier."

That didn't make any difference to him; he still wanted to fight. I said, "You're just a redneck. This is how people used to act toward the hippies."

He began fighting with me. I was much larger and about 30 centimeters taller than he. I tried to restrain him, finally managing to pick him up by his feet and pound his head on the floor. I did it several times and thought I might be badly injuring him. Finally I stopped; but he was still conscious and wanted to continue fighting. I restrained him again and I thought, "Well I'll just have to take him out to the bar."

I walked out to the bar with him. I took him over to the bartender and told him the fellow needed to be restrained because he was causing trouble.

I sat down and wondered what I would order to drink - maybe whiskey. But I really didn't want anything to drink because I didn't think that I drank. So I just sat there and didn't order anything.

I wondered what everyone was going to think about my haircut.

I had a guitar with me. Someone said something about my being a professional musician. I knew I had been playing music professionally. They asked me to play something. Kenny Rogers and a band were playing in the bar. Apparently Kenny and his band were going to accompany me. I began playing a country song which sounded quite good while Kenny Rogers and his band accompanied me.

Dream of: 04 August 1986 (2) "Challenging The Law"

I was in a place where a gambling game was being played. People were pressing some colored keys, almost like the keys of a piano, and numbers were turning up. Two colored keys had to be pressed correctly to win some money.

I lay down beside the game, on the ground, and began playing. I was able to figure out the proper combinations of colors to press and won almost every time. I only won a dime each time, but I was still winning quite a bit of money.

A fellow who worked here told me I was playing the game illegally by using two different colors, and that if I didn't stop playing it that way, I might

be arrested. I played the game a couple more times that way, but then I stopped.

Ron Cox (a former high school schoolmate), who looked as if he were in his late teens, walked into the room. Recalling who he was, I asked him if he had been playing the game. Although he said he hadn't, and that he had been doing something else, I still had the feeling he had been playing.

Vernon, dressed in a suit, walked in. He looked as if he were about 30 years old. Seeing how unhappy he looked, I had the feeling he and Louise weren't getting along well together. As I watched him walk into another room, I wondered if Louise was waiting for him outside in a car.

I was rather disheveled and my hair was long. I wondered what Vernon had thought about seeing me lying there. I didn't particularly care, but I probably hadn't made a very good impression.

I rose, walked down some stairs and went out onto the street. I walked a couple blocks, intending to head home. But I remembered that a bus went to my home and I decided to take it.

I was still thinking about the game and how I had been told I had been playing illegally. That should be challenged in the courts. I didn't think someone should be able to be arrested for playing the game

that way. I might purposely try to be arrested and challenge it.

I was living about ten months of the year in France. I thought during the two months when I returned to the United States I would challenge the game.

It also occurred to me that people shouldn't be allowed to play bingo in the churches. If the churches were going to be gambling institutions, they should not receive tax advantages.

As I pondered, I found myself in a courtroom where a man was on trial for the same type of offense with which I had been threatened. The man had been arrested several times in the past and returned every year to try to re-challenge the law. The jurors were sitting where the audience usually sits. A woman prosecutor began asking some questions.

The man on trial worked in France. At first I thought he said he was a lawyer, but it turned out he was a janitor.

Two large books (each about a half a meter square) were brought out. The books contained drawings which the man had produced. He was asked how he had time to do any other work while he was doing those drawings. He said he did have time.

The prosecution seemed to be trying to say that the man wasn't merely gambling in order to challenge the laws, but that he actually needed money and was gambling to get it.

During a break, one woman juror spoke about something she thought pertained to the case. One time she had been out on a boat in a swamp and had run into some flesh floating in the water. I was unsure what that had to do with anything.

Dream of: 06 August 1986 "Snake In The Drawer"

I had stored a number of pictures in a drawer of a chest of drawers. The pictures were, in a way, representations of dreams I had had. I was in the process of preparing a book using the pictures. The book of pictures would be similar to the book of dreams which I was presently writing.

Although I was not actually looking into the drawer, I stuck my arm into the drawer all the way up to my shoulder. I felt around with my hand inside the drawer until I suddenly felt some movement. I immediately stopped moving my hand. I realized what I had felt was a snake slithering across my arm. I had known about the snake before but I had forgotten about it.

I was uncertain what I should do. I thought if I moved my arm the snake would probably strike.

So I simply let my arm lie there until the snake had completely moved across my arm and I could no longer feel it. I knew the snake was still in the drawer but I thought now was my chance to jerk my hand out of the drawer as quickly as possible.

Dream of: 06 August 1986 (2) "Going Camping"

My step-grandfather Clarence and I were planning to go camping together. I arrived at the Gallia County Farmhouse very late at night, walked into the kitchen and spoke with Clarence. We hadn't yet prepared the things we needed to take with us and Clarence told me he had to get a battery out of a jeep he had. Then he had to gather together some other things and load them up. Then we had to drive to the camp site and set up the camp.

It was a Saturday night. The more I contemplated the matter the more I hesitated to start out so late. My grandmother Mabel walked into the kitchen. I told them both I thought it might be better if we waited until another night to go camping. Clarence said he agreed with me. But he said he would rather go right now if I wanted to. I said, "No, I want to go. I think it would be a lot of fun."

But I thought it was simply impractical to go out there at this time of night and it wouldn't be any fun. I looked at a clock on the wall and said, "It's

twelve fifteen. Realistically it would be three fifteen before we got finished, don't you imagine."

It seemed as if we definitely needed to wait until another night.

Dream of: 06 August 1986 (3) "Fall Into The Abyss"

I was climbing around the side of a hill on the Gallia County Farm with my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. At first I thought Clarence had gone on to the top of the hill on a tractor, but then I saw that he was still with us.

We had come to a place on the extremely steep hill. It had actually turned into a cliff and we were preparing to cross a part of it which had a high drop-off. I had climbed along the area before and knew one needed to look for places to put his feet and look for rocks jutting out from the side of the cliff to hold on to as he moved along. The cliff had eroded away considerably so that it looked as if it would be extremely difficult and dangerous to negotiate.

I asked Clarence if there wasn't a better way to go around the hill. He said there was another place at the top of the hill where we could go around, but it would take much longer.

Mabel (probably in her late 50s) had black hair, was thin and seemed quite strong. She was dressed in a pair of dark pants and a dark shirt.

She said she was going to go ahead and climb around the cliff. She began climbing, but suddenly slipped and began falling. I watched in horror as her body spread out and fell for about 15 into the abyss below. It was probably a drop of about 100 meters. Finally, with a thud, spread out flat on her face, she hit the ground. I looked at Clarence and said, "She's dead."

He was upset and said, "She's not dead. She's OK."

But I could tell from the way she had hit that she was obviously dead. Clarence began climbing around the side of the cliff. But I turned away and decided to go around the other way.

Dream of: 06 August 1986 (4) "Rock Of Gibraltar"

After having been away for six months, I returned to Dallas and went to the county courthouse. I was appointed in a court as a lawyer to represent some criminal defendants and began working on their cases. I went to judge Schwille's court to use the computer to look up the defendants and their records.

While in Schwille's court, I decided to put my name in the box used there to draw the names of lawyers who would be appointed to represent defendants in that court. It was about 8:30 a.m., the time when the drawing was supposed to take place. A line of lawyers had formed to put in their names and I got into the line.

Suddenly I felt someone tap me on the back of my right shoulder. I turned around and thought I saw Rhonda, the court reporter, but then I noticed Payne (a former client) standing next to me. I asked him how he had been and whether everything had gone all right in his bankruptcy case which I had been handling for him. When he said things hadn't gone completely all right, I asked, "What happened?"

He said he would tell me later. I then saw several people I knew in the courtroom. My ex-wife Louise was standing there and looked incredulous to see that I had returned. Other people also seemed surprised to see me. Most people seemed to think I had been in Europe. I began explaining to someone that I hadn't actually gone to Europe. Instead, I told them, I had spent two months in my Cabin, two months in Quebec, Canada and two months on an island in the Caribbean.

However, I couldn't remember the name of the island in the Caribbean where I had been. The

name "Puerto Rico" kept going through my head, but I knew it hadn't been Puerto Rico because the island I had been on had been French-speaking. I knew it was likewise not Haiti or the Dominican Republic. But I couldn't remember its name and felt embarrassed because I had just come from there.

I began circulating more around the court room.

Paul Light (a Dallas lawyer) had somehow managed to stick his head into the box which held the names, had gotten his head stuck inside it and was trying unsuccessfully to pull the box off.

I saw Vestal, the court administrator; but she didn't seem that friendly. I thought perhaps she was upset with me about something, but was unsure. Finally the lawyers, about 30 of us, all sat down in chairs. The room seemed like a big classroom. Louise stood in front and began calling out names and asking lawyers what they wanted to do with certain cases. Apparently this was a new procedure which Louise had instituted to go over any problems which may have arisen. I wondered if Schwille had instructed her to do so. I thought it was better than just going down to the courthouse cafeteria for a half hour every morning.

Each lawyer had a piece of paper with his name written on it and when Louise would call out, the

lawyers would hold up their pieces of paper to show they were here.

All the lawyers had been given numbers. Louise called out the number "600" which apparently was Louise's number. Louise was sitting in the row to my right and was one seat farther back than I. She was dressed in some very plain-looking blue clothes. Her hair was black and frizzy-looking. Louise asked Louise what she wanted to do with a case and Louise said she wanted to pass it to the next day. She called out Louise's number again. Apparently Louise had been having some conflict with someone about that particular case and likewise wanted to pass it.

As I looked around the courtroom, I realized I really hated being there. I would probably be here for about six months and then would leave again. I felt completely out of place here, although I felt confident I could do a good job.

I hadn't yet put on my tie and was going to have to do so. Suddenly judge Schwille walked into the courtroom just as I was preparing to put on my black tie. Schwille likewise was holding a tie in his hand which he hadn't yet put on. He walked back to me; he seemed to have been expecting to see me here. He seemed very friendly and said, "Now I want you to tell everybody that you brought the Rock of Gibraltar back with you."

I was unsure what he had meant by that. Apparently he also thought I had been in Europe the entire six months I had been gone. I was going to have to explain to him where I had been.

I walked out of the room and went into a side room to put my tie on. I then realized I had been smoking a cigarette while I had been talking with the judge, something I had only begun doing since I had left Dallas. I wondered if the judge had noticed.

The room I was in was like a closet. It didn't actually have walls, but only, hanging from the ceiling, strips of wallpaper separating it from the courtroom. I began trying to tie my tie but had difficulty because I didn't have a mirror. I tied it the best I could and finally a fellow I knew named Kent passed by and I asked him if it looked all right. He said it looked OK.

Haim Habib walked up. I was surprised to see him here and said, "Haim!"

I asked him what he was doing here and whether he was going to do some work in Schwille's court. He asked me if I worked here and I told him I did. I told him I had gotten six appointments the day before and that I made about \$300 a day here. But I thought I actually only made about \$500-\$600 a week there.

He seemed a little nervous and walked on into the courtroom. I had the feeling Haim hadn't passed the legal bar exam and he therefore hadn't been practicing law. I didn't know what he had been doing.

Finally I did see a mirror in the room and looked at myself. My hair had grown quite long and I was wearing a very peculiar pair of glasses. They were black and looked like aviators' glasses. They fit on the face like goggles although the glass part was quite small. The rims were very thick. I definitely looked different from any of the other lawyers there.

I walked back into the courtroom to begin working on my cases.

Dream of: 08 August 1986 "Death And Dying"

While alone in the upstairs of the Gay Street House, I had the feeling that something rather frightening was in the House, although I didn't know what it was. As I walked around the House, I could sense something there. I walked to the attic door, and from the bottom of the stairs, I looked up into the attic, and thought that whatever was in the House was up there. I could see a beige-colored rug which looked like a sheepskin hanging in the attic. I didn't know what the rug was doing there, but I thought it had something to do with what was going on.

I concluded that a ghost might be in the House, but then I thought, "I don't believe in ghosts."

But then I thought, "Yes I do believe in ghosts."

I had actually been thinking about the subject of ghosts for a long time and had begun to believe that ghosts did exist in the world. It amazed me that a ghost might now be trying to manifest itself to me. I walked downstairs to the kitchen and walked outside.

While I was outside, the back door to the House opened. I walked over to it and looked inside. I could see the door to the stairs to the second floor, but from where I stood I couldn't actually see the stairs. However, I could hear someone walking down the stairs one step at a time. I didn't know who it was nor did I know if anyone was actually going to come through the stair door – maybe some kind of force was simply coming down the stairs. Finally a foot stepped through the door – I thought the foot belonged to my father and I was relieved.

Suddenly, however, my brother Adolph (about 7 years old) appeared in the doorway and looked right at me. I realized he actually was a ghost. Dressed in a neat little outfit, he was smoking a cigarette. He motioned for me to follow him as he walked into the front living room, but I was too afraid and I simply couldn't do it.

I was petrified and I couldn't even talk. As I edged backward, my father pulled into the parking lot in a car. I motioned for him to come over to me. When he did so, he and I walked into the kitchen. We looked into the living room expecting to see Adolph. Instead, Kay was standing there.

She was dressed in clothes similar in color to the clothes Adolph had been wearing. I was utterly amazed. I pointed at Kay and said, "He's trying to tell me something about you, about death and dying."

Kay had a rather evil look in her eye, but she really didn't know what was going on either. I thought I also saw Jamie (Kay's son) in the background watching things.

I told my father I had seen Adolph just as clearly as I now saw my father standing there in front of me.

I thought Adolph had been trying to give us a sign. I didn't know what he was trying to say, but I feared Kay might be intending to hurt or kill someone. Since I didn't want to stay in the House, I walked back outside.

Dream of: 08 August 1986 (2) "Regaining Strength"

I was in the Travis Street Apartment and was trying to call Mireya (a Dallas acquaintance) on the phone. I had talked to her earlier and was trying to reach her again, but she had left her phone off the hook. I could hear her talking in the background. A man had been there with her but he had left. Now her boyfriend, who spoke a little English, was with her.

Suddenly I heard a dial tone on the phone and immediately my phone rang. I answered and the operator on the other end asked me if my phone was on the hook. I explained to her that I had been trying to get through to someone and asked her if someone was trying to get through to me. She said someone was trying to get through and said something about Ohio. I thought perhaps it was my mother trying to reach me.

Suddenly I heard someone coming up the back stairs. I walked into the kitchen, opened the door and found Louise standing there in her gray coat. I invited her in. With her was a large lanky dog which looked as if it were part Weimaraner. Louise walked into the living room and sat down. I asked her if she had been trying to call me and she said she had, but the phone had been busy. She said she had been the one who had called the operator.

The room was rather disorderly (but not dirty) and things were sitting all around. I sat down at the dining table, which was also in the front room and which had some food on it. Apparently I had earlier prepared a large meal for myself with five or six different types of vegetables. Since there was so much, I thought Louise would think I had prepared the meal for me and someone else; but it had just been for me. One plate had some food on it, including what appeared to be a pork chop and some other kind of meat. I stuck a fork in the pork chop and stuck a piece of it in my mouth. I looked at Louise and said, "Meat."

She looked surprised that I was eating meat. I began thinking that I had recently had a dream about my brother Adolph and that I needed to eat some meat to get some strength back. I was unsure of the exact connection between the dream and my eating meat, but thought there was one.

Louise, who seemed very distraught and upset, began talking. She rambled on about how she needed someone to talk to tonight. She had gone to her mother's house, but her mother had seemed so cold and distant. So she had come to see me. She said she had been under a lot of pressure.

I knew she had been going with some fellow named Arnold for a long time. I knew they were very close and that she had been having sex with

him. But apparently they had separated. Louise said, "What a decision it was to have left Arnold.
In the literal sense of the word."

I stood up, headed toward the kitchen and said, "Louise, with you, it's in every sense of the word."

The dog was lying in the corner of the kitchen scratching itself. I thought it was too big and that all it did was lie around and scratch. I said, "He's too big. He scratches too much. People are unhappy to see him coming."

I looked at Louise and said, "Are they happy to see you coming?"

Louise agreed with me about the dog. She wasn't very happy with it now that she had it.

I didn't feel very close to Louise. She took off her coat and shoes. I thought she was probably going to take off her clothes and spend the night here. I didn't care, but I didn't want to have sex with her.

I was unsure I wanted to sleep nude with her because we might get close, which I didn't want.

Dream of: 08 August 1986 (3) "Tact And Ease"

I was in an unfancy restaurant where four women (all in their early 20s) were sitting to my left.

Buckner (about 30 years old) was sitting to my right. We were all sitting at different tables. We

were all brought some food. We were taking part in a contest dealing with the way one orders food.

I wasn't exactly sure what the contest involved, but I knew some other people had been in the contest before and that there was actually a series of contests.

I thought I had been supposed to receive a small package of potato chips with my meal, but the chips hadn't come. I walked over to the counter and asked, "Could someone tell me who serves the potato chips?"

One girl said that she did. I asked, "May I have some?"

She handed me a small package and I returned to my table. I continued eating and talking to people. A girl sitting nearby knew me and came over to my table. I had mentioned to someone that I was going to go somewhere and she asked me where I was going. I told her I was going to Mexico and she asked me what I was going to do there. I said, "I'm going to write and make collages."

She thought that was fantastic. One of the girls on my left said she had seen my collages and that they were just beautiful. Buckner said he had looked at my collages so much that they didn't mean much to him anymore. He rather deprecated them. Someone then brought a note out to Buckner from the kitchen. One side of the note

was written in English and the other side was written in French. It said something about "you fucking crud."

I cleaned my table and wiped off the crumbs. I had several napkins and folded all of them in half. I left one lying in front of me and put the others in a jar.

Then a note came out to me from the kitchen. Apparently I had won the contest. The note said, "To Collier, the scholar who asked for it and handled it with tact and ease. From the gang at the waffle house."

Dream of: 09 August 1986 "Interesting Songs"

I was standing with a group of people outside an apartment building. Two pretty girls (probably in their early 20s) were sitting in a window on the second story. I understood that a person could go visit the girls if he could figure out how to get to them. Inside the front door of the building was an elevator, but it didn't go to the floor the girls were on. It went past that floor. No one could figure out how to get up there.

I immediately figured that one needed to simply go to the basement and take an elevator from there up to the second floor. I waited for a few minutes until a pretty black-haired girl came. We hustled together through a crowd of people and went down some stairs into the basement.

When we boarded the elevator, the two girls I had seen in the window were already on the elevator waiting for me. The black-haired girl who had boarded with me looked as if she were in her teens – younger than the other two. The girls stood together on one side of the elevator.

I didn't feel as if I looked very good. My hair had grown long, was unruly and was held in place by a headband. Nevertheless, I felt the girls were intrigued by me. We rode up toward the second floor. One girl said something in a language which sounded like Spanish. I asked, "What language were you speaking?"

She said it was French. I said, "Je voudrai que nous parlons français parce que je cherche de apprendre français et je ne peux pas apprendre si je ne parle pas."

We talked for a while. The black-haired girl spoke the best French. Finally we reached their apartment and walked in. The apartment reminded me very much of the Gay Street House.

It was getting late. The girls walked into another room and went to bed while I stayed in the living room and went to sleep. The next morning I awoke and decided to do some yoga exercises. I was lying naked on the floor and put my legs back over my head and stretched them out straight so my feet touched the ground behind my head. I had shut

the door to the girls' room, but there was still a slight crack. One girl, who had apparently gone to the bathroom and dressed, walked past the door. I pulled something up over me. Finally I stood and began dressing.

The black-haired girl walked into the room, lay down and we spoke together again in French. She was wearing a night gown and a pair of panties underneath. I sat admiring how attractive she was. She pulled her nightgown down to cover her panties.

One of the other girls who seemed to be my sister (not my actual sister) walked into the room. The black-haired girl, who seemed completely fluent in French, was speaking very fast. I said, "Vous devez parler un peu plus lentamente."

My sister (who was also learning French and who couldn't completely understand her either) told the other girl she needed to speak more slowly for me. I told the other girl it was also for my sister's benefit that she needed to speak more slowly.

A painting by Marc Chagall was hanging on the wall. Someone mentioned that Chagall had also played the guitar and had written some songs. I thought those songs would be interesting to hear.

Dream of: 12 August 1986 "Lost Purity"

I was in a rather dark room in a house (I didn't know exactly where) and through a window I could see into another room on a lower level. When I thought I heard the voice of Haim Habib (Haim and I had attended law school together from 1981-1983) in the other room, I put my head through the window and said, "Is Haim in there?"

I could see some people sitting on the floor in the room and heard Haim answer saying he was in the room. I wanted to stick my hand through the window and shake Haim's hand. When he brought his face up to the window so I could see him, I told him to come over to my room and he did.

A woman (about 30 years old) was with him. She had very long, dark brown hair, was slender and rather attractive. Haim looked as if he were about 25 and his face bore an extraordinary resemblance to Keith Gilbert. He sat down. He seemed very upset and I had the definite feeling, although I was unsure, that he had been smoking a lot of marijuana. It seemed to me Haim had become quite dissolute and was having some serious problems.

We didn't touch in any way. After we began talking I thought he might not want the people in the next room to hear us and I moved closer to him. I wanted to know what he had been doing since law school. I knew he had gone to California

to study international law and wondered if he had borrowed a lot of money to go to school and then not repaid it.

Haim seemed very reticent. Finally he revealed that his wife, whose name was Barbara, had died. That upset me. The woman with him lay down on a couch in the room, and I had the feeling Haim and she were now together.

I was sitting on the floor and in front of me was a keyboard with a screen attached to it. I began asking Haim questions and as he answered I quickly typed some of the responses. The keys clicked just like the keys on my IBM personal computer keyboard and I wondered if they noticed how proficient I had become at using the keyboard. I told him to just begin back at the beginning and asked him where he had gone when he had left Baylor Law School. I asked him who he had left Baylor with and he answered, "Labeta."

I couldn't remember exactly who Labeta was, but thought she might have been a woman I had seen Haim with before. I might have seen her wearing a dark green tee shirt once. It seemed as if she had been tall, had had light brown hair and large sagging breasts. I asked, "Well, was she the girl with the large saggy breasts?"

I then asked, "Well, did you move in with Labeta?"

Haim got on his hands and knees right in front of me and brought his face to within a centimeter of my face. He looked right into my eyes and answered, "Yes."

His answer was if to say, "Now you know what a terrible person I was."

I hadn't expected that answer and I was surprised to hear it. Haim seemed to be filled with remorse and grief which was eating him up.

I told him to give me the significant events. He said he masturbated right after that. I indeed thought that was a significant event. I was going to tell him I had continued masturbating over the years also. It had been the one thing I had never been able to completely overcome. That really bothered me. That was the one thing that made me the kind of person Haim was, which I didn't want to be.

Still, I felt rather pure sitting there in front of him. I was unsure, but thought I might be able to help him in some way. I had a certain purity about me which Haim had obviously completely lost.

He didn't seem to want to talk except in response to my questions. I wanted to reach the point when his wife, Barbara, had died. The girl on the couch rather enigmatically said, "Yea, so then she could come in here and read him her dreams."

The interview with Haim was a real revelation to me. I remembered having had several dreams in which Haim had not passed the legal bar exam. I realized now he actually had passed the exam and had become a lawyer. But my dreams had been accurate because they had been telling me that something had happened to Haim and that his life had terribly deteriorated since I had last seen him.

It was especially surprising to me because I remembered Haim had been industrious during law school. But there must have been a lot I had not known about him even though he had been industrious on the surface.

I began to realize just how accurately my dreams told me about what people were really like.

I was getting ready to ask Haim, "What was the age difference between you and Labeta?"

Dream of: 15 August 1986 "Words From Nowhere"

I was on a stage acting in a play. I had acted in the same play in the past, but it had been quite a while ago and I was concerned I might have forgotten some of my lines. I had the script with me in case I might forget something. The play seemed written in rhyming lines and my parts were fairly lengthy.

About a half dozen other actors were on the stage and a rather large audience was present. The play moved along and every time it was my turn to speak I was able to remember my part without problem. I didn't seem to know what I was going to say until I heard my cue. Then suddenly the words would just seem to come to me from nowhere.

Finally another female actress and I sat on a couch at the rear of the stage and the other actors moved toward the front. I leafed through the play, noticed I didn't appear to have any more parts, and was relieved.

The other actors at one point went out into the audience as they performed. The woman actress and I just sat and watched. I picked up a dish which had a bit of popcorn in it and began eating some. The woman turned around and looked incredulously at me and I realized my crunching the corn might be distracting. But then she even ate some of the popcorn herself.

I then realized the woman was Kay Ann Crapyou. I hadn't seen her since we had attended the sixth grade together. She looked as if she were in her early 30s. She was slender and had short dark hair. I felt a certain consanguinity between us and slipped my arm around her waist. I wanted to get to know her better. I thought she was very much

like me. She was an intelligent, creative person but she didn't have anyone with whom to share her feelings. I thought she had liked me for some time already but I had ignored her. It was time to remedy that. I asked her if she would like to go eat with me after the play and she accepted.

When the play ended, Kay and I walked outside. There I found a white car which belonged to my mother. My brother Chris was sitting in the car on the passenger side of the front seat. I thought he wanted to go with us. My car was also there but I couldn't get it out because my mother's car was blocking it. So I walked into a house and told my mother I was going to take her car and was going to take Chris with us.

Dream of: 16 August 1986 "Let's Have A Drink"

My mother and I went to Hart's Department Store in Rosemount, Ohio. Once in the store, we separated and I walked alone through the store. I rather felt as if I were wasting time there, but then I decided I needed to buy a few things and thought it would be a good time to look for them.

I passed by a display table exhibiting some toys, one of which was a yellow plastic device about the size of my hand. It was round on the bottom and in a way resembled a pair of clapping false teeth. It had a key on it and I wound it up. It was designed

to fall from one step to another going down stairs. I set it on the table and it began bouncing around.

On the table was another toy, about the size of a large cereal box, which was made of red plastic, except for the front side, which was clear plastic.

Through the clear plastic I could see plastic shelves within the box; it looked as if it were designed inside to resemble a house. At the top of the toy was a slot through which a coin could be dropped inside. A hole was also below the slot in each of the shelves inside the box. On the bottom of the box was a little flap so that the box would rock back and forth once it was set down. The idea was apparently to put a coin in the top of the box and watch it through the plastic as the box rocked and the coin rolled around the various shelves, finally falling through the holes and at last coming out a hole in the bottom. I set the box rocking, but I didn't put in any money.

A store attendant was standing nearby; I had the feeling he was watching me and wondering what I was doing playing with the toys. Finally I walked on.

I began thinking I might like to make something and I thought it would be interesting to build a piece of furniture. An armchair would be nice. I could buy the wood and simply begin construction. I began picturing designs in my mind. I could put

the armchair in my Cabin and perhaps someday I could even have all the furniture in the Cabin hand-made.

I thought about the type of cloth I would use on the chair and the piling I would put under it. I pictured the cloth as being brown with a flower design on it. On the seat of the chair the cloth could be held in place by buttons, which could be attached by metal screws passed through holes drilled in the wooden seat and bolted underneath.

The plan seemed practical. The finished work might not be extremely attractive, but it should be quite comfortable.

One thing I particularly wanted to buy in the store was a can of clear, polyurethane spray which I needed to finish some of my collages. I walked into the paint department but I couldn't find it anywhere. It seemed that Hart's in general didn't have material I needed to buy. I didn't care much for the store.

I continued walking around until finally I passed my mother sitting and sleeping in an armchair. She seemed tired and I didn't wake her. I walked on until I found an armchair myself, sat down in it and began thinking.

Finally my mother walked up to me. She hadn't found anything and was apparently ready to leave.

I acted as if I had just had to waste my time

waiting while she slept. But actually I hadn't really minded sitting there.

As we headed toward the exit, my mother saw a table with some glass objects on it. She picked up one amber-colored piece about the dimension of a large drinking straw, and said she was going to buy it for her cat to play with. I told her it would take too long to stand in the line just for that, but she insisted. We walked to the check-out line where only one cash register was working and about 10 people were waiting in line. When I again said something to her about the length of the line, she agreed put the glass rod down and we left.

I reflected that the reason the line was so long wasn't because so many people were in the store, but because the management simply didn't hire enough people to tend the cash registers. One way to utilize the employees better would be to start using electronic beepers to call the cash register attendants. When there was a slack period, the attendants could perform other work in the store. But when a number of customers were at the cash register, the attendants could be called back to the registers.

My mother and I walked through the parking lot and reached a flat-bed truck being driven by a man whom I didn't know. We climbed onto the back of the truck and the man drove off in the

direction of Portsmouth. I stood up in the blowing air as we rode down the highway. I noticed a taut wire on the truck about the height of my head and hung onto it. A black truck passed us and I saw that the other end of the wire was attached to the second truck.

I bent around to the window on the driver's side, tapped on it and the man inside rolled down the window. He was dressed like a farmer and was probably in his mid-40s. I asked him if he knew the wire was connecting the two trucks and he said he did.

I stood back up and noticed that also on the truck was a very large wooden keg lying on its side. If it had been standing straight up it would probably have been about five meters high and about three meters across its middle diameter. I began speaking with my mother about the keg. We thought it probably contained beer or wine and that it might be illegal. She said that illegal alcohol was very expensive these days. It occurred to me that a person could probably make more money selling illegal alcohol than drugs. But then I remembered that it was legal to make a certain amount of alcohol in one's own home.

As I thought about the alcohol and compared it to drugs, I thought I might want to smoke some

marijuana that evening. I hadn't smoked any for a long time, but I thought I would like to try it again.

As we rode along I realized the summer was coming to an end. The trees had just started changing colors. I saw one large tree in a field and thought it was a walnut tree. It would soon be time for gathering walnuts. The leaves on one branch of the top of the tree had already turned a pretty red color. I pointed the tree out to my mother and told her it was a walnut. It made me somewhat sad that fall was coming. I was uncertain I had accomplished much with my time during the summer.

When we reached Portsmouth I became more and more concerned about the keg. It seemed to be riding precariously and I feared it might fall off. Finally as the black truck turned a corner the wire somehow put strain on the keg and it tumbled off the side of the truck. Its momentum kept it going and it bounced ahead of our truck down the street. Cars began swerving to try to miss it but finally it rolled into the lane of oncoming traffic. It was so far away I couldn't see it well, but I was certain it had hit a car. My mother was sitting down and couldn't see what happened. I said, "It crashed into a car."

I was concerned there might have been injuries. We drove closer; a policeman was on the scene.

Liquid was spewing from the broken keg like a geyser. I turned to my mother and said, "Let's go have a drink."

Dream of: 18 August 1986 "Stress And Strife"

A woman and I had entered into a different type of reality, a place which I described as "another world." The woman had to meet another man and attend to some matters there. We had a car with us and I told her I would keep the car and wait for her. She seemed a bit apprehensive, but I told her not to worry, that I wouldn't leave without her.

The area where we were was actually rather small. I told her if she couldn't find me when she returned then someone must have me and she would need to search for me.

As she was leaving I thought I would pass my time singing. I almost felt as if I were singing a song from a musical play. But I had no lyrics prepared and I simply began making them up as I sang. I sang out, "World here I am, Just take me as I am. my life stress and strife. I just love to smell a sweet rose, I just love to hear the crows caw. World here I am."

My voice was clear and resonant. I was uncertain how to make words rhyme and still keep the flow of the song, but somehow the words seemed to come to me. When I sang the words "stress and strife," I at first sang "strife and stress" but

immediately changed the words so "life" would rhyme with "strife." When I sang "crows caw" I thought "caw" would rhyme with rose."

I wondered if anyone were listening to me. I thought I was singing admirably well, but I wasn't certain I believed all I was singing. For example I didn't really care that much about smelling the sweet rose; but it sounded good.

Dream of: 18 August 1986 (2) "Seth"

I had gone to my one-room Cabin (built on a high hill in southeastern Ohio). I seemed a bit distraught and apparently hoped the solitude of the forest would help me regain some direction after recent travels.

While in the Cabin, I began listening to a cassette tape which I had received from Sue. As I listened to the tape, I almost seemed to be actually talking with Sue on the phone instead of listening to a tape. She had apparently made the tape during the morning because she said she wanted to finish the tape before she received her "noon call." I surmised that someone was supposed to call her at noon.

As she talked, I could hear voices in the background. At first I thought Sue must have visitors, but then I realized the voice was her son's. Sue began telling me a little story about her

son (about 5 years old). The boy was apparently quite difficult to control and often demanded to have his way. One day Sue, her husband and the boy had been eating at a table. The boy had had a chicken leg and had thrown it on the ground after having taken only a bite.

Sue said she and her husband had reacted in a prearranged manner. Apparently they had been reading a book which described what to do in a circumstance like that. They immediately told the boy of the suffering which animals endure so humans would be able to eat meat. Their intent was to implant in the boy the idea of not eating meat.

Sue went on to say that sensitive writers living in cabins in the forest weren't the only people who thought about such things and that people living in the midst of society were also concerned. I knew basically to what she was referring. I remembered in correspondence with her I had once rather assertively brought up the topic of vegetarianism, even though I hadn't thought Sue was a vegetarian. I had later wondered if she might have been affronted with my militant attitude concerning vegetarianism. I now thought that although she still wasn't a vegetarian, she was at least giving the concept of vegetarianism serious thought.

She continued talking and when she said something funny, laughter echoed in the background. I thought she must have a laugh-tape which she could play when she wanted to have laughter accompany her. It almost seemed as if her tape (which she had made) had a certain premeditated design. I could imagine her sitting in a small studio with television and radio controls as she made the tape.

When the laughter occurred again at an inappropriate juncture, however, I realized the laughter was emanating from a television playing in the background. It sounded as if the show "I Love Lucy" might be playing and I thought her son was probably watching the show. When Sue apparently realized the background noise was coming through the tape, she said that she had learned to block out the sound and that she had thought I probably had also learned to block it out. I, however, really wasn't certain I had ever managed to shut out background noise like that.

While Sue was talking to me, a woman came to visit her. Sue was sitting in what appeared to be a laundry room, and when the woman walked in, I immediately had a clear image of the woman (about 30 years old) sitting down in a chair and pulling her legs up in front of her on the chair. The woman was slender and dressed all in white - a white shirt and white pants. After the woman

began talking, I had the feeling she wasn't saying much of any consequence. I figured she was probably just a neighbor or a local friend.

Sue went on to other topics and the woman disappeared from my mind. As I continued to listen, I still had the feeling the tape was somehow arranged in a definite order. I didn't think that Sue had gone to great efforts in arranging the tape, but just that she had a natural talent for such arrangement. It somehow reminded me of the arrangement of a symphony.

I had noticed several times during the course of the tape that Sue had addressed me by the name "Helen." In fact she had never called me by my actual name, but had always called me "Helen." I thought that must mean something, but what? Perhaps Sue knew someone named Helen and Sue was confusing me with that person. The only person I knew whose name was Helen was Helen Buckner (the mother of my high school friend, Buckner), who I thought was a bit loony. I didn't think the name "Helen" as Sue was using it had anything to do with Helen Buckner.

Then it occurred to me that Sue wasn't in her normal state of consciousness when she was communicating with me. She was calling me a name that had significance to her in her altered state of consciousness and that would also have

significance to me if I were in an altered state of consciousness. Indeed I felt as if my state of consciousness was beginning to shift into an altered state and I was somewhat apprehensive.

I remembered Sue had read some books by Jane Roberts which dealt with an entity named "Seth" which communicated to Jane when she was in a trance. It also occurred to me that Seth had given Jane a different name when he communicated with her. Was that the type of thing which was happening here? Was Sue in a trance-like state and giving me a name which actually did belong to me?

The name "Helen" was obviously feminine. Seth had also talked much about reincarnation. Was Helen a name I had used as a woman in a previous life? As the thoughts swirled in my mind I slowly realized I was going deeper and deeper into another state of consciousness. It was a pleasant feeling, but I was still apprehensive. I was also concerned whether Sue, who was to some extent leading me into this state, knew what she was doing. Recalling that I had previously thought Sue and I could explore some mysteries and subtleties of reincarnation together, my curiosity far exceeded my apprehension.

Sue said her daughter (7-8 years old) wanted to speak with me. The girl's voice came on the tape

and she mumbled some kind of thanks for a package of candy which I had sent her. My speaking to Sue's daughter somewhat puzzled me because I didn't exactly remember Sue's having a daughter. However I did recall having sent a small box of chocolates to someone in Sue's family. Sue came back on the tape and said, "They couldn't have been happier with the box of candy you sent them, Helen."

Still in a different state of consciousness, I heard music come on the tape and I thought the music was another example of Sue's arrangement of the tape. I had on earphones with which I was listening to the music. The right ear phone was broken and was bothering me somewhat. The music seemed like a symphony. I didn't pay much attention at first, but as the music gradually became more intense, I realized how beautiful it was. It almost seemed to take hold of me and I became caught in it, almost as if I were floating on a stream of music. I didn't remember having ever had such an experience. What an exhilarating way for Sue to be communicating with me!

Dream of: 20 August 1986 "Stenographer's Typewriter"

I had gone to a rather large classroom for the first day of classes in a course I was taking and I was surprised to find Vickie in the class. I hadn't seen

her for years and I was glad to see her again. She was sitting at a desk and I was standing next to her talking with another person. The person asked Vickie if she were married and Vickie said she wasn't. I was glad to hear that. I was then asked if I were married and I replied that I was. Vickie seemed downcast when she heard that. She said she thought I had gotten a divorce. I said I had gotten a divorce but then I had remarried the same person again.

But then I told her I wasn't really married. My former wife had indeed remarried, but not to me. Vickie seemed happy to hear that.

I sat next to Vickie and spoke with her. I asked her if, when I had left her years before, she had received any letters from me. She replied she had. I asked her if she knew where I had been and under what conditions. She said she thought I had been in prison in Iran. I was disturbed that she knew where I had actually been, because she hadn't written to me while I had been in prison in Iran. I asked her why she hadn't written me, but she didn't seem to have an answer. I began telling her how dreadful life in prison had been. I had been there eight months and I had been quite depressed. It would have helped much to have received some mail from her. She didn't seem to want to talk about it.

I stood up and walked around the room intending to sit in a carrel near the front of the room and put my books there. My friend Jon was also a student there; he put his books in the carrel next to mine. I was glad to see him.

Vickie had put her books in a carrel in the rear of the room. I thought I would like to sit next to her; I gathered my books together. I also had several maps which I began folding up. I had traveled quite a long distance to reach there and I had used the maps in traveling. I wondered if anyone noticed my folding up the maps and realized how far I had come.

I took all my things back and sat in the carrel on Vickie's left. She and I talked some more. Finally I tried to put my left arm around her, but she stopped me and said she wasn't ready for anything like that. She seemed to have a somewhat masculine quality about her. She rose and walked away for a while, but then returned and sat in her seat.

I had an old typewriter that I was using in my carrel. It was a manual instrument and I was having difficulty with it. I pulled out an electronic keyboard I had with me and I began using it. It wasn't a regular typewriter keyboard. It had large round keys and groups of letters were together on certain keys. Vickie looked at it; I tried to explain

a little how it worked. I showed her, for example, that the letters "ch" were together on one key.

Some keys had several different groupings of letters on the same key. Several keys had to be struck at the same time to determine which group of letters would actually be typed. I thought it was similar to a stenographer's typewriter.

My mother entered the room. I stood up and walked over to her. She was looking for my father.

The classroom was actually in a large shopping mall; I could see the shoppers outside in the hall through the windows of the room. My mother told me that she and my father had entered the mall two hours ago and that they had become separated so now she couldn't find him. Looking out into the hall I saw my father standing against the opposite wall. I pointed him out to my mother and she seemed relieved.

Dream of: 21 August 1986 "Dead Ducks"

I was in Portsmouth walking south on Brown Street on the part of the street which goes down a hill between Third and Jackson Street. I was wearing dress pants, a white shirt and a tie. I decided I would float down the hill instead of walking. I let myself rise a about a half meter off the ground and then I positioned my body parallel to the ground with my face turned toward the ground. My tie hung just above the ground. As I

drifted down the hill, I wondered if anyone had seen me.

I landed on Jackson Street and walked into a restaurant. Debi and Shaw walked in, but they went into another part of the restaurant without seeing me. I thought I would really like to see Debi, but I didn't want to approach her as long as Shaw was with her. Finally, however, I walked into the part of the restaurant where they had gone. I saw a woman who I thought was Caryl (another former junior high classmate), but I wasn't quite certain. I hadn't seen her since high school.

Suddenly a woman recognized me and motioned me to her table. I stood behind the woman and talked to her. Debi was sitting at the table directly across from me and Shaw was sitting beside her. Debi saw and recognized me. Looking at her, I felt very emotional and I intensely wanted to talk with her.

She said something to me and I spoke back to her. Shaw didn't seem to mind. A couple got up from the table where I was standing and left. Debi and Shaw rose. Apparently Shaw was leaving. Debi rose and walked over to where I was and the woman at my table suggested that Debi sit there and that I sit next to her. We sat down next to each other and began talking.

I specifically didn't want to talk about the past and I told them so. I said I had changed a lot in the past year and I now thought more about the future. They seemed to think that was good, but they themselves were still very caught up in the past.

I had been carrying my flute with me and I had laid it on the table. Some people were looking it over.

I told them I was interested in going to Mexico and finding goods to export from the country. I had been in Mexico before, but the laws there made investing foreign money there difficult. While in Mexico, I had seen dead ducks being loaded on ships and I had mental images of the scene as I described it to the people at my table. I didn't want to be involved in exporting meat; but I had looked into that area anyway.

I thought as a lawyer, I could give advice concerning export laws so people in the United States could rely on me to invest money in Mexico. If my advice caused them to lose money, they could collect on my malpractice insurance.

I was still trying to emphasize to Debi that I tried to think of the future. I said, "I tend not to look back so much at the past anymore."

However, I added that I did still think about people like her sometimes. I was also somewhat trying to impress her. I knew she had been in Portsmouth all these years, and here I was a lawyer engaged in international affairs. Nevertheless, I liked sitting there with her.

Dream of: 25 August 1986 "Nous Nous Aimons"

Louise and I had been living together for a while in French Canada; finally we separated and I went to a different part of Canada. Louise stayed in French Canada, met Vernon and married him. I didn't communicate with Louise for quite a while after that, but finally one day I returned to French Canada and encountered her on the street.

I didn't have much to say to her at first. I had been thinking about it and I knew Louise would have never gone to French Canada if it hadn't been for me. It was strange how things had turned out – how she had met Vernon and remained in French Canada. I knew she was still struggling with French and she hadn't yet learned it well. I told her I had been studying some French grammar and I wanted to tell her about a few things I had recently learned.

I had a pocketful of change and decided to use some of the coins to illustrate some grammatical principles to her. I thought about giving some of

the money to Louise, but then told her I would give her \$5 worth of quarters, dimes and nickels if she would give me a \$5 bill. She agreed.

I put some of the coins on a table. I told Louise I was going to teach her something about French grammar and that each coin was going to represent a word. I told her I was going to begin with reflexive verbs (which I had been recently studying). We sat down and she pulled up close to me.

I put a couple of quarters on the table and said, "Nous nous aimons."

I intended to point out to her that certain verbs, although they weren't actually reflexive, could be used reflexively. The verb "aimer" wasn't actually a reflexive verb. I was trying to show her that in certain situations, however, the subjects and objects of the verb mutually affected each other. I gave her two further examples and said, "Nous nous estimons. Nous nous faisons."

I thought the construction was particularly interesting because the pattern didn't exist in English. I asked Louise if she could think of an actual reflexive verb, since I knew the ones I had used in the examples weren't really reflexive verbs. But she just looked at me incredulously as if to ask what it all signified and why I was bothering to go through it all with her anyway.

I was going to explain some more grammar to her. But we had gradually moved closer and closer to each other until, thinking she wanted me to, I began running my teeth up and down the front of her neck, from her chin to the bottom of her throat. I repeated the action several times. She pushed me away more than once, but still held on to me as if she didn't really want me to back away from her. Finally I pulled her close to me, put my hand between her legs and pulled it up under her dress. She was wearing panty hose and I began caressing her between her legs.

I knew she had been having sex with Vernon and that I should not be doing this. But I persisted nevertheless.

Dream of: 25 August 1986 (2) "Parachuting"

I was at an outdoor gathering of people. Some tickets were being sold for an airplane ride and I decided to buy one. I bought my ticket, boarded the plane and we ascended. We flew about six kilometers high and two different layers of clouds were below us. I didn't know exactly what was going to happen up here. But suddenly to my utter astonishment and disbelief, someone began passing out parachutes to everyone on the plane.

About 20 people who had bought tickets were on the plane and they were all going to take a parachute jump. I hadn't been prepared for that

and I immediately decided I definitely wasn't going to jump. But they gave me a parachute anyway and I put it on.

People began jumping out of the plane and finally I just jumped out also. I found myself floating down through the air. Everything had occurred so quickly I hardly knew what had happened.

My parachute opened. Some people were floating close to me and I talked with them about what was happening. Things seemed to be going smoothly. I realized I rather liked the sensation of floating.

I saw one fellow floating not far from me; but he just looked like a black silhouette. In one way it reminded me of an eagle standing on its hind legs and in another way it reminded me of a person riding on the back of a large bird.

We continued down and suddenly someone close to me told me to get ready because we were going to go through some clouds. Then we would hit the ground. I began preparing myself as the ground drew closer and closer.

Finally I lightly touched down on what appeared to be an earthen levy and stood up. The landing had been very gentle. The fellow whose silhouette I had seen landed nearby. I realized he had parachuted down inside a van and that a boat was on a trailer in back of the van. I couldn't believe he

had jumped with all of that. He, like everyone else, had landed safely.

The jump had gone so smoothly I began thinking I might even like to try it again.

Dream of: 25 August 1986 (3) "Pleading Guilty"

I was in Canada and began to become concerned because I hadn't paid my income tax. I decided to go a Canadian court, admit my guilt and see what would happen. I figured if I simply pleaded guilty as to being negligent in paying my income taxes that it would have no adverse effects on my status as a lawyer because such an offense was just a misdemeanor.

I entered a courtroom where a judge dressed in a white suit was handling some other cases. The judge was a tall, slender, white-haired man (about 50 years old). The courtroom seemed rather informal; the judge was just sitting behind a table.

Finally the judge and I were the only ones left in the room. I walked up and told him why I was here and that I wanted to plead guilty. He considered the matter and finally passed sentence. He said, "I sentence you to 65 in jail probated for 5 years."

He then told me I wouldn't actually have to go to jail but I would have to leave the country and I wouldn't be able to return for five years. I asked

him if I could simply leave for just 65 days. He said, "No you'll have to go from the country for the full 5 years."

I walked away. I wasn't very bothered because I thought I would probably just go to Mexico, but I began to wonder what in the world had possessed me to go to the court house and turn myself in in the first place. Nothing had been gained from it. I should have gone to a lawyer for advice before having done such a stupid thing. It had been simply ridiculous for me to have done what I had done.

Dream of: 25 August 1986 (4) "Blue Dams"

I had moved into an upstairs apartment in a building in Portsmouth, Ohio. From my apartment I could see a nearby bar located on the second floor of a building. One night I was standing on the back porch of my apartment and saw a fellow named Glen I had known at Baylor Law School go into the bar. He made a little leap into the air when he entered and screamed loudly. He seemed to know everyone inside.

The door of the bar was open and I could see Mattis (a former Portsmouth acquaintance). I thought the gang I used to associate with in Portsmouth must frequent the bar. I could also see a pool table inside. At first I didn't think I wanted

to go over there and drink anything alcoholic. But finally I decided to go and see what was going on.

I walked into the bar. Steve Buckner and a girl I thought might be Sussie Schultz were sitting at the bar. They had a stack of record albums and on the front of one of the records was a picture of the girl, who apparently had been producing albums.

I was carrying a small, black and red hand accordion. I walked up to Buckner, who had some kind of musical instrument with him. We began playing music together and continued for about 5 minutes as people listened to us. We didn't sound bad, although I only had a few notes I could play on my accordion. I didn't really even know how to produce those; however a melody seemed to come out as I played. When we finished everyone in the bar began clapping and I felt good.

Bob Morris (a former high school classmate), who was sitting at the bar, said something about buying me a beer. I said OK and he ordered me an "Alheimers." I sat down at the bar and Mattis said four guys had been shot that day by Kegley (another former high school schoolmate), who was now a law officer. One fellow had been named Moon. I wanted to know who Moon was and whether it was the same Moon who had been a law student with me in law school. The way they

described him it sounded like the same Moon I knew.

Apparently the four fellows had been under arrest and had been shot when they had tried to escape. I asked why Moon had been arrested. Morris said Moon had been shooting up a drug called "blue dams." I thought the man must have been another Moon because the one I knew didn't use any alcohol or drugs.

Dream of: 27 August 1986 "Breaking Through"

My father and I had gone into the carry-out on the west end of Portsmouth, Ohio near the bridge which crosses the Scioto River to West Portsmouth. While my father was busy looking at something, I walked over to a stand-up cooler which contained racks of alcohol. I opened the door and began looking at the bottles.

I was thinking of buying a bottle of beer to drink. But I also wanted to buy some beer for fuel for the truck which my father was driving. I began looking at the prices and saw that the beer was quite expensive. I asked the man behind the counter about buying the beer for fuel and he said I needed to buy a minimum of five dollars' worth.

Most of the bottles and cans in the cooler looked very old. Some six packs even had dirt piled on

them, as if they had been sitting in there for years and the dirt had accumulated. I began to be unsure that I wanted to buy anything to drink. I thought I might just buy the alcohol as fuel.

Besides beer, I saw some bottles of what appeared to be whiskey. One bottle containing a green liquid caught my eye. It was a pretty bottle and I had the notion that it had been imported from France. I picked it up, shook it and saw a layer of liquid chocolate also in the bottle. It was apparently some kind of sweet alcoholic drink. Unlike the other bottles in the cooler, it looked quite inviting. It was also expensive. I put it back on the shelf.

A man then walked up and I recognized him as my old junior high school classmates, Shramm. He looked the same as when I had last seen him in high school. I spoke to him and he also recognized me. I asked if he lived in that part of town and he said he lived on the next street. I said, "Oh you mean Front Street."

Another fellow with Shramm indicated that indeed Shramm did live on Front Street. He said it was on a corner of another street he named. I knew where that street was and asked if he lived on the west or the east corner. The fellow with Shramm said it was on the west corner and asked me if I would

like to visit. I didn't want to visit him but thought I might drive by some time.

Shramm seemed almost like he was a bit retarded.

His speech seemed syncopated and almost infantile. I thought he probably had some menial job to support himself.

Finally my father and I left without my having even bought anything. We walked outside, and boarded a large semi-truck which he was driving and we rode through the streets of the west end of Portsmouth. Many dilapidated and poor houses were in that area. I thought it would look better if all those houses were simply torn down. But I said, "I used to think it would be better to tear down these poor houses so people wouldn't have to live in them. But then I realized those people would simply go to better parts of town and soon turn the houses there into poor ones. It is the people themselves which cause the houses to be run down."

Not all the houses were in bad shape. Some houses had been renovated and that part of town seemed to be in general experiencing rejuvenation to some degree.

I thought about the new bridge being constructed across the Ohio River near Portsmouth. I asked my father about it and he said it was almost completed. I told him I would like to see it and he

said we could drive out there. We turned around and drove across the Scioto River Bridge. As we went across it I noticed the railings along the bridge had been taken away so I could now see the river below. It looked like a rugged, rocky creek with water swirling over jagged stones. I commented to my father how different it looked without the railings. He agreed.

On the other side of the bridge my father turned north and began driving along the Scioto River instead of turning south toward the Ohio River. Somehow he planned to reach the new Ohio River bridge in that direction. We drove for a while until we came to a hill. The bridge was supposed to be on the other side of the hill.

The road had become increasingly narrow. To our left was a precipitous drop off into the river. I didn't think there was even room for the truck, but my father kept driving along the steep, windy, dirt road. Finally we reached a point where we could see the bridge, but I was so concerned about the road, I told my father I wanted to go back immediately.

Since there was no room to turn around, my father began backing down the road. But he failed to turn the wheels sharply enough and we suddenly began plummeting over the edge of the cliff toward the river. We smashed into the water

which quickly engulfed the truck. The truck didn't have doors on it and I thought we would be able to escape without much difficulty. I reached out and grabbed my father by the wrist as the water began to cover us. I wanted to make sure he was able to swim to the surface. He seemed to have a black billfold in his hand.

We both slid out of the truck and were completely submerged in the water. The truck had sunk rather fast and I wasn't sure how far down we were. I continued to hold my father's wrist as we rose toward the surface. I kicked my legs but didn't use my hands. I realized I hadn't taken a deep enough breath of air before the water had covered us and that I wouldn't be able to last long. I still didn't know how far it was to the surface and was beginning to become somewhat concerned as I could feel the air disappearing from my lungs. I imagined myself breaking through to the life-giving air.

I also began wondering about the truck. It had been an old truck but my father had valued it. It was a shame he had lost it. I wondered if he would try to have it recovered from the river later.

Dream of: 27 August 1986 (2) "Leaving Texas"

Louise and I were in a car I was driving in Texas. I was unsure exactly where we were, but I was

trying to leave Texas. I also had another car here which I was trying to find. Suddenly I saw the other car, a white car. It came down a hill without a driver, hit something, bounced into the air, smashed to the ground and then landed upright in the driveway of a house. It appeared to be drivable, but I was unsure.

I pulled the car I was driving over to the side of the road, got out and walked over to the white car. I got in and tried to start it. It lurched forward a little toward another car sitting in front of it in the driveway. But it didn't hit it. Then the car died and I couldn't seem to restart it.

Some people were in the yard. A woman walked up to me and asked me about the car. She told me it had been around here for a while and she had reported it to the police, who wanted to see me when I came to get it. Apparently I had some tickets against me about which the police wanted to talk with me. She told me where the police station was, but I had no intention of going to the police station if I could avoid it.

I walked back to the car where Louise was and told her that when I got the other car started she would have to drive the car she was in. She could follow me as we tried to wend our way out of Texas. She didn't like the idea, but there really was no alternative.

I still didn't know exactly where we were. We had been driving along a road for quite a long way.

The woman walked up again. English was obviously not her native language, but she could speak it passably well. I asked her if she could tell us where we were. But she couldn't seem to express herself well. She said we were on the Autobahn, but that didn't help me any. There was an intersection nearby and I asked her if she could tell us where those roads led. She tried, but I couldn't make heads or tails of what she said. Another girl walked up and began trying to help us.

I pulled out a map. They said we were in a village and gave us the name, the first letter of which was "A." I began trying to find the village on the map, but was unsuccessful. Finally the girl pointed to an area northwest of Dallas and said the village was somewhere there. I thought that was good because we were near the state line. I wanted to get out of Texas as quickly as possible and avoid any confrontations with the police.

But I still couldn't find exactly where we were. I thought we would just have to drive until we came to something recognizable.

Dream of: 28 August 1986 "Peurs"

I had gone to visit old philosophy professor Rembert Glass, who was sitting behind a desk

piled with books in a room which apparently served as his study. I sat down in one of the several chairs around the desk. I noticed a brown reclining arm-chair in the room. On his desk I noticed a book called *Peurs*. I thought it was a French book meaning "Fears."

Rembert (bearded and about 40 years old) was occupied with something at first and seemed rather distant. I talked about dreams, but he didn't seem interested. He looked up and seemed to become a bit more animated.

The subject finally arose as to knowing where one was when one was dreaming. Rembert started to become quite interested. He maintained that it was best not to know where you were when you were dreaming. I disagreed and said I really needed to know where I was when I was dreaming.

Apparently Rembert had read some books and done quite a bit of study about that particular subject. He continued to maintain that it was a better level to reach when you didn't know where you were when dreaming. I said, "Well you could go the opposite way. One could know where he was at the beginning of the dream and then work toward not knowing where he was."

He became animated and stood up. He seemed to think I had grasped the concept about what he had

been saying. It was as if I had come half-way. He seemed to be indicating that I was thinking positively if I would consider beginning the dream knowing where I was and move toward a place where I didn't know where I was.

He talked about dreams he had had in which he hadn't known where he was. He said he would be amazed when he would awaken. He would awake, go to his desk, sit down and smoke cigarettes (he mentioned Kool cigarettes) while he thought about what he had dreamed. It disturbed me that he was still smoking cigarettes.

Apparently he had also read a book by someone who had written stories about that particular subject. Referring to the author of that book he said, "I thank you very much, story teller."

Dream of: 29 August 1986 "Serving Satan"

I was strolling down a city street looking for a certain building. I reached the building and went in. There had previously been a bank in the building; but the bank had moved out and now all the offices were empty. Almost immediately after I had entered the lobby a large metallic machine which was operating fell on top of me and pressed me to the ground. I tried and tried to slide out from under it, but I was unsuccessful. Finally however I was able to pull myself out from under it and I stood up. I was amazed. I didn't know

where the machine had come from or how it had fallen on top of me.

I had some noble intention of saving someone somewhere in the building. I began walking and soon I heard someone's footsteps. I began trying to hide. I walked into a room and could see some shadows passing by in the hall. I thought whoever it was was going to find me and I decided to attack him before he discovered me. I jumped toward him and suddenly encountered two men in front of me.

I was ready to fight them. I had my red-handled razor knife I use for cutting out pictures and I was going to use it against the men. I suddenly realized, however, that the men were definitely much stronger than I. Plus I began to think that I was the one actually trespassing and that they had caught me.

I began trying to escape, but then I turned again toward them with my knife. One also had a razor-like knife. He said, "You want to fight? I'm hypnotically desensitized. I can't feel anything."

We began fighting. At one point I had hold of both of them and I tried to stack them on top of each other, but they easily escaped me and soon gained the upper hand. Each time I tried to escape they blocked me. They began talking about subduing me. They talked as if I were the evil one. They seemed so powerful and the more they talked the

more doubts I began to have about myself. They said something about my serving Satan. It began to appear that they were working on the side of good and that I was working on the side of evil. I began to reflect that they might possibly be correct. That possibility was very disturbing to me.

Dream of: 01 September 1986 "Recurring Pattern"

I was sitting in the living room of my mother's home where I had been living for about two months. My mother was busily arranging different sizes and colors of construction paper in interesting patterns on the walls, using long needles to hold the paper in place. I thought she had conceived the idea after having seen some of my collages.

She was upset with me about something and was complaining. Actually she had been doing quite a bit of complaining lately. I told her it was a recurring pattern for her to begin complaining after I had been around for two months. As in the past, I would only be able to tolerate her complaining for one more month – then I would have to leave.

I walked into the next room where I found my old high school friend, Mike Walls (also living there) and his wife. Walls was working with my computer. I walked over to it, saw some orange

writing on the screen along with the usual green writing and asked Walls how he had made the orange writing appear. Then I saw he was using some of his own software which seemed to cause the orange writing.

I told Walls that Steve Weinstein was going to come and visit me soon. I was happy because I liked seeing Weinstein. Walls however didn't seem to care much for Weinstein and he showed it.

Dream of: 01 September 1986 (2) "Being Tested"

I was dressed in a soldier's uniform and was with some other soldiers in an arid, desert-like area. I hadn't been in the military long and was presently in training. We were fighting a mock battle with some other troops and were using fake bullets and shells. We hadn't yet seen the enemy when suddenly they opened fire on us from a position in some shrubs approximately 100 meters away. They seemed to be firing some kind of cannon. The shells weren't reaching us and exploded about 20 meters short of us. The shells certainly appeared to be real as the ground flew from around them.

We slowly and cautiously advanced toward the enemy. One of my comrades had a bazooka and fired it. I crouched down and then ran up to some other comrades who were ahead of me. Some comrades jumped into a creek in a rather deep

ravine and I followed them. We began advancing along the creek toward the enemy position.

Finally we reached what appeared to be a very large culvert and walked inside. It wasn't actually a culvert however, but a long cement tunnel which appeared to have been built expressly for the war games. Holes had been made at certain places in the top of the tunnel which weren't large enough for a person to fit through but through which one could view the enemy position. I began examining one of the holes. When I looked back around I saw that my fellow soldiers had retreated back to the end of the tunnel where we had come in.

I raced back to where they had gone and discovered they had exited through a hole in the ceiling and placed a cover over the hole. There was space enough so I could see them above me and they could see me, but, to my astonishment, they didn't remove the cover for me to exit and apparently they were simply going to leave me there. I pleaded with them to let me out but they turned a deaf ear. There was some dirt around the hole which I thought I could probably dig out; but I doubted it would give me enough space to squeeze through.

I was very confused and began wandering back through the tunnel. It appeared possible that there might be no way to get out of there and I could die

there. Finally I found a window. Outside was what appeared to be some kind of courtyard where the earth had been removed next to the tunnel. A man appeared and walked toward the tunnel. I thought he had a key in his hand.

He did have a key and he opened a door on the side of the tunnel. He was probably in his mid-40s, dressed in civilian clothes and carrying either a brief case or some files. He had black hair beginning to bald, was shorter than I and was probably fifteen kilograms overweight. I thought he might be some kind of doctor. Perhaps I was saved; he could help me. If he didn't help me I could probably overpower him and escape.

I stepped from the shadows toward him and he seemed surprised to see me there. I explained what had happened and he seemed genuinely concerned. He asked me why I was there and exactly what I had been doing. I still didn't understand why I had been deserted and I felt disoriented.

I didn't respond to his questions; instead I began developing a theory in my mind as to what had happened. I belonged to a rather special class of soldiers. I might at times be entrusted with classified information and indeed thought that even on this mission I knew things which I should not reveal. It seemed possible that I had been

selected and purposely locked in the tunnel to be tested to see if I would break under pressure. The added tension of my own comrades having turned against me was part of the test. The man in front of me was probably part of the plot to see if he could extract information from me.

But I didn't tell him any details of my mission and he didn't press the point. Instead he led me out of the tunnel and to his car. We boarded and he drove off. I sensed that he had deduced that I had already figured out what was going on. Indeed he openly spoke about it and said I was now being tested.

But he explained that the test was quite different from what I thought. We were no longer simply playing a game – we were involved in a real-life situation. He pulled out two hand guns and handed me one. The gun he kept for himself was a large caliber while the one he handed me looked like it was only a twenty-two caliber. Only one of the guns, he told me, had a real bullet in it.

I felt unsure; but it appeared I could make several decisions. I could use my gun against him, commit suicide, work with him or simply surrender.

He said I could trade him guns if I wanted and laid his gun on the dash. I picked it up and wondered which gun contained the real bullet. I simply couldn't tell. But then it occurred to me that it

didn't matter because I now had both guns - and I told him as much. But he seemed completely unconcerned - obviously the test involved much more.

I didn't know exactly what I was facing. But the man seemed concerned about me and he began describing some trials I would undergo. I felt the test was going to be long and that I had only started. We had come to a populated area and he told me he would let me off somewhere if I wanted. I saw some gas stations and told him to pull up to one. He started to pull over but I told him to go on to the next station. I thought the first one might be somehow connected with him.

But I began to realize that any of the stations might be rigged somehow. He pulled into the front of another gas station and stopped. I saw a phone booth and thought perhaps I could call someone; but I didn't know whom. I did indeed seem completely alone. Perhaps I could take a bus somewhere. But where? I really had nowhere to go. Besides, I was still intrigued by what was happening. Perhaps I should not try to escape and should indeed undergo the test awaiting me.

The man seemed to want to advise me about what was going to happen to me. A sentimental song came on the radio. The man seemed to pick it up as a cue and he began talking about women. I

thought even the song on the radio could have been arranged; the radio station might have agreed to play songs in a certain sequence to affect me.

The man said I would be more apt to succumb to a woman when I would come home tired from a day's work. He basically said that in order for me to be trusted there must be no women in my life. Although I wasn't happy with that idea, something inside me told me he was correct.

Dream of: 01 September 1986 (3) "Playing Chess"

I had been playing a number of games of chess with a woman. We had to play very quickly every time, and I hadn't had time to carefully deliberate my moves. Nevertheless, I had consistently beaten her, even though she appeared to be a fairly good player. I thought I would like to have more time to play because I wanted to start castling my rooks, a play which I hadn't been using.

When we finished playing, we rose and walked to the door to leave. I thought we would play again the following day and as we parted I said,
"Startaremos otra vez manana."

Dream of: 02 September 1986 "Kentucky Space Ship"

I was with some people on a space ship traveling around the earth. We encountered another space ship and some people on my ship, including myself, were able to board the other ship where we found other people with whom we began talking. I met one fellow on the ship who was about my age and talked with him. We finally landed on earth.

About 10 days later I was sitting with my grandmother Mabel at the Gallia County Farmhouse when I heard a knock on the door. I answered the door and there found the same fellow whom I had met on the space ship. His father was with him and they both looked like Japanese.

The younger brother of the fellow was still out in space on the space ship. I had seen the younger brother before I had returned to earth and they began asking me questions about my encounter with him. I gave them all the information I could.

Finally the fellow asked me if I had been told where the space ship had originated that the younger brother had been on. I said I had been told that it was from Kentucky and the fellow said in French, "Tu mens."

I replied, "Je ne mens pas."

He said the ship wasn't actually from Kentucky. But I told him they had told me the space ship was

from Kentucky. He sat down on a bed in the room.

I became angry because of his accusing me of lying, told him to leave and pushed him outside. However I continued to be polite with the father until he also departed.

I began to think the fellow might try to bother me later. I hoped the space ship returned soon because I didn't want to have any more trouble with the fellow.

Dream of: 03 September 1986 "Common Interest"

I was at some kind of fair and came upon a booth where people were betting money on dice. I bought \$1,000 worth of some paper used for betting in the game and I placed all the paper on the number two. Another fellow also placed his money on the two. Someone rolled two dice, a one and a one came up and I thought I had won. However I was told the two would need to come up a second time in order for me to win.

The dice were tossed again and again a one and a one appeared. It looked to me as if a one was on every side of the dice. I had won a total of \$1,300. I decided I would immediately cash in the \$1,300 plus my original \$1,000 for a total of \$2,300 and quit. I knew it would be best to quit while I was ahead because I might lose if I continued to play.

I handed the man my markers and he began counting out the money to me. I didn't trust the man and when he finished counting out the money I told him to wait while I counted it. I soon discovered he had included some travelers' checks (in the money he had given me) in \$10, \$50, and \$100 denominations. It took me a long time to finish counting. Finally I realized he had actually given me less than \$2,000 and I began complaining.

I also was concerned about the travelers checks and I pointed out that they clearly said on them that he must pay me in cash on demand. After I had talked with him for quite a while it appeared I was going to have to go find the owner of the booth and demand my money from him.

I began walking around and discovered I was actually in a classroom which contained a number of other people. I encountered Ramey and I spoke with him about some legal matters. I said I could spend all my time studying one legal subject - the law of horse racing for example - and then if afterwards someone would ask me a question about the subject I wouldn't know anything about it.

I then encountered Maynard (a former high school classmate) and asked her what she had been studying. She said, "Dreams."

She had a large gray book and with a black felt marker she wrote the word "Dreams" on the top of the book. I couldn't believe it and I said,
"Dreams?"

I wanted to tell her I had been writing a book on dreams and I asked her if anyone had ever told her about it. She said maybe they had, but if so she couldn't remember. Another girl standing next to Maynard who reminded me of Nina Cahan (a Dallas acquaintance) had also been working on dreams. I was surprised I had actually found two people who shared a common interest with me in dreams.

Dream of: 04 September 1986 "Combating The Evil Spirit"

I had been to Mike Walls' house and when I had left, I had carried off a baggie containing about a quarter ounce of brownish marijuana. Unsure why I had taken Walls' marijuana, I decided to return it, but I also decided to keep enough for one joint.

I took some of the marijuana out of the baggie, cleaned the stems and seeds from it and put the cleaned marijuana in a pocket on the left side of my tee shirt. I then placed the baggie with the remaining marijuana in the same pocket.

I headed for Walls' house, reached it and walked into the front room where I found Walls (about 35 years old) and Nunley (a former high school

schoolmate) sitting. I was surprised to see Nunley there.

Walls' hair was gray and thinning on top; he appeared to be aging prematurely.

Walls and Nunley talked about drugs and I had the feeling Walls had been using various kinds of drugs lately. Nunley apparently had also been using drugs. I recalled having recently had a dream in which Nunley had appeared; I hadn't understood why I had dreamed about him, but I felt as if the dream might have had something to do with drugs. Although I hadn't seen Nunley in many years, I felt as if he might have started using a lot of drugs.

After I pulled out the baggie of marijuana I had in my pocket and laid it on the table, Walls said he had a lot of marijuana which he was selling and he could sell me a half ounce for \$5. He mentioned that the dollar I had left for him was still there. I now remembered that when I had taken the baggie of marijuana, I had left a dollar behind for a joint and I had actually intended to bring the rest of the marijuana back just as I was now doing. Walls said that I could have the dollar back and that he would sell me the baggie I had for \$5.

I contemplated buying the marijuana, but I really didn't want to because I would have to carry it around, which would bother me because I didn't

like to have any marijuana around me. I even began to think I didn't want to smoke the marijuana which I had cleaned and put in my pocket. So I began taking the cleaned marijuana out of my pocket and putting it back into the baggie. When Walls asked me if I had enough for a joint, I told him that I did, but that I had decided I didn't want to smoke it.

I thought I had actually already smoked some of the marijuana, but then I realized I hadn't yet smoked any. Indeed it had been a very long time since I had smoked any marijuana. I knew I had recently had some dreams in which I had smoked marijuana, but the truth was that I hadn't smoked any for a very long time. I didn't know exactly how long it had been since I had smoked any, but I knew it had been well over a year.

I couldn't deny that I was tempted to smoke, but the temptation had dramatically decreased. I was now able to control my will as regarded smoking. I didn't voluntarily want to smoke and I had freed myself from any involuntary desire to smoke. I didn't delve deeply into the metaphysics of smoking; I simply realized I wasn't going to smoke and I returned all the marijuana to Walls.

After Connie (Walls' thin diminutive wife) walked into the room, we began watching a television show about drugs. Some people on the show were

being interviewed and some women were talking about how their husbands used to use drugs and how the women had dealt with the problem. One woman was quite ugly and I made a comment about that fact. One woman being interviewed was the wife of my old Portsmouth buddy, Phil Lane. She said that Lane didn't like to party and that she had begun to wonder where he was going when he went places. I, however, recalled that the only thing Lane had liked to do was party.

When I finally stood and walked outside, Connie and Walls accompanied me. They were going somewhere, so we walked along together. Connie mentioned that Lane had been in the house while I had been inside, although I hadn't noticed him. I spoke with them about drugs and what drugs could do to a person. Walls was aware he had a problem with drugs, but Connie was much more aware that she had a problem.

She talked about a type of spirit. I was unsure whether she was referring to someone who had died or something else. She described the spirit as being about the size of a human being; it appeared to be some sort of demon.

Apparently Connie had been having some contact with the spirit, which had been disturbing her. She told me that one time she had been inside a type of tent which looked like a dome made of white

silky cloth. The demon had taken what appeared to be a paint roller (except the roller rolled fire instead of paint) and had started rolling the roller across the top of the tent. The flame from the roller caught strips of the tent on fire as it was rolled across it. I envisioned the rather dramatic scene in my mind.

Walls, Connie, and I immediately began building a cloth dome-tent similar to the one Connie had described. When we had finished constructing the tent, I pulled up a truck loaded with bales of marijuana and we filled the tent with the marijuana. Walls didn't know what I was doing. I then set the tent on fire and we stood off to the side as it burned. I thought by burning the marijuana I was going to be able to combat the evil spirit. I was quite satisfied with what I was doing.

I didn't smell the marijuana as it burned, but suddenly Walls smelled it and said, "Shit, Collier, if I had known you were going to burn those 2,000 kilos of grass ..."

Dream of: 05 September 1986 "Piece Of Jewelry"

I had gone to a house where someone who appeared to be my sister (not my actual sister) and some other members of my family were staying. I left the house, but returned later and found that

only my sister was now there. She was dressed up ready to go somewhere and was wearing bright, red lipstick.

I wanted to have sex with her and I asked her if anyone else was around. When she said no, I pulled her close to me and told her I wanted to have sex with her. I began kissing her, slipped my hands inside her skirt and felt her buttocks. She was in a hurry and wanted to leave. But I told her if she would only give me a minute, it would be all I would need.

She agreed and we pulled off her skirt. She lay back on the couch and spread her legs, between which was some kind of organ which stuck out like a penis. But the organ was designed so it had a large hole in the end of it into which a penis could be inserted. I stuck my penis inside the organ and it felt very good. But apparently it was causing my sister some pain because she began an anguished moan. I wanted to continue, but it was becoming ever clearer that we weren't going to be able to go on.

It began to seem as if I were watching the entire scene from afar. As I watched I began describing to myself what was taking place. I also began describing a piece of jewelry which my sister was wearing either in the collar or a buttonhole of her blouse. It somewhat resembled a fleur de lys but

also looked like a cross. On the vertical axis the jewelry had a red color and on the horizontal axis it was blue. I tried to describe the jewelry to myself and I even seemed to be writing down the description. It made me begin to think and finally I got off from top of her. Obviously we weren't going to be able to have sex after all.

Dream of: 06 September 1986 "Awful Choice Of Ties"

While walking around at the Gallia County Fair, I met a woman (in her early 20s) who had long brown hair. I spoke to her and picked her up. We left the fair together and went to the House in Patriot. We walked upstairs to the bedroom and lay down in the bed together. I began running my hand over her body, but we didn't actually kiss.

I took off her blouse, under which she was wearing a bra. Lying behind her, I reached my hands around in front and felt her breasts. I took off her bra and began feeling her bare breasts. I started to put my hand down her skirt, but she didn't want me to and stopped me.

Finally, however, we both took off all our clothes and I climbed on top of her. I rubbed my penis against her pubic region, but I didn't actually insert it into her. I did however notice a small amount of white fluid around her vagina and I

became somewhat concerned that she might have a venereal disease.

I looked at her teeth; her left front tooth appeared to have a black spot on it. I had already kissed her and thought how disgusting it would be if she actually had a cavity in her tooth. The black spot bothered me and I tried not to even look at it.

Overall, however, she wasn't unattractive for someone I had managed to simply pick up off the street. Finally I did have intercourse with her and afterwards she left.

After her departure I became hungry and walked downstairs to search for food. I found some cupcakes (which my mother had made), a large platter of beef, some chocolate chip cookies and some Oreos. I hadn't eaten in quite a while, was quite hungry and carried all the food back upstairs. But before I could begin eating, my father and mother came upstairs and into the room where I was. My father told me he needed me to go to the city of Monroe for him. Apparently his car was broken down and he needed me to help him out by driving there. I asked him how far away it was and he said it was about 30 miles. I replied, "No, it's about 50 miles."

I really didn't want to go to Monroe and finally I flatly refused. My mother told my father she would go for him. I didn't want to see her go either, but I

had decided I definitely wasn't going to go. My father became extremely upset, tried to force me to go and became physically violent. My mother tried to restrain him but he grabbed me and threw me down. He stormed out, but soon returned and became violent once again. My mother once again tried to control him and once again he went back downstairs. I felt he was beginning to realize he wasn't going to be able to control my life like he used to.

Meanwhile I was still quite hungry and began eating some of the beef. I broke off large hunks of the brown meat, stuck them into my mouth and chewed them up. I prepared to leave and began putting the Oreos and the chocolate chip cookies into a large bag. I noticed the cupcakes, which I had forgotten, and I also wanted to take them with me.

I planned to go to my Cabin and stay there. Although I knew the Cabin would be hot inside, I thought I would periodically go to the creek and cool off by bathing.

Finally I had everything together and began looking at a large map of Germany. As I looked at the map it seemed I indeed was in Germany. The map showed Germany as being divided into counties. I thought the city of Monroe might be on the map, looked for it, but I couldn't find it. I

thought I was on the western side of Germany and perhaps close to Luxembourg. I wasn't exactly sure, however, where I was living here and tried to find the county I was living in. But I couldn't seem to locate it.

The countries on the map seemed to all radiate out from one point on the Rhine roughly the same latitude as Luxembourg. I also noticed quite a few lakes on the map which were interesting because they looked as if they were rectangular with straight edges and were apparently man-made. I hadn't been out much and was unfamiliar with the area. I needed to learn more about the geography of Germany while I was here.

When I finally left the house, instead of going to my Cabin I went to a courthouse where I found a black boy (about 16 years old). He was a legal client I was supposed to defend in a juvenile case.

His father was with him. We waked into the courtroom in front of the judge. The boy's father proceeded to argue with the judge and the judge had the father taken away to jail.

Since I didn't agree with the judge's order, I was going to be able to have a new judge hear the case. The new judge walked in and the old judge became the prosecutor in the case.

I sat and waited. I was only wearing a pair of blue jeans and a blue shirt. Some other lawyers began

marching in. One of them was Louise. One fellow carried in a bunch of ties which he was selling and sat down on a bench facing me. I asked to see one of the ties and he told me I would need to contribute about a dollar to some kind of children's fund if I wanted to wear one of them. He handed me a bunch of ties to look at and I picked out a black tie with gold circles on it. But instead of the one I had picked out he gave me a gold-colored tie. I also found a gold-colored sports jacket which I put on.

Louise had sat down near me to my right. She seemed to think my choice of ties was awful. When I pointed out however, that the tie matched my gold-colored jacket, she didn't say much. She seemed quite comfortable in the court and apparently did quite a bit of work here. I however seemed a little uncertain of myself because I hadn't been here before.

Finally I said to Louise, "Does my face have any marks on it?"

She answered, "Yea, you stink."

I said, "Well I had a big knock-down-drag-out with my father."

I was going to tell her about the fight I had had with my father. But finally the female judge walked in. I put on my tie and got ready.

The judge began asking different lawyers in the room what they wanted to do with their cases. The judge asked one lady attorney if she had thought about a particular jail for her client. The woman said she would give it some thought. Louise said to the woman lawyer, "Haven't you even thought about what jail the woman is going to go to?"

The woman attorney said she would try to figure it out.

I spoke to Louise again until the judge began asking Louise some questions. I stayed quiet while the judge talked with Louise. A pretty girl, whom Louise was apparently defending, was sitting on Louise's right. Louise began asking her some questions.

Dream of: 06 September 1986 (2) "Baby Tiger"

Another man and I were walking along when I heard a baby crying. We continued walking and I tried to discern where the crying was coming from. Finally we came across a pack of large orange and black tigers. I thought the crying baby was with the tigers. I ran into the middle of them, but instead of a baby child we found a baby tiger.

The other man grabbed the baby tiger and we began walking away. He said to walk slowly before the tigers had a chance to realize what we had done and start chasing us. After we got out of

their sight we began running. We could hear the tigers begin to chase us.

The other man handed me the baby tiger and told me to run with it because I was a little stronger than he. We ran on through a wooded area until I came across what appeared to be a kitchen cabinet. I opened the doors to the cabinet, crawled inside with the baby tiger and pulled the doors shut with some handles inside the doors. The other man ran on.

I soon heard something on the outside of the doors trying to get in. I knew it was the tigers. Although it was tight and cramped inside I didn't budge. I was hunched over top of the baby tiger and it remained quiet.

We stayed here for a while until it grew quiet outside. I opened the doors, saw some cars nearby and dashed toward them carrying the baby tiger. I jumped into one of the cars and began driving away. I came to a residential area and began going down a hill. I pushed down on the brakes but they wouldn't catch. At least they were only barely catching. There was no traffic and I raced around some corners without incident. I approached a stop sign at the bottom of the hill and I still couldn't stop. I did manage to slow down somewhat and went through the intersection.

At the bottom of the hill I was finally able to find a place to pull over and park. I got out of the car and walked toward a restaurant.

I began thinking the car had actually belonged to some priests. If they tried to press charges against me for theft of auto I had a good defense because I had been trying to escape from the tigers. I even considered trying to have the priests arrested for maintaining an unsafe vehicle with faulty brakes.

Dream of: 07 September 1986 "Spider-Like Bug"

While I was in one of the fields on the western part of the Gallia County Farm between the road and Symmes Creek, I decided to shoot some birds with an old buttless .22 caliber rifle. I opened the barrel and put a shell which looked like a red shotgun shell into the rifle.

I stood on the edge of the creek, saw a bird in a tree and fired at it. It tumbled to the ground. I fired more shots and killed at least one other bird which also fell to the ground. I didn't retrieve the birds as they fell, but I mentally noted where they were and I thought I would pick them up later. I rather dreaded looking at their bodies because I thought I would probably feel guilty about having killed them when I saw them dead.

Each shell I put in the gun could be fired six times. Finally I tried to shoot and nothing happened – the shell was all used up. When I opened the gun, I thought the empty shell would probably fly out on its own, but it didn't. I had to pull it out. I then stuck in another shell and closed the barrel.

While firing I had noticed that I had sometimes been cocking the gun and that sometimes I hadn't. The rifle seemed to fire better when I cocked it before firing.

I saw some birds in the trees on the other side of the creek and although I thought they were too far away, I sited in on one anyway. From the silhouette I thought it was probably a dove. I fired. The bird didn't move at first and I thought I had missed it, but then it started to fly. When I noticed the bird was flying crookedly, I thought I must have hit it. I felt regretful when I realized the bird looked like a duck because I hadn't wanted to shoot any ducks. Since I had already winged the bird, I thought I had better try to bring it on down. I sited in on it and fired, but I apparently missed because the bird continued to fly and let down its extremely long legs. Now I thought the bird must be a stork. The more I looked at the bird, the more its legs grew. It looked for a while as if ten long legs might be hanging down. I thought I had made a mistake in having shot that particular bird.

To my surprise, as the bird flew overhead, it began changing colors. Now it didn't look like a bird at all, but like a large round sphere of brilliant colors which seemed to be arranged in rainbow-like lines. I continued trying to sight in on the object to shoot it, but it was too high and moving too fast. Plus I began having trouble firing my gun.

I was finally amazed to see the colors on the bird merge together to form a picture in the sky. The bright colors formed into a large rectangular picture. I tried to discern the picture and realized that one of the characters on the picture was Charlie Brown from the comic strip "Peanuts." As the object moved across the sky, the picture continued to change. At one point, I noticed the picture of what appeared to be a baboon.

I was quite intrigued that an animal, such as a bird, could make those kind of designs which seemed to me to defy natural law. I knew that wasn't the first time that I had experienced the phenomenon. At least twice in the recent past, I had been confronted in dreams with animals being able to make human designs. Those times as well I had marveled over the event and I had thought what I had seen hadn't seemed to comport with my understanding of nature.

I remembered one time in particular when, in a dream, I had been at the home of my friend, Steve

Buckner, and a spider-like bug had created a lamp with some cartoon pictures on it.

The object I was watching in the sky now seemed to flutter and almost seemed transparent. I vaguely wondered if the object might merely be an apparition and not real at all. Finally the object began losing its altitude, began approaching the ground on the other side of the creek and at last it crashed.

Almost at the same time I heard the sound of an approaching vehicle on the road. Since I didn't want anyone to find me here, I thought of jumping into the creek and swimming across it. When I saw a place in the creek where I could step on some rocks and cross, I immediately scrambled across the rocks onto the opposite shore.

To my surprise, the vehicle I had heard was on the side of the creek at which I had arrived. As the jeep approached me, I thought it probably contained a forest ranger.

I walked over to where the object from the sky had crashed. The object had burst into flames when it had hit that ground and it was still burning when I reached it. The ground was charred black in a rectangular area of approximately three by fifteen meters.

The jeep pulled up and two slender blond-haired fellows in ranger uniforms stepped from it. When one said something about homosexuals being in the area, I thought he might be trying to insult me. I almost said something like, "Oh is that why the two of you are driving around here?"

But I thought it would be better not to say that and I refrained. They walked up to me and one sat down in the charred area. They asked me what I was doing and I told them I had been shooting birds, even though I was unsure that shooting birds was legal. I told them that my grandfather owned the Farm and that I also lived there part of the year.

Then I spoke of the large object which had fallen, "It was as big as a thousand kites. I mean a hundred kites."

He replied, "A hundred kites," and he said it in such a way as if to intimate that I had consciously lied when I had said "a thousand kites."

When he asked me about my gun, I showed it to him and explained that it was just an old .22 caliber. He didn't seem to be saying I had actually been breaking any law.

Dream of: 07 September 1986 (2) "Mr. Eaton"

Some other people and I had gone to a house where Birdie was living in New Boston. Although Birdie wasn't there when we arrived, we walked in anyway and made ourselves comfortable. After we had been there awhile, something happened to the electricity and all the lights went out. Some men who apparently lived next door (the house was a duplex) came into Birdie's house, apparently to fix the problem. They were there only a short time before the electricity was functioning again.

As they were leaving I noticed one of the men looked like Rick (Birdie's husband). He was slender, had brown hair and looked as if he were about 20 years old. I stepped up to him and saw that he indeed was Rick. I had never spoken to Rick before, but I began explaining to him that I hadn't seen Birdie in five or six years and I had simply come up there to pay her a visit. He didn't seem concerned and left.

I found a picture of Birdie in the house. It was about an 8" by 10" black and white photograph only of her head. She was wearing a military hat and shirt. Her hair had been cut very short and appeared to be brown instead of black. She looked about 25 in the picture. Her teeth seemed to stick out in the front slightly. Apparently she had joined the military.

Birdie herself arrived and Rick came in with her. She also had a baby girl, about 1 year old, with her. I sat down on a couch, Rick sat near me on the same couch and Birdie and the baby sat in an arm chair to my left. Soon the baby came over to me and wanted to play. I tried to pinch its nose with my fingers but it was too small. Finally I grabbed one of its big toes. It tried to pull away but I held on. Suddenly the baby began crying and screaming and I let go.

The baby went back to its mother with tears in its eyes, but soon it came back to me wanting to play again. She stuck her toe into my hand and I again grabbed it. She started crying and I took one finger away so that only one finger was resting on the toe and I wasn't squeezing it. But the baby continued crying anyway. I pointed out to those present that I wasn't even squeezing its toe. The baby went back to Birdie.

It was early morning and I had to go to work soon. I wasn't exactly sure where I was working, but thought it was in a law office in Portsmouth. I also realized I was actually sitting in the living room of the Logan Street House. Birdie and Rick rose to leave. I was disappointed I hadn't been able to talk with Birdie alone without Rick's being present. I wondered if I would have hugged Birdie if Rick hadn't been here.

To my relief Rick walked out to the car and left Birdie and me alone. She spoke about a man named Eaton for whom she apparently worked. She said something about his recently having had a picture taken of himself and that even as the picture was being taken he had realized he was going to appear to be an intelligent person in it.

He sounded like an egotist to me.

Birdie went on to say that when I had been at her house, Eaton had come to see her. But he had been very intoxicated and hadn't come in while I had been there. Instead, Birdie said, he had crawled into my car, a white Volkswagen Rabbit, and had gone to sleep. That news disturbed me because I didn't like the idea of someone being in my car. But it seemed little could be done about it now.

I told Birdie I would like to talk to her some more alone. I told her I was only going to be in Portsmouth for about a week and that she could call me at my mother's in the evenings after I got off work. Suddenly someone else stood up in the room and I realized it was Mr. Eaton. He had been lying on another couch there and had fallen asleep. He walked past us and went outside. I didn't like the idea of his having heard me talking to Birdie about our telephoning each other.

Dream of: 08 September 1986 "Man In A Wheelchair"

While in Portsmouth, I had tried several times to call Steve Weinstein in New York City. I was dialing a 602 area code and the last four digits of his telephone number were "1848." I tried once again and someone answered. I recognized the voice as Dr. Weinstein (Weinstein's father). Somehow I must have dialed Weinstein's parents' number by mistake. But I didn't see how that could have happened. I had dialed the same number several times before and each time a recording from Weinstein's answering machine in his apartment in New York City had answered. How had I now reached his parents' home in Portsmouth?

Although it was only about eleven o'clock Dr. Weinstein sounded as if he had been sleeping. I thought for a moment about hanging up without identifying myself, but instead told him who I was and asked if I had awakened him. He mumbled about having just gone to bed. I apologized and tried to explain how I had been trying to call Weinstein in New York. I had already dialed his number several times and each time I had reached Weinstein's answering machine.

It began to occur to me that the area code of New York City was actually 212. I didn't know how I

had reached Weinstein before if I had dialed a 602 area code. However, 602 wasn't the area code for Portsmouth either. But since I was in Portsmouth maybe it didn't matter that I had dialed the wrong area code. Dr. Weinstein seemed a bit confused by it all and finally gave the phone to his wife, Mrs. Weinstein.

I spoke to her and tried to sound up-beat. She seemed friendly and we agreed I should come immediately to their house. There seemed to be a bit of urgency in the rendezvous.

We hung up and suddenly Weinstein walked in. I began trying to explain to him what had just occurred. He said when he had moved to New York he had liked his old number so much he had taken it with him. That at least helped to explain how I had reached his parents: apparently they still had the same phone number but at a different area code. I hadn't realized a person had a priority right to obtain his old number if he moved to a new place with a different code.

I explained to Weinstein that I had told his parents I would come immediately to see them. Some other people were with Weinstein and he didn't seem interested in accompanying me. I tried to explain to him the importance of the visit now that I had committed myself. However he simply didn't want to go.

So setting out walking alone I traveled a path through a pine forest and soon came across some uniformed men apparently searching for someone. They had found a large hole in the ground and one of the men, a Negro, lay down next to the hole and began shining a flashlight in it. It looked as if something black were in the hole and suddenly, with a fierce growl, a huge black bear roared out and grabbed the Negro.

I ran off and soon found another man standing beside a second tranquilized black bear, which after hearing the roar of the first black bear was beginning to revive. However the man with the bear pulled out a long knife, slid it across the top of the bear's nose, and blood began trickling from the slash. The bear succumbed and became docile again. Apparently the man knew how to handle the bear.

I continued along the path until I reached the Weinstein's. Someone let me in and led me to a downstairs bedroom which had a large sliding glass door which gave out onto the back yard. A man was sitting in the room in a wheel chair trying to communicate with another man in the room. But the man in the wheelchair could only speak German and the other person didn't understand him.

The man in the wheelchair was probably in his 80s although he appeared to not be more than 40. He was slender and appeared fairly strong. Someone explained to me that he was a relative of the Weinstains who had come from Germany to visit them. The man in the wheelchair and I were left alone, I walked closer to him and said, "Ich kann deutsch sprechen."

He didn't seem to understand me at first but then responded. I said, "Ich bin drei Monaten in Deutschland gewohnt."

He very quickly spoke to me in German, I asked him to repeat what he had said and the second time I understood him. We continued conversing in German. Apparently he hadn't been able to talk with anyone since he had arrived here and was relieved to find someone who could speak with him.

He almost seemed childlike. He told me he had been in a wheelchair for over 50 years. He was also unable to either read or write.

I asked him if he would like to go outside. He said he would and we went out onto a verandah. A long concrete walk there led to the edge of the forest. I sat down in a swing on the porch and he pulled up close to me. We continued our conversation.

Dream of: 09 September 1986 "The Guilt Of Christ"

I was living in an upstairs apartment in Portsmouth, Ohio. I walked downstairs, walked outside and went next door to a McDonalds restaurant. I ordered a pizza and was given a small pepperoni pizza about eight centimeters in diameter. I walked away from the counter and back toward the tables.

There I saw Mike Martin (with whom I first came in contact in 1964 when we started the seventh grade together in Portsmouth) whom I had not seen in many years. I walked over toward him and, even though my pizza was small, I offered him a piece. He took two small pieces and I commented that the whole pizza was only as big as a quarter and each piece was as big as a penny.

I then said, "What are you doing here? I've never seen you here before."

The restaurant was a hangout of mine where I often met several people, but I had never seen Martin there before. He replied, "I just came over to see what was going on."

Martin was wearing a white tee shirt. He looked as if he were about 30 years old but still reminded me of how he had looked when he had been about 16. I thought he was poor and probably couldn't

afford to buy a pizza for himself. When he finished what he had eaten, I offered him another piece. A juicy piece with two pieces of pepperoni was right in front of him. At first he refused, but then he took a piece on which my thumb was resting; the piece had only cheese and no pepperoni on it. I said, "You took my thumb rest."

I remembered Martin had dated King in high school. I asked him what ever happened to Debbie King.

I thought after he told me what happened to Debbie I would then ask him about Debi Gillum. Martin said, "She had a spiritual experience. She became convinced that she bore the guilt of Christ."

He went into more detail of Debbie's experience. It sounded rather macabre, yet fascinating, to me. Apparently Martin had not seen her in years. I wanted to find out where she was now.

Dream of: 10 September 1986 **"Slaughterhouse"**

Someone else and I had gone to visit a slaughterhouse to see what actually happened there. We walked into a room where a pig was hanging from something by its hind feet. The pig had already been partially skinned so its skin was hanging down over its head (its head couldn't be

seen). I thought the pig was already dead, but then someone said that the pig was going to be given an injection of some kind of drug. I didn't know what the drug was, but it was administered to the pig and the pig began a terrible painful squeal.

Obviously the pig wasn't dead and must have been in terrific pain with its skin pulled down over its head. Apparently the injection of the drug had caused it more pain, even more pain than having its skin pulled down.

I was simply aghast at what was occurring. Next, a man came in with a little machine and began cutting on the pig. The pig began falling down and turning into what appeared to be a pile of liverwurst. The squealing finally abated, but I wondered if the pig was still feeling pain even as it lay there in piles of liverwurst.

I was thoroughly shaken by what I had seen. My emotions were in an uproar to think that man could be that cruel.

Dream of: 11 September 1986 "Dreamwork"

While at the home of Anderson (a friend from my high school years) in Portsmouth, Ohio, I began helping Anderson carry out some garbage-bags full of trash. After we had thrown the garbage over a small embankment, I asked Anderson how

the garbage men were going to get it. He told me they had a device which would suck it up.

In the garbage lay a large thick book which looked as if it might be a catalog. I picked it up, thinking I might be able to find some pictures for collages. The book was indeed a catalog of some sort which contained a number of fashion photographs of women, some of which were erotic. However I saw nothing of real interest and I threw the book back down.

As Anderson and I were working on the garbage, Austin (another former high school classmate who later became a lawyer) walked up. He seemed to be reading something and talking to himself as if lost in reverie. I thought I would like to talk with Austin. I had recently had a dream in which Austin had appeared and I hadn't completely understood why he had been in my dream. It would be interesting to talk with Austin to find out what he was doing these days. Maybe then I would be better able to understand why he had been in my dream.

I approached him and engaged him in conversation, but he seemed so abstracted, my talking with him was difficult. He had long black hair which hung down in front to his chin. I also noticed quite a bit of dandruff in his hair. Some of the dandruff was quite thick and almost looked

like snow. I was surprised to see his hair so long because I knew he was a lawyer. My hair being so long was understandable because I hadn't been practicing law. However I thought it was good that his hair was long. It made him look rather radical. It must have made quite an impression having long hair like that and being a lawyer also.

As I talked with Austin, his mind seemed elsewhere. When he started to walk away, I decided to go with him and I told Anderson I would be back later. Actually I thought I might not be back because I might end up talking with Austin. I wanted to discuss some matters with him.

Austin and I began walking along and I asked him about his law practice, "Do you work with somebody?"

He replied, "No."

I asked, "Well do you work in a suite with other lawyers?"

He said, "No."

I asked, "Do you have a secretary?"

He replied, "No."

Since I knew he had been practicing law for a long time, I was surprised his practice wasn't more developed. I asked him what kind of law he

practiced and he replied something about governmental policies. I asked, "Well do you do other work that comes in the office?"

He answered, "Yea."

He indicated he did some kind of marital work. But he was involved with work when marriages were beginning rather than when they were ending.

When I asked him where he practiced, he named a town in West Virginia which I had never heard of. I said, "It sounds small."

He replied, "Well it's about fifteen times bigger than this place."

I smiled and said, "That's what I mean - small."

I was quite surprised he was working in West Virginia. I had heard he was working around Ironton, Ohio. I thought he must have taken the bar exam in West Virginia, too. That must have required some study.

We continued walking, finally reached the building where Austin worked and walked in. He didn't seem to mind my staying with him and we boarded the elevator together. The elevator was very large and about 15 other people were on board. As we started up I said, "An interesting person - an intelligent person is always interesting to talk to. "

A couple people in the elevator looked at me and a tall slender woman (about 30 years old) standing next to me looked at me and said, "Karmazov."

She was referring to the fact that the statement I had just made was a quote from the book *The Brothers Karmazov* by Dostoievsky. I thought of telling her the character in the book who had made the statement was Smerdiakov, but she didn't ask.

When the elevator stopped on Austin's floor, we got off and walked toward his office. I said, "Yea, I'm a lawyer too."

He hadn't realized I was a lawyer and he seemed quite surprised. I explained that I wasn't practicing law right now. I then began explaining where I had practiced law. I told him that I had lived five years in Texas – three years in Waco and two years in Dallas – and that I had started practicing law in Waco by working for another lawyer. I told him that I had worked in banking and large commercial transactions – mostly real estate loans—and that I had read a lot of mortgage agreements.

I was going to continue telling him that although the work had been interesting, I had done as much of it as I wanted to. The work hadn't been drudgery. Austin made a statement about the legal work being "dreamwork." I was unsure whether he

was referring to legal work in general or just to the kind of work I had been doing, but I looked at him and replied, "Yea, that's what I do now - dreamwork."

I wanted to talk to him about the dreamwork I had been doing and I especially wanted to get to the dream I had written in which he had appeared. I wanted to find out what he would think about the dream and why he thought he had been in my dream.

I had an idea why he had been in my dream since he, like I, had grown up in Portsmouth and had become a lawyer.

Austin picked up some literature, glanced at it and said, "I read gop."

I was about to say, "I don't read gop."

Dream of: 13 September 1986 "Baby Pan"

I was traveling around in India with what appeared to be a group of law students. We were all in a lounge area of a large building. Some other people began coming into the lounge and I got up for a few minutes from the couch where I had been sitting. When I returned to my place, a woman had partially taken my seat and I had to sit next to her.

The woman had a little baby and was talking with two men who were with her. I overheard the conversation. She was married to one of the men and they were trying to adopt the baby. The other man was their friend. After listening to them for a while I finally decided to address them. I turned to them and said, "Are you trying to adopt the baby?"

All of them were probably in their early 30s. They were friendly and began talking with me. They told me they had found the baby. I asked, "Where did you find it?"

They said they had just found it out on the street.

All of them were Americans although at times when I looked at them I thought they might even be part Indian themselves. Yet at other times they appeared to be completely American. I couldn't really tell.

They said they wanted to take the baby back to the United States with them. I thought that sounded like a worthwhile endeavor. They began talking about their difficulties. For one thing they couldn't obtain the necessary papers. I asked the woman how long she had been here. She said they had been here since last fall – over four months. I said, "Well you could always say the baby was yours."

I reflected that perhaps I shouldn't be advising them to lie like that. Actually I wasn't giving them advice – I was merely offering suggestions.

The man who was the friend spoke up and said he was a lawyer. That interested me, but I didn't say anything about my being a lawyer. He was wearing large, thick, brown-framed glasses.

I finally stood up and said, "You need to find an Indian lawyer to help you."

They said they did have a lawyer helping them although he wasn't here at the moment.

A little boy walked up to me and asked me if I would call him "Baby Pan." I was unsure who he was or how he was connected to anything. For some reason I thought he was trying to establish some tie to me. I replied, "I'll call you Baby Pan. I'm not going to say that you're my Baby Pan, but I'll call you that."

I and the group of people I was with weren't going to be able to leave the lounge until 7:30. I looked up at the clock and saw that it was only 7:23, but looking around I saw that everyone in my group had already left. I said, "Where have all the others gone?"

I stood and began preparing to leave. I had taken off my shoes and began looking for them.

Dream of: 16 September 1986 "Movie Theater Assault"

Buckner and I arrived at a movie theater in New York City where either a double or triple feature was showing. We arrived just as the show we wanted to see was ending – a show in which Meryl Streep was acting.

We sat down anyway. The next feature began and we watched it until I rose and walked to the toilet.

Near the entrance of the toilet was standing a fellow (about 15 years old) holding a very tiny gun in the palm of his hand. He pointed the gun at me and although I was unsure whether it was real, I immediately grabbed his hand, twisted it and took the gun from him.

I left the boy there and walked to a policeman standing near the concession stand. I showed him the gun in my hand and said, "There's a fellow over there by the bathroom who just assaulted me with this gun."

The policeman (a tall, slender, black fellow in his late 20s) wouldn't take the gun from me. I told him I wanted to press charges. He said that if a person was assaulted by that particular type of gun it was the policy of the police department that charges could be pressed. He told me to go to the concession stand for the proper papers. In the meantime he said he would talk with the fellow who had assaulted me.

I walked over to the concession stand and gave a girl there the information about what had happened. She handed me a paper which gave the time and place of a court hearing. I walked back to the policeman and asked him if I would actually have to go to court on the day given on the citation or if the court day would be postponed. I told him I didn't care if the prosecution plea-bargained with the fellow. I just wanted to make sure he was found guilty for what he had done.

I asked the policeman about the courthouse and he told me I would have to go to a large room there. He seemed to think we would be able to settle the affair in one day. I told him I didn't want to sit around the whole day talking with some lawyer.

In the meantime, Buckner had joined me, and the fellow who had assaulted me had been joined by a gang of his teenage, Hispanic-looking friends. They were standing around us and looked threatening.

Finally Buckner and I walked back into the theater and sat down just as the Meryl Streep movie began. We sat fairly close to the front and I noticed three or four of the teenagers had followed us and had spread out in seats around us. I was sitting on an aisle seat and to my right directly across the aisle one of the teenagers

(wearing a white jacket) had sat down. He had curly black hair and looked Hispanic.

I finally decided to do something, stood up and walked back to where the policeman was. I intended to tell him that those fellows were bothering us and that he needed to do something about it.

Dream of: 18 September 1986 "Knock At The Door"

While living in an apartment on the fourth floor of a building (similar to the building which housed my rue Saint Jean Apartment where I lived for three pleasant months in Quebec City in 1986), I heard a knock at the door, answered it and found a fellow standing there who reminded me of Bernard Moreau (a downstairs neighbor of the rue Saint Jean Apartment). He wanted me to go to an apartment on the second floor with him. Since I was already wearing a jacket, I said, "OK."

After we had descended the stairs, Moreau knocked on the door of the apartment. Whoever was inside was taking his time about opening the door and Moreau told him to hurry up because the girl was getting impatient (he was trying to make whoever was inside think a girl was out there with him). When a clean-cut fellow opened the door, he seemed surprised to see me there. I walked in and found five or six guys standing around. I had seen

some of them before, but I wasn't really sure who they were.

It looked as if they had quite a bit of marijuana and they were getting ready to smoke some. One fellow was breaking apart a compressed "brick" of marijuana which probably weighed about half a kilogram. A joint was lit, passed around and finally came to the fellow who had brought me down. Since he didn't think I smoked, he started to hand it past me, but when I reached out my hand, he gave it to me.

I took a hit from the joint, passed it on and immediately regretted what I had done. I began to worry that if the police were to come now, they would be able to detect the marijuana in my system. And since I was aware that the marijuana was in the apartment and I hadn't left, I was just as guilty as anyone else there. I was suspicious presentiment that the clean-cut fellow who had let me in might be an undercover agent and that perhaps the place was about to be raided. I walked over to the clean-cut fellow and said, "Tell John that I went back upstairs." (I thought John was the name of the fellow who had brought me down.)

He said, "OK. Steve."

My leaving didn't seem to disappoint him. I didn't say another word to anyone and I walked back upstairs to my apartment.

I knew that on the next floor down from my apartment was a movie theater which I thought showed pornographic films. I really didn't want to see any, but I thought I might ought to go there just to hide in case the police did come. They wouldn't be able to find me if I were in the theater.

Instead, I just stayed in my apartment and contemplated the law in Canada. I thought, "Well now that I've gotten out of there and I'm up in my apartment, I don't have anything. They won't be able to arrest me for anything cause it's not illegal to have it just inside your system. I'm not in possession of any marijuana now."

But I still felt badly for having smoked any marijuana to begin with.

Dream of: 18 September 1986 (2) "Pink Panther"

I was in a classroom for the first day of class at Baylor Law School. About 30 students were in the room and we were all sitting in folding chairs. Jim Carver (a former high school schoolmate) was sitting on my left. I noticed that some students had some objects with them and I began to realize we were supposed to have brought something to class this first day. However I hadn't been aware of that before now.

After I had noticed that two or three students had old violins, the fellow in front of me handed me the

broken off body of an old violin. It looked as if had been both broken in half and burned. I thought I would be able to use it as the object which I was supposed to have brought to class, but I was still unsure what I was supposed to do with it.

Finally the tall, slender, white-haired professor walked in. He looked as if he were in his early 60s and reminded of a judge I had once been before in juvenile court in Dallas.

Apparently we were indeed supposed to have brought something to class. The professor called out my name and asked what I had brought. I pulled out the broken violin and held it up. I was unsure what I was supposed to do with it. The professor appeared chagrined and acted as if that wasn't the type of thing I was supposed to have brought. He spoke and from what he said I gathered that we should have either brought a cartoon of cigarettes or some modeling clay.

Many students had cartons of cigarettes and several had modeling clay. I thought it might indeed be interesting to work and mold modeling clay. I hadn't been doing anything like that. One girl had used some pink modeling clay to fashion something like the Pink Panther character. It probably stood 30 centimeters tall. She must have had quite a bit of clay to have made such a large sculpture.

After the professor asked other students what they had brought, it became apparent that some others likewise hadn't brought anything. Finally I said, "How were we supposed to know that we were supposed to bring something to class this first day?"

I didn't think any notice had been posted. Apparently the professor simply thought it was our duty to have found out and he stated that there would be a punishment for those who hadn't brought anything. I thought the punishment would probably be that the students who hadn't brought anything would have to stay longer in class, perhaps for an hour.

The professor asked me for my opinion about the matter. I noticed another law professor, who reminded me of United States Supreme Court Justice William Brennan, standing in the doorway. I began giving a little speech, "Well the only fair and just way to proceed would be to have the students come to class the first day and then to inform them, as most other professors do, that they will need to be bringing certain things to this class. I was in a store just yesterday and saw some modeling clay in there. I could have brought some, but I didn't know we were supposed to bring something. And now because I didn't know I'm going to have to face some dreadful punishment. That is not fair and just."

A number of students began applauding. Carver stood up, said a few words and one or two people applauded him.

The professor, obviously becoming irate, walked to a bar, picked up a carton of cigarettes, strode to me and slammed it down in my hands. I walked over to a trash can, threw the carton of cigarettes into it and said, "I'm not going to take these. I hate being a part of a school where a professor would even think of having somebody take this type of thing. And I mean it. Now I'll bring in that modeling clay cause I like that kind of thing. But don't try to force me to take something that's going to cause cancer."

People in the room seemed to think I was doing a good job arguing my point. Someone said, "Well Steve's going to do OK." I felt inflamed. It seemed I could argue well in the proper case. I might make a good lawyer.

Dream of: 20 September 1986 "Trapped In The Attic"

Kim (a friend whom I first met in Portsmouth in 1977) and I were in the attic of the Gay Street House. Somebody was trying injure us; perhaps they intended to set the House afire and trap us up there. I wanted to go downstairs to find someone to help us - my father was below - but Kim didn't want me to leave. For some reason, she was also

afraid of women and she didn't want any women to bother her.

A forbidding-looking instrument made of silver metal was lying in the attic. It looked somewhat like a pair of scissors, but instead of having cutting edges, it simply had long slender rods – probably 40 centimeters in length – which came to a pointed end. I was afraid Kim was going to grab the instrument and try to hurt me with it.

I slipped past Kim, ran down the stairs (past some boxes sitting in the stairway leaving room enough for only one person to pass) and I escaped.

Downstairs I found my father. I told him about Kim's being upstairs and told him not to go up there because she had the long sharp instrument. He paid no attention to me, however, and went up anyway. He soon descended again and brought Kim with him.

I talked to her and tried to show her we were now safe and had nothing to fear. But she was still upset and now she didn't trust me because I had left her upstairs. She seemed very agitated, nervous and upset. I continued trying to talk to her, trying to help her. I was still a bit afraid of her, but I didn't think anything was nearby which she could use to hurt me.

Dream of: 20 September 1986 (2) "Losing Connection"

While I and some other people were at the Logan Street House, I received a phone call: Louise's pleasant voice was on the other end. She was calling me from Dallas; due to a bad connection I couldn't hear her well. It sounded as if someone else speaking Spanish was also on the phone and almost everything Louise said became confused with the other person's voice so I couldn't tell exactly what Louise wanted. She *did* want to talk with me, however, and I had the feeling she wanted to see me again. Finally I said, "I can't hear you. You're going to have to hang up and call again."

She didn't want to do that because she was afraid she would lose connection with me. But finally she hung up. I walked into the next room where I thought we would have more privacy if she called again. The phone rang and I picked it up.

I thought it was going to be Louise; instead, a fellow on the phone said his name was Joe Smith. He said he was in Cincinnati for a court hearing we were supposed to attend today; I was supposed to represent him as his lawyer. I said, "Oh no. Was it today?"

I remembered I had agreed to represent the fellow in Cincinnati on a criminal charge; but I wasn't

even sure what he was charged with; I felt embarrassed. I had been completely negligent in handling the case, even though he had already paid me \$150. He was quite upset about the matter.

It was about 10:30 a.m. He said he had already gone to the hearing; I asked him what had happened, but he didn't want to tell me. Finally he said something about another lawyer helping him. I had the feeling he still wanted me to work for him on the case. I asked him if the judge had reset the hearing and he finally told me the judge had done so.

After we talked a while longer, I discovered the fellow was sitting in the room with me. He was black, about 30 years old. I took some notes on a notebook. On one page of the notebook I had written the name of another fellow - a Ronald somebody. I asked my client if he knew who the man was. He said he didn't know, but he had heard his name before.

I deduced that my client had been in an auto accident and the man named Ronald was representing someone else in the accident. In my notes I also had written down part of a California statute which the man named Ronald had given me. The statute said something about people in litigation getting together before trial to see if

they could resolve the problem. I told my client that the three of us needed to meet to see if we could come to an agreement.

I was particularly concerned about what had happened in front of the judge that morning when I hadn't attended court. My client said the judge had said that they couldn't very well do anything if all the parties weren't there. I knew I was probably in trouble with the judge, but I didn't think it was that serious.

I wanted to continue representing the man and didn't want to return the \$150. However, I wasn't licensed to practice law in Ohio. That was going to present a problem. I thought about representing him anyway, but I would be practicing law without a license and could cause be sanctioned. Maybe I could simply obtain the judge's permission; no, I didn't think that would work. I might have to find another attorney to represent my client in front of the judge; or I might even have to try to become admitted to the bar in Ohio. I was unsure what I was going to do.

Actually I didn't plan to represent anyone else. I was in the process of leaving my law practice and was finishing up some left-over business. That day I had decided to get busy to conclude some matters.

The Logan Street House in fact reminded me of the Law Office in Waco. Several secretaries were running busily about the House. I finished with my client, walked over to one of the secretaries and asked her if there had been any calls for me.

There was a message from the man named Ronald. I figured he had also been at the hearing in Cincinnati and was calling me about it. Louise had called twice and left her number. I was unsure whether I should return her call. I might just wait. But I thought since she had gone to all the trouble to call me, I would like to talk with her.

Dream of: 21 September 1986 "Faux Pas"

I awoke in an upper story apartment in Quebec City. I was supposed to have moved out of the apartment on the tenth of the month, but I had forgotten to leave and it was presently the thirteenth, about 5 o'clock in the morning. I had spent the weekend here. I knew I needed to begin preparing to leave and I rose from bed.

I had already packed all my larger possessions and only had a few personal possessions left. I had a couple clear plastic boxes in which I began packing my things.

I heard someone out in the hall, walked outside and found a woman (about 25 years old) there who worked for the landlord. I thought she had come

up to see if I had vacated the apartment yet, but she was actually engaged in doing something else on that floor. I walked over to her and spoke to her in French. She answered and began speaking very clear English.

She told me she had a problem with her retinas which caused her to urinate a lot. I wasn't sure what she meant, but I thought she meant to say kidneys instead of retinas. I said, "Well in the first place they're not retinas. Retinas are in your eyes."

I pointed to her eyes and tried to explain what retinas were. I suggested perhaps she was actually referring to her kidneys. I thought the French word for kidney was either "red" or "rein" but I wasn't sure. I thought because the first two letters were the same she had gotten the word mixed up with the English word "retina," but she said it wasn't the kidney she was talking about.

She was slender and about three centimeters shorter than I. She had long brown hair and was wearing a skirt slit up the side of her leg all the way to the waist. I was attracted to her. I walked up to her, pulled the skirt back and said, "Let me take a look here."

I didn't usually approach someone like that, but I thought I would just try it once to see what would happen. She suddenly jerked her skirt back and

appeared to be extremely offended. I had obviously committed a faux pas. I backed away from her. She acted as if I had tried to attack her. I said, "I'm sorry, I won't do it again."

She backed away from me and began running down the stairs. I didn't know what she was going to do. I feared she was going to tell someone I had attacked her, when I knew I hadn't. However I still felt guilty for having done what I had done. I thought, "Well I might as well go back into my room."

I had locked the door when I had come out. I pulled out a key which I thought opened the door.

It was bent on the end but I stuck it in the lock anyway. To my chagrin it broke off inside the lock.

Fortunately I was able to pull the small broken piece out of the lock. I stuck the rest of the key in the lock and tried to turn it, but it didn't move. I thought I must not have the right key and I began going through my other keys trying to find the right one. I hoped I hadn't broken the correct key and would now not be able to get in. Of all times I certainly didn't want to have to go to the landlord now and ask for help.

Dream of: 21 September 1986 (2) **"Rehabilitation"**

While I was with my mother at the 29th Street House (my mother's home in Portsmouth), she

spoke to me about Birdie and Brandi and told me she thought they were living in New Boston. I was surprised to hear that -- I hadn't known where Birdie was living. My mother told me Brandi was rather sickly, but also very curious. I said, "Birdie is just not able to satisfy her curiosity."

I thought Birdie's inability to satisfy Brandi's oversized curiosity might account for Brandi's sickly nature. On the spot I decided I was going visit Birdie and Brandi and see if I could possibly find out if Brandi were my daughter.

I left and drove to the house where I thought Birdie and Brandi were living. I walked inside the two-story house, which was in complete disarray. Stuff was sitting all over the place. I couldn't find anyone on the bottom floor but I thought I heard people upstairs. To go upstairs, I had to climb a ladder because the stairs had been broken.

I climbed up the ladder and entered an upstairs room where I found four teenage girls sitting in a circle. I looked to see if any of them resembled me, but none did. When I asked them if Birdie and Brandi were there, they told me that Birdie didn't live there but that Brandi was apparently in the next room.

I walked into the next room and saw sitting amidst a mass of clutter a girl who looked as if she were about 14 or 15. I identified the girl as Brandi. She

had black hair and was wearing large black glasses. I sat down, spoke to her and asked her about Birdie. Friendly, she said Birdie didn't live there, but might be coming to visit. I asked her when, but she didn't know. I had the feeling Birdie had completely abandoned Brandi and I wondered what had happened to Birdie. I thought perhaps Birdie had become an alcoholic and had drifted into a horrible existence.

When I asked Brandi when she had last seen Rick, she said that he had moved out in 1963 and that she hadn't seen him since. Apparently Brandi also had another younger sister or brother and Rick had abandoned them all.

Brandi was rather skinny, had quite a few freckles and wasn't very attractive. Although she didn't look like me, I thought it was still possible she was my daughter. I felt close to her anyway.

Finally a fellow (probably 16-17 years old) walked into the room and sat down. I had the feeling he might be Brandi's boyfriend. I walked over and told him I wanted to be alone with Brandi because we were having a very personal conversation. When he refused to leave, I thought we might have to fight. I was quite a bit larger than he. When I repeated that Brandi and I were discussing personal matters, he begrudgingly finally stood and exited.

As Brandi and I continued talking, we drew nearer and nearer. I felt very close to her, as if I wanted to put my arms around her and hold her. We continued talking about Birdie and Rick and finally she mentioned Birdie had once told her that Rick was her second father. I thought that was interesting. Apparently Birdie had already broken the news to Brandi that Rick wasn't actually her father.

I asked Brandi if Birdie had ever talked to her about her first father. When she indicated Birdie had never discussed her first father, I finally said, "Brandi, I may be your first father."

She became emotional and began crying, but she seemed happy to hear that news. I told Brandi I had known Birdie fairly well. I felt strongly that the only two people who could have been Brandi's natural father were either Rick or I. The idea that I could actually be Brandi's father seemed so strange. Nevertheless it was clearly possible.

When Brandi mentioned she had a motorcycle outside, I told her the motorcycle used to be mine, but then I added, "Well actually I used to have a red motorcycle. That motorcycle, the red motorcycle, was traded in on the one you've got now."

Brandi wanted to know what we should do next. I said, "Well we need to go get a blood test."

She said, "When?"

I said, "Right now."

I asked her if she were agreeable to that and she said she was. She seemed happy. After we rose and walked over to the ladder, I noticed we could get to a set of broken off steps if we would climb through a window. As we proceeded toward the window, a friendly-acting boy walked up and said, "So you might be her father."

I said it was a possibility. I thought about telling them I was a lawyer, but decided it would be better to wait until I knew whether Brandi was my daughter. I began thinking even if I weren't her father, I might want her to come and live with me anyway. I wanted to rescue her from this place.

As we left, I noticed Brandi smoking a cigarette. She had probably acquired a number of bad habits through the years. If she came to live with me I wouldn't want her to smoke cigarettes. Attempting to rehabilitate her would probably be a difficult task.

Dream of: 22 September 1986 "Earth Tremor"

I had gone to a sparsely occupied movie theater and sat down in a seat about ten rows from the front. Then I slid over top of the seat in front of me into another seat. A fellow was sitting about three

or four seats to my right. Several people were sitting in seats a few rows ahead of me.

The movie came on and a face appeared on the screen which reminded me of a fellow who had been in some of my classes at Baylor Law School. I noticed that the same fellow whose image was on the screen was also sitting in a seat in a row in front of me. He was turned around looking at me and his eyes looked exactly like the eyes on the screen except they were much smaller. His hair was rather long in front, but short in back.

Some other people near him all had short hair. I thought about how long my hair had grown and how different it felt to have long hair.

Finally I stood, walked back a couple of rows and found my old girlfriend Birdie sitting there. I asked her if she would like to come up and sit beside me. She did.

When we sat back down it seemed more as if we were in a cafeteria on the first floor of a school. Quite a few other people were in the cafeteria. Food was being served. I saw some stands where buns and barbecue were being served, but I didn't want any meat. On another stand I saw some macaroni and green beans. Birdie asked me if I had been eating my green beans lately and I told her I hadn't. She thought I needed to start eating green beans again.

Birdie seemed very faithful to me. I mentioned to her that she was the only one who hadn't abandoned me.

Suddenly the room moved slightly and sank a bit.

Birdie and I looked at each other and realized a small earth tremor had occurred. Other people in the room had also felt it, but we thought it would pass. Suddenly however another tremor occurred. I said to Birdie, "Let's go over to these windows."

We both stood and walked over to some windows. I wanted to be close to them so we could jump out if something happened. As we stood close to the window, I could tell the building was beginning to sink. Right before our eyes the building sank down so the ground rose about half way up the window.

Birdie and I ran to an emergency exit, but the building had already sunk down so far we couldn't get out.

Some bells began ringing and people began screaming. People began trying to run out of the room and reach another level to escape. But Birdie and I stayed in the doorway to the emergency exit. She was able to slip past a piece of glass, but still couldn't reach the outside. She handed me something which looked like a fire extinguisher with a hose so I could use it to break out the window of the emergency exit.

I began pounding the window, but it seemed to be made of plexi-glass and it didn't want to break. Finally however I was able to smash the window. I looked back into the cafeteria to see if anyone else was still there and I hollered, "Is anybody left?"

Everyone had already gone out another way. Birdie and I crawled through the window and came out into a large field where people were lining up. Some women were even lying down. I noticed Sharon (a Dallas acquaintance) lying down in the field with a group of women. I felt much safer in the field.

Dream of: 24 September 1986 "Writing Freely"

A group of Russian writers who hadn't been able to write freely while living in the Soviet Union discovered a method of smuggling their writings out of the Soviet Union by incorporating their writings into paintings. Certain lines and their junctures in the paintings had special significance which could be interpreted. Most paintings were of people and according to the contour lines the writings could be deciphered. For example some paintings were of people lying down and the contour of the body could be interpreted in certain ways. The paintings were sent from the Soviet Union and people outside the country would reconstruct the writings.

There was a depressed feeling among the Russian writers. However they still nourished an undying hope that their writings would be published once they had been sent out of the Soviet Union.

One Russian writer was actually able to leave the Soviet Union himself and he reached a free country. However he still continued to incorporate his writings in paintings because he hadn't yet adjusted to the fact that he now had his freedom and could freely and openly write without having to go through the contortions of putting his writings in paintings. Finally it was beginning to dawn on him that he could now write freely. He was beginning to experience a heretofore unknown exhilaration as he developed his natural writing ability.

Dream of: 25 September 1986 "Loaning Money"

I was in France and had met a woman (probably in her mid-20s) there who reminded me of Rosa Volpe (an Italian woman I met in Dallas). We had begun seeing quite a bit of each other. She was working but was having some financial problems paying all her bills. I had already loaned her \$20 which she hadn't repaid me.

We met one day in a restaurant, talked for a while and then she left. After she walked out I saw through the window that she was trying to get

away from some fellow accosting her on the street. I walked out of the restaurant toward them and the fellow left.

The woman and I walked back into the restaurant and I wanted to know why the fellow had been bothering her. We left the restaurant and she began telling me about the fellow. We went to my apartment and sat down. We had only been here a short while when another fellow who lived in the apartment building walked through the open door into my apartment. I didn't want him in here; I immediately stood up and walked over to him. He picked up a book lying on the couch and said it was his. I had previously found the book somewhere in the apartment building. I said, "Fine."

I escorted him to the door and he left. I shut the door, returned to the woman and told her I didn't like people coming in here like that. She continued telling me about the fellow who had accosted her. Apparently he was her landlord. He wanted her to immediately pay the rent or he was going to evict her. She also had car payments and a couple other payments which she was having difficulty making.

She wanted to know if I would loan her some money.

I only had a couple thousand dollars. I thought she had somehow gotten the idea that I was a rich

American lawyer. I needed to disembarass her of that notion. I didn't have much money and I was going to need all I had just for myself, but I thought if it were really necessary I might be able to loan her \$200. I was concerned about her paying it back and I asked her how much money she made a week. She thought for quite a long time and finally said, "Two hundred dollars."

I pulled out a pencil and paper and began adding up her monthly bills. The total was around \$1,200. I wanted to point out to her that she wasn't even making enough money to make her monthly payments.

I considered the possibility of our moving in together so she could save some money, but I realized we had never even had sex and I was unsure I wanted to have sex with her. It might not be a good idea to move in with her. I began thinking it would be a bad idea to loan her the money, especially since I had already loaned her some money and she hadn't paid it back. Finally I made a decision and said, "I'm not going to be able to loan you any money."

She was downcast when I told her that and I thought she might be angry, but I was uncertain I wanted to continue seeing the woman anyway. If she was going to take a resentful attitude, it would

probably be better to end the relationship here and now.

She wanted to know why. I was hesitant to tell her but she persisted. I explained to her that it would be bad: something might happen so that she would be unable to pay it back. I would be worried and it would simply not be a good situation.

I told her, however, that I might be able to help her in other ways. I said, "One thing you need to do is find out if they can evict you like that. I might be able to do some legal research for you to see how we can prevent them from immediately evicting you."

I told her, secondly, that if she couldn't make her car payments she might need to hide her car for a little while so it wouldn't be repossessed.

She seemed to be accepting the fact that I wasn't going to loan her money to bail her out of her difficulties.

Dream of: 25 September 1986 (2) "In A Wheelchair"

I was on the Gallia County Farm near the old swimming hole on Symmes Creek, about a kilometer from the Farmhouse. My father, my mother, my grandmother Mabel and some other people were climbing the large hill above the

creek, looking at trees and talking about which ones they intended to cut for lumber. They were unsure they would be able to cut the trees because they didn't know how to haul the trees off the hill. I thought even if the large trees were cut down, the many small trees on the hill would soon grow back.

After my mother and someone else had climbed up the side of the hill, I decided to ascend the hill myself. As I climbed, I noticed some cement steps lying on the side of the hill and concluded that at one time some houses must have stood there. If I only had a metal detector, I would enjoy searching for coins or other artifacts in the area.

The hill was extremely steep and peppered with many large, precariously balanced rocks. Some rocks looked like large pieces of rectangular crystals. Some were hanging beneath other rocks and seemed firmly attached. But clearly a landslide could easily start. Realizing the danger of climbing the hill, I backed off and started down the hill.

I worked my way around the side of the hill until I reached a red brick road, where I found my father sitting in a wheelchair, holding a rifle. When I suddenly appeared in front of him from behind some rocks, he pointed the gun at me, apparently thinking I was an animal, but he didn't shoot. I

walked over to him and asked, "Did you think I was an animal?"

He wasn't friendly, he didn't answer, and he even acted as if he didn't want me there. He was obviously looking for an animal to shoot. I thought he might be shooting birds.

For the first time I noticed a large house standing on the side of the hill. A black man wearing a suit and tie walked onto the porch and asked my father to move on. A large park (with streets laid in red brick running through it) spread out in front of the house; apparently the park also belonged to the black man. As my father wheeled himself into the park and down one of the streets, the black man began walking toward my father. I thought the man intended to run my father out of the park.

Dream of: 25 September 1986 (3) "Man With Horns"

I was sitting in the living room of my mother's home. My father walked into the room, lay down on the couch and went to sleep.

I turned on the television and a program came on which showed a scene on a beach where people were sitting around in bathing suits in the sun. The camera focused in on a woman sitting under a beach umbrella in the distance and began moving closer to her. From afar she seemed to be wearing

a bikini bottom and to be nude from the waist up.

As the camera neared her, it became clear that indeed her breasts were uncovered. I thought that was certainly bold for network television. The woman was probably about 40 years old but had a shapely figure and well-formed breasts.

The camera drew closer and closer to her and then shifted to a girl behind her (about 20 years old) who had an excellent body. She was attractive, had large breasts and was likewise nude from the waist up.

The camera focused on a fellow floating on a type of inflatable chair under an umbrella in the ocean.

A woman who was apparently his secretary was with him. He seemed to be relaxing and said something about it just being his luck to have the country's most efficient secretary with him. The woman had equipped the chair with a number of contraptions for his convenience so he would be able to operate smoothly in the ocean.

The camera then focused on a dead body floating in the water nearby. The secretary saw it and screamed to the man that a body was nearby. He saw it and prepared to swim to it. Suddenly a gigantic wave broke near them and the man hollered to the secretary, "Watch out for that wave!"

The wave engulfed them and I switched the channel.

I found a show which showed three oriental-looking women (in their mid-20s) standing on a stage onto which walked a white man who apparently was going to pick one of the two women on each end for a date. The woman in the middle was the hostess of the show.

The man looked the women over and began asking them questions. As the show proceeded, it seemed I myself was actually talking to the hostess and was going to pick one of the women for a date. The woman on my left was number one and the woman on my right was number two.

The woman in the middle told the other two to close their eyes and they did. Then, only by gestures, she asked me to hold up one or two fingers to indicate which woman I wanted to have a date with. I indicated which one I wanted, the women opened their eyes and the hostess said I would have a date with the one I had indicated.

A second set of three women (all of which were black) was brought in and we went through the same procedure. Finally the two women on the ends were told to close their eyes. But I could not remember which one was number one and which one was number two. The woman in the middle indicated to me that this time the woman on my

right was number one and the woman on the left was number two.

I held the index finger and thumb of my right hand together to form a circle and pointed to the woman in the middle as if to indicate that she was number zero.

The woman in the middle and I communicated only by gestures and did not speak to each other. I was surprised by how well it worked. For example when I hadn't known which woman was number one and which woman was number two, I had simply shrugged my shoulders and put a puzzled look on my face. The woman in the middle had then pointed to the women and indicated with her fingers which one was one and two.

I was uncertain which one to pick. One of the questions I had asked them was whether they had ever been on an interracial date before. I thought it was odd that the show was having a white man pick a black woman to go on a date with but I did not really mind.

The woman on the right had some kind of cloth on her head. She had extremely beautiful eyes. When she closed her eyes the cloth slipped from her head and I saw that she had beautiful, black hair.

Finally I decided to pick her and held up one finger to signify number one. The women opened their eyes and I began changing channels again.

As I did so I hit some kind of little button on the channel changer that was marked with an "A" and a "B." Now when I changed the channel the screen stayed the same. Finally I flipped the button and managed to reach another station. A baseball game came on the screen. It was rather loud and I was afraid it would wake up my father. I didn't want to watch it but knew if he saw it he would want to see it. But it was too late, he had awakened, seen the baseball game and said he wanted to see it.

I left the baseball game on and sat back down on the floor and began going through a box of pictures which I used for collages. One of the pictures showed some people on a baseball field tearing up the area between the bases to put down some kind of new synthetic material.

I knew that somewhere in the batch were pictures of the women I had won dates with on the dating program and wanted to find those pictures first.

Many pictures had already been cut out in contour. One picture showed a man standing in profile. He had streaks of many different colors running through him, had horns and had one arm stretched in front of him with his index finger pointed upward. I remembered having cut that picture out before and was surprised to find it here among the other pictures. Many other

pictures were also here which had already been cut out in contour.

My father asked me if I thought it was hot there. I said, "Yea it is kind of hot in here."

He asked me if I wanted to go eat with him. I thought why not and told him I would. He got up to get ready to go.

Dream of: 26 September 1986 "A Piercing Scream"

While in what seemed to be an office building I saw a man (about 30 years old) whom I knew to be a lawyer, walking down a corridor. A woman (about the same age) was with him. They were both wearing heavy coats and appeared to be fairly overweight. Their obesity was especially apparent in the excess fat under their chins.

Part of the building had a restaurant which was closed at the moment. However the man and women were able to enter the restaurant and I watched them through a window. The man walked over to a pop machine – the kind where the bottles are standing upright – and proceeded to open two bottles with a can opener. I thought he was simply going to take the pop without paying for it. I heard him tell the woman that one of the bottles he had opened (which seemed to be a Dr. Pepper) was empty. The woman pulled out the bottle, saw that

it was indeed empty and put it back. The man took out the second bottle and put some money into the machine for that bottle. They left.

I walked into another room where a meeting was going to take place. I sat down on a couch and some other lawyers began coming in. A woman lawyer began commenting about how long my hair was. She thought it looked good for a lawyer to have long hair. I could see myself in a mirror and indeed my hair was quite long in back. However on the sides my hair only came down to mid-ear and didn't look that long. I liked having long hair and being a lawyer at the same time.

As the room filled up, some people began talking about an important event that had taken place that day. I felt jovial and began joking with the people trying to find out what had happened. It had something to do with Martin Luther King's son. He had either died, or been arrested or something. I told them I wasn't interested in stuff like that. But one black fellow was sitting nearby who seemed to think it was very important. He said something about three branches of the military being out of control at the moment. I didn't say anything to him. I wondered if he were trying to intimate that blacks could somehow take over the country.

I sat down between two people, picked up a magazine and began looking at it. Finally I finished with it and handed it to the fellow on my right. I next wanted to write down some of the things occurring here. I thought it had something to do with dreaming. I pulled out a piece of white paper, but I needed something to put under the paper. I asked for the magazine back so I could use it under my paper to write on. When I began writing, the fellow on my right repeated some things which had been said to help me remember. But I really didn't need his help.

Finally we got ready to watch some kind of educational movie about to be shown on a screen directly in front of us. Suddenly on the screen appeared a gigantic black funnel cloud racing over the land. I mentioned that that indeed would attract my attention if it were happening.

The funnel cloud drew closer and closer. The size of it was almost mesmerizing. The person, who was black, who had photographed the funnel cloud had been in a car and the steering wheel of the car could be seen. The car was headed in the direction of the funnel cloud and the cloud loomed larger and larger. Finally the car was right next to the cloud. On the right of the car was a steep bank. The car was unable to go around the cloud and suddenly a piercing scream was heard. The scene ended.

I said, "It would have been better if he would have taken off and run away from it rather than towards it."

A commentator came on and said the same thing. The fellow had made a mistake by going toward the funnel cloud rather than away from it. Some scenes of the extensive destruction were then shown.

Dream of: 27 September 1986 "Khacket"

I was in a house which vaguely reminded me of the Logan Street House. I had bought about 15 empty cans which at one time had contained vegetable juice. The cans were red and white and were about a half pint in size. Each can had a date of a different year on it. I began lining the cans up in a row according to the year.

As I lined up the cans, I noticed a white line went across the front of each can. The line slanted to a different height on each can, but as they were lined up the line seemed to connect from can to can. When the line got back to around 1974 it didn't connect straight and the line was lower than the subsequent year. Also on the can of the year 1979 the line was red instead of white.

I thought the cans were probably collectors items and I might be able to sell them.

Suddenly the cans fell over and I began lining them up again.

Finally I walked into the kitchen where I found my sister (14-15 years old). A Dachshund, which seemed not to have eaten in several days, was also in the kitchen. I pulled out some dry dog food for the dog and spilt some on the floor. The dog nosed around the food but it didn't eat it. I thought, "Well it must not be starving or it would eat that anyway."

The dog jumped up on the counter and I had to run it off the counter. I proceeded to put some dog food into a large pan and mix some water into it. I noticed a can on the counter that was similar to the ones I had been lining up earlier. It had some kind of tomato sauce in it which I began pouring over the dog food to make the food taste better.

I realized I had put much too much water into the dog food. I poured some water back into the sink, stopped and then poured some more water into the sink. I set the pan on the floor and poured some more tomato sauce over it. The dog then began to eat the food.

I was planning to leave Portsmouth soon. I thought I might go to Columbus for a while and I might even spend a few days with Buckner while I was there. I pulled out a map, but it turned out to be a

map of Kentucky. I began thinking I might go to Kentucky instead.

The map showed two major cities in Kentucky outlined in yellow. One was on the eastern side and was called "Nice." I wondered if the name should be pronounced like the name of the French city "Nice" or like the English adjective "nice." The other city was toward the center of the state. A small town close to the larger city was called "Pomeroy." I thought I had heard the name "Pomeroy" somewhere before.

I had never heard of either of the two large cities. I thought I might visit them.

I also needed to send a letter in a large vanilla envelope to someone in the large central city. I wasn't entirely sure of the name of the city, but I thought it was "Khacket." But I also thought the name of the city might be "Ksent."

I picked up my envelope and walked down the street with it. I saw a woman on the street, stopped her and asked her if she knew the name of the city. But she ignored me and walked on. I wondered if I had affronted her; I hadn't meant to.

I walked on and arrived at an overnight delivery service. The man behind the counter helped me put the right name of the city on the envelope. I

asked him if the letter would arrive the following day and he told me it would.

Dream of: 29 September 1986 "The Facts Of Life"

I wanted to rent an apartment near a college which I planned to attend. I walked around for a while and finally knocked on the door of a house. A woman came to the door, we talked and she asked me some questions about myself. Finally she rented me an apartment.

The apartment was on the second floor of a large house. Apparently four girls were staying in an apartment across the hall from mine. I left a few things of mine at the house and then departed.

I didn't return to the apartment for several months. In the meantime I had decided not to take the apartment. One day my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel drove me back to the house in their blue Cadillac so I could pick up the things I had left there. We pulled up into a parking lot and I asked Clarence and Mabel to wait a few minutes in the car while I went up to gather together my things.

I walked up to the apartment – it was the first time I had actually seen it. It was old fashioned but still quite nice. I liked it. It was also economical. It was well-furnished. An air conditioning unit was right

over top the bed. The four girls were in my apartment removing some things they had stored there. They reminded me of the four teenagers in the television series "The Facts of Life." I talked with them and they seemed very nice. I liked them and I was disappointed I hadn't stayed in the apartment and become acquainted with them. I hoped that when I looked for another apartment I would be able to find accommodations near nice people like the girls.

They were packing their things and were preparing to leave.

They were preparing to go to a different – a higher – college. Three of them were going to exclusive colleges. One girl said she was going to go to Princeton. The fourth girl however didn't yet know where she was going. No one pressed the issue with her and I had the feeling she hadn't yet been accepted anywhere. I felt sorry for her and I tried to comfort her somewhat.

I began looking for the things I had left here but I couldn't find them. I did find a couple pair of blue jeans, but they were ripped up and weren't really any good anymore. Actually I couldn't remember exactly what I had brought up there. But apparently I had managed quite well without the stuff and I probably didn't even need it anyway.

I began looking through some drawers of a chest. I came across an old-fashioned shaving set which contained several different brushes. They looked as if were made of white ivory and they had intricate carvings in them. I pulled them out, showed them to someone and commented about how nice they were. I thought I could easily steal them if I wanted, but I didn't want to steal anything.

I came across some other things in the room and thought they must be things that previous tenants had left behind when they had moved out.

Suddenly the door opened and Davis (a former law school classmate) walked in. He paid no attention to me, but walked over to one of the girls sitting on the bed and asked her if she wanted to smoke some "tripping weed." She said she did. Davis didn't ask me; I knew anyway that I definitely didn't want to smoke any. The thought of smoking marijuana was only slightly tempting to me.

Dream of: 29 September 1986 (2) "Black Hands"

My first-cousin Jimmy had a car which had a rear like a pick-up truck. Since I had received his permission to use the car, I took it one day without telling him and drove it to Montreal, Canada. But when I arrived I thought I was actually in West Berlin, Germany.

The only person whom I knew who lived in Berlin was Anderson. I met Anderson at a restaurant; I was happy to see him and I was glad I had a connection in Berlin. We sat down and talked until the conversation turned to Berlin. I told Anderson I had been in Berlin once before and I had realized immediately that Berlin was the city for me. I had never been in another city where I felt so much at home. I liked being near the political conflict permeating Berlin. I told Anderson only one other city could compare to Berlin in that regard – Hong Kong. But I wouldn't feel at home there because I didn't speak Chinese or Japanese.

Anderson seemed like a successful dignified business person who had managed to settle into Berlin. Some of Anderson's traits reminded me somewhat both of Weinstein and of Austin. Anderson began to express some concern about what I was going to do in Berlin. I told him I was going to look for work and I said, "I'm going to find some interesting work. I don't think it will be that difficult, although it won't be easy."

I told him I wasn't entirely sure what I was going to do. We continued talking about Berlin in general. I told Anderson that one couldn't really get the feel of Berlin without actually being in Berlin. One could read about Berlin in the newspapers, but one couldn't grasp the details without actually being here. Anderson said it

wasn't uncommon for someone to hang themselves close to the Berlin wall in protest of the wall.

When we finally walked out into the parking lot together, I told Anderson I would contact him as soon as I had a place to stay; I didn't yet have any place where he could reach me. Anderson boarded his car and pulled off.

I walked over to my car. For the first time I noticed quite a bit of stuff in the back which I hadn't seen before. Some orange extension cord and some other tools were there which I suddenly realized Jimmy might need.

I thought I only had about \$1,300, so obviously I was going to have to find work fairly quickly if I hoped to be able to survive in Berlin. I hopped into the car and drove off. But instead of looking for a place to stay, I drove to Portsmouth and parked the car in the upstairs living room of the Gay Street House. The rear part of the car was able to be converted into a bed, which I did. I then lay down on the bed.

A television program was on in the room; on the show a fellow who had piles of coins stacked around him was talking about silver. He was interviewing people to determine how many silver coins they carried around and how many they had at home. He showed his hands and pointed out how black his hands were -- to show people how

silver wore away on a person's hands. He explained that that was the reason silver was being taken out of circulation – so it wouldn't be lost. I reflected that our coin collection at the House was worth thousands of dollars and I pictured rows of silver coins stacked up.

I began thinking how glad I was that I had brought the truck back. Actually I didn't even need the truck. I had no possessions with me except a change of clothes. If I wanted to return to Montreal, perhaps I would simply hitchhike. However I was having difficulty believing I was actually back in Portsmouth. What was I doing here? It was a depressing feeling.

My father and Jimmy walked into the room. I continued lying in the bed without moving. They both seemed tall and business-like. Jimmy was wearing a gray suit and my father was wearing a dark-colored suit. Jimmy seemed like a lawyer and reminded me of lawyers I had known somewhere. I was sure they noticed me because I was lying right in the middle of the room, but they didn't say anything. I felt relieved because apparently Jimmy hadn't needed the car while I had been gone.

As I continued to pretend I was sleeping I reflected how glad I was I had left the room in a neat condition before lying down. I hadn't left books lying around on the floor by the bed as I

used to do. I used to begin reading books and leave them lying unfinished by my bed. But now I had become neater.

Jimmy finally left; I rose and spoke with my father. He said he was thinking about going to Montreal himself. He pulled out a newspaper and showed me an ad for a trip to Montreal. The price for the trip was \$286 and included three days of hotel expenses in one of the very best hotels in Montreal. I asked him if the price included air fare to Montreal and he said it did. It seemed like a bargain to me.

Dream of: 29 September 1986 (3) "Vector Analysis"

I walked into a classroom at Shawnee State College and picked up a book which contained some pictures of women in a delivery room having babies. One black woman (probably in her early 20s) was lying on a table with her knees bent and her feet on the table. But her back was raised off the table. She was on the verge of giving birth and was completely nude.

Another picture showed a second black woman lying on a table with a towel draped across her stomach. She likewise was about to have a baby. It seemed to me that women in delivery rooms were generally nude except for a towel over them.

The room I was in was a chemistry classroom. I hadn't taken any chemistry classes but was thinking about taking one. I was even considering enrolling in college and studying to become a doctor. But I thought I was quite old to do such a thing. I looked at the other people in the room and saw how much younger than I they were. They looked like they were teenagers. I was probably too old to be accepted in medical school. It might help to show that I was a lawyer, but I still doubted I would be able to go.

Finally the teacher came in and class began. The students were conducting experiments in which long glass tubes were used. I watched for about 15 minutes and finally left.

Walking around in the fairly crowded halls I noticed a couple girls (each about 20 years old). I thought I caught them looking at me and I walked in their direction for a short ways. We walked up some stairs close to each other. I thought it would probably be inappropriate for me to approach them since I was a total stranger.

I walked away from them into a lounge area toward a large window. As I stood looking out the window a thin fellow about my age walked up next to me. I had recently met the fellow and admired him. He seemed strong and full of energy. I enjoyed his company. However he was slightly

depressed at the moment. The vista outside the window was quite inspiring to me but not to him.

Outside the sun was just beginning to rise. The scene inspired me because it made me appreciate life itself. But my companion couldn't see that. As the sun grew larger, a panoramic scene unfolded before us. Large, ice-capped mountains loomed in front of our eyes. Some trees were right in front of us. It was autumn and the leaves were changing. One tree in particular – which seemed to be a tulip tree – had blazing yellow leaves.

I pointed the tree out to my companion and told him to look at the yellow of the leaves. It was one of the brightest yellow colors I had ever seen. I talked about how life was just beginning for us and how we needed to appreciate it. I felt he was beginning to understand what I was saying.

Suddenly he suggested that he and I go running on a hill in Portsmouth. I agreed and we both took off running. We were both wearing heavy brogan boots. I was glad of that because I wanted to run with the heavy boots on. So did my friend. We hadn't run far before we encountered Anderson. We asked him to accompany us.

Anderson joined us and the three of us ran to the hill we were looking for. We anticipated the hill would be covered with trees whose leaves would be changing colors. We ran up the hill and I took

the lead. Finally the hill became so steep we slowed down to a walk. I led us along the sidewalk and spoke with Anderson.

I wondered what Anderson thought about my being with the new fellow since Anderson had probably never seen him before. I wondered if he realized the fellow and I were becoming good friends.

I began thinking about algebraic equations. The example of $(x+17)(x-19)$ ran through my mind. I was also thinking of vector analysis. I knew the equations I was considering didn't actually deal with vector analysis but was curious as to exactly what vector analysis was.

Dream of: 29 September 1986 (4) "Reason For Disinheritance"

While at the Gallia County Farmhouse, I looked out the front and saw a large leafless tree on the corner of the field at the bottom of the hill. In the top of the tree perched a large black animal which seemed to be a bear. I screamed for my step-grandfather Clarence. He came, saw the animal and said it was a pole cat.

The animal turned its face toward us. It wasn't like a bear, but it wasn't like a cat either. It had a large, long snout and very dark eyes. It also sported a long hanging black tail with white rings.

Clarence said he was going to shoot the animal. I didn't want him to shoot it, but before I could do anything, Clarence had grabbed a gun, left the Farmhouse and walked down to the tree. I followed.

When we reached the tree, the animal began descending and when it had reached the bottom of the tree, it turned, faced Clarence, and snarled with long sharp white teeth. Although the creature was fearsome-looking, I still didn't want Clarence to shoot it.

Three of Clarence's dogs surrounded the animal, but they wouldn't attack. Suddenly Clarence fired his gun at the animal. The animal looked sad for a moment, then fell over dead. I was upset and angry with Clarence. I thought the animal might even have belonged to an endangered species.

Aggrieved, I returned to the house where my grandmother Mabel was preparing something to eat. I angrily gathered some things together, intending to go to my Cabin. Storming past her, I said I wasn't going to eat.

As soon as I was outside, two men approached me and asked if I would get their mail for them. I looked up toward the roof of the Farmhouse and saw (hanging on a wire) a package of mail with perhaps 20-25 envelopes in it. Although I didn't

want to get the mail for the men, I said, "Oh all right."

I threw down my things, walked back into the Farmhouse and ascended the stairs to where I was able to retrieve the mail and throw it down to the men. After I had walked back downstairs and was again getting ready to leave, I noticed that some other people had materialized at the bottom of the hill near where the animal had been shot. To my surprise I saw about a dozen more of the animals, all as large as bears - except one which was just a baby. But only about half the animals were alive - about half had already been shot: Clarence was shooting them. I hurried down toward Clarence, intending to try to save the remaining animals. Even though I knew the animals actually were dangerous and could attack someone, I thought they were timid and wouldn't attack unless provoked. I began screaming, trying to scare them away.

Then my father also showed up, apparently also intending to shoot some of the animals. Continuing to scream, I managed to scare away some of the animals. Suddenly, however, I fell into a large deep hole which seemed covered with leaves; I thought the hole might be a den for some of the animals.

By the time I managed to climb out of the hole, my father had boarded a car and was chasing the animals in it. He stopped near me for a moment, and after I had also climbed into the car, he and I immediately began arguing about his trying to harm the animals. I maintained that the animals shouldn't be shot, while he callously asserted that they should.

I finally thought I heard him say he would disinherit me if I tried to prevent the animals' being killed. Being disinherited didn't matter to me; saving the animals was more important.

He and I finally came to blows, physically fighting. For a while, no one was even steering the car, even though the car continued moving down the road. In the turmoil, my father ended up in the back seat, while I grabbed the steering wheel and guided the car into an open field. I then turned the car around and drove it out of the field.

Other cars had been behind us on the road. The cars stopped while we were in the field and when I pulled back onto the road they began following us again. I wondered if the drivers of the other cars knew what was going on in our car.

Dream of: 01 October 1986 "Shelter Of The Courthouse"

After being away for a while, I had returned to Dallas. Early in the morning I went to judge Schwille's court in the Dallas County courthouse.

Since I had decided I wanted to work again in Dallas, I put my name in the box out of which the names of court-appointed attorneys would be drawn. The courtroom began filling up with people and other lawyers. Most of the lawyers were unfamiliar to me and many were black. A couple times my ex-wife Louise walked around the room, but we didn't speak.

The judge walked into the courtroom and saw me. The drawing of the names took place and my name was picked first. The judge returned to his chambers and a woman attorney walked into the courtroom and took his place. Apparently a new procedure had been instituted whereby lawyers were taking turns doing some of the judge's work.

The woman attorney called out a defendant's name. Since my name had been first on the list, I thought I would be appointed to represent the defendant, but instead, the woman attorney handled the case herself without actually appointing another lawyer. After she sent the defendant on his way, she followed the same procedure with several other defendants.

Finally she stepped down and another lawyer who followed the same procedure took her place. At

last judge Schwille returned to the courtroom, took over and immediately called out my name. I walked up in front of him and said, "I'm back."

I wanted to be sure he understood that I had returned to work in his court. I also mentioned to him that I had forgotten to write "Spanish" by my name and I asked him to put an "S" by my name to indicate that I spoke Spanish. That way I could also represent Spanish-speaking defendants. The names of several Spanish-speaking attorneys were already on the list.

I had hesitated to return to court because I still had long hair, but the judge didn't seem to mind. Apparently he was going to appoint me to cases even though I did have long hair.

After he appointed me to a defendant, I worked with my new client, quickly completed the task and turned in a pay sheet to the judge for \$100. I felt good about being back in court. I could start earning some good money again; this was where I needed to be.

When the judge finally went back to his chambers, I walked back to talk with him. We discussed a case which I was going to argue and he gave me the citation of another case which he said would help me if I would read it. I told him I would return later to discuss the case more with him.

Having finished, I walked outside the courthouse, where rain was pounding down.

While I was still standing under the shelter of the courthouse, a black fellow walked up to me and showed me what appeared to be a small plastic container for carrying 35mm film. He opened the vial, showed me that it contained marijuana and asked me if I wanted to buy some. Glancing inside the vial I noticed some seeds which were obviously from marijuana. Some other leaves were also in the mixture.

The fellow said he wanted \$15 for the marijuana. I agreed. After paying him \$15, I took the vial and stuck it in my pocket. As I started to walk away, the fellow suddenly wanted to fight with me. We were standing on a slightly raised platform; the fellow attacked me and I threw him off the platform, but he kept coming back and I had to throw him off the platform about a half dozen times.

I screamed for help so someone might call the police, but no one did anything. Finally I used some karate on the fellow. I didn't really need the police, although I would have preferred for them to have appeared.

When I at last managed to extricate myself from the fellow and climb into the driver's seat of a car, to my chagrin, the fellow also slipped into the car.

As I started driving down the road, the pugnacious fellow was still trying to fight with me. Somehow I managed to open the door and kick him out. As my car proceeded forward, I looked back and saw the fellow lying in the middle of the street. I was finally free of him.

I finally stopped the car, got out and began walking around in the rain. I was wearing my long beige trench coat which I took off, folded up and threw down by the side of the road.

I returned to the courthouse where I put on a thin blue jacket. Once again I left the courthouse and began walking around in the rain. This time I took off the blue jacket, folded it up and threw it down beside the road. I continued walking until finally it struck me that I had actually thrown my coats away; but it didn't bother me.

I thought about the marijuana I had bought from the belligerent fellow. It suddenly occurred to me that some of the leaves which had been lying on top of the mixture hadn't really looked like marijuana leaves. I began to surmise that the leaves probably weren't marijuana at all. I figured someone had probably taken some marijuana seeds and mixed them with another substance so when someone saw the mixture, he would recognize the marijuana seeds and think the whole mixture was marijuana. Saying what was included

in the mixture was difficult. The mixture might even include something dangerous. I began to doubt I had done the right thing by buying the mixture.

Dream of: 02 October 1986 "Enervating"

One night while I was standing in front of a disco next door to where I was living, a blonde girl (probably in her early 20s) walked up to me. She drew close and I soon put my arm around her shoulder. Obviously she had been drinking alcohol and was quite intoxicated. She was extremely pretty and was wearing a black bottom and a red top. I was wearing a pair of pants, a shirt, black tennis shoes and a non-leather belt.

As we looked at each other, it seemed to me that I had met her somewhere before, although I didn't actually think I had. I liked her company and finally we walked into the large dance hall as we talked to each other. I had stuck my head in the place once before, had seen a crowd of people dancing and I hadn't stayed. This time when we entered, no one was dancing on the large dance floor even though a band was playing. It seemed everyone was waiting for someone else to begin dancing.

I kidded the girl that she would have to go out onto the dance floor by herself and begin dancing in front of all the men who were there. Many men

were wearing cowboy hats and I likewise had on a cowboy hat.

We walked to one end of the dance floor and sat down. I wondered what I should talk about with the girl and whether I should mention that I was a lawyer. I decided I didn't want to mention that fact. I thought, "How am I going to talk to her? And how will she know anything about me?"

I thought about telling her that although I had lived next door to the dance hall for three months I had only looked inside once before and I hadn't stayed. I thought perhaps I would try to use long words when I talked with her. The word "enervating" crossed my mind.

The band finished the song and I told the girl she and I were going to dance the next dance together. When the band began playing again, however, I backed out because I didn't want to dance in front of all the other people. Finally another couple walked onto the floor and began dancing. We followed suit.

The music was fast. At first I felt somewhat self-conscious because I was only wearing tennis shoes, but gradually I began to come alive. I thought I was doing an extremely good job dancing and I felt almost intoxicated. I enjoyed what I was doing but I thought I might actually be

intoxicated and that it might only seem as if I were dancing well when I actually wasn't.

When the girl somehow became separated from me on the dance floor, I continued dancing around the floor looking for her. Finally I felt someone tap me on the shoulder and it turned out to be she. I stopped and we walked off the dance floor together. I had the feeling she was enjoying my company and that she wanted to talk with me.

Dream of: 02 October 1986 (2) "Prize Money"

I was living in a house in Portsmouth where my sister and her son, my nephew David, were also living. David and I slept together at night in the same bed. I wasn't used to sleeping with anyone and I wondered if I disturbed him at night. I knew

I sometimes ejaculated in my sleep and I specifically wondered if I might be making any kind of movements which would disturb him. I asked David about it and he said he hadn't noticed anything.

I awoke one morning and walked into Tracy Park where I found my mother sitting on a bench looking out over the street on the north side of the park. Another woman was sitting to her right on the bench. A number of people were walking on the street. I commented that almost everyone seemed to be dressed up in a Christmas costume. They were also carrying packages which they had

purchased downtown. I reflected that a lot of starving Africans could be saved if the people would use their money for them instead of spending it on Christmas junk. I thought about how my mother liked Christmas and how that I ignored it. She would probably like it if I would get dressed up in some kind of Christmas costume and buy some Christmas junk.

I noticed someone on the corner of the other side of the street with some balloons. Suddenly the person let the balloons go and they began floating skyward. I thought it would have been better if the person had waited till Christmas night and joined other people in letting all their balloons float up together.

My sister and David showed up. We all left the park and went to a small building where David took part in a contest which he won. As prize he apparently was going to receive title to a house although the papers weren't yet ready. He had also won \$10,000.

I spoke to the people who conducted the contest. I told them I would be representing my sister, who was David's mother, to be sure David received his prize money.

Dream of: 05 October 1986 "Novation"

My father owned a couple houses in Portsmouth. One reminded me of a large two-story frame house I had once lived in in Waco, Texas and the other reminded me of a garage apartment I had also lived in for a while in Waco. People lived in both houses and were supposed to be paying \$150 a month per house. The houses were in disrepair and I thought the larger house could be fixed up so even more people could be living in it.

My father had borrowed \$14,000 on the houses but hadn't yet received all the money. He now wanted to sell me the houses and transfer the loan to me. I considered doing it and began explaining to him that in order for us to consummate the transaction the bank would have to execute a novation. I explained that "novation" was a legal word and that if he transferred the loan to me without a novation and I later defaulted on the loan then he would later be liable for paying off the debt. If there was a novation then only I would be liable.

But he didn't seem to care whether there was a novation. He simply wanted to go ahead and transfer the houses to me. I had the feeling that part of the reason he wanted to transfer the property was so I would have to stay in Portsmouth and take care of it; he wanted me there.

Buckner showed up and I explained the transaction to him.

Finally my father and I went to the bank. I already owed the bank \$296. My father was so anxious to complete the transaction that he wrote out a check to the bank for the \$296. Then without a novation he signed the property over to me.

Suddenly I was the new owner.

I figured it wasn't a bad deal. Each house had only cost \$7,000. \$150 a month rent was being collected. I might even move into the big house myself and thus save paying rent. I wouldn't do any more repair work than was absolutely necessary. After a few months I might have things in good enough order to leave Portsmouth anyway.

Dream of: 05 October 1986 (2)
"Beauty And Pain"

I vaguely seemed to be in the 1700s in a large room which somewhat resembled a church and in which a lecture was being given. With me was a friend (a little older than I) whom I immensely admired but whom I still didn't know well. He seemed to be an accomplished artist of some sort.

He in particular seemed to be from the 1700s.

The man giving the lecture was using charts and diagrams and talking about an important step in the development of musical theory. He talked about a shift of emphasis which had been placed on certain notes as music had developed. He spoke of one composer in particular who had made the shift from other notes to the note of "r." He said that shift had been dramatic because at the time the shift had been made, musicians hadn't been fully aware of the nature of sound. The shift, which had been intuitive, had immensely enhanced the writing of music.

I thought he said that the name of the composer was "Heine." Since I knew that Heinrich Heine was a German poet, I thought I might have misunderstood the name when it had been pronounced.

How much there was in the world and how much I needed to know. I thought of the immensity of the skies and imagined stars in my mind. I recalled how I had recently been outside looking at the stars and contemplating the vastness of the universe.

It occurred to me that the lecturer hadn't even played the music he was discussing yet. I wondered how I would be affected when I actually heard the music.

Suddenly someone did start playing the music. My friend who was sitting behind me touched me when the music began. I felt that in some vague way we were communicating. I thought he might somehow be able to help me. I listened closer to the music which was a melody.

The music was so beautiful I felt taken away by it. The beauty of it seemed to carry me over mountains; wide vistas unfurled before me. The music was so intense I almost began to feel some pain. Inside me I began to feel there might be some relation between beauty and pain which I hadn't yet uncovered. I was uncertain that such a relation did exist, but felt it might indeed be there.

It seemed the time had come for me to explore the possibility that beauty and pain were somehow intimately related.

Dream of: 06 October 1986 "Levels Of Consciousness"

I was in a city, but still in the midst of a number of trees. I was holding onto something (not much

more than a string) which I knew could lift me up into the air. Before I could let go I was lifted up and I flew through the air. My hands were raised over my head as if I were holding a balloon. I couldn't let go because it was already a long distance to the ground.

The sensation of flying was familiar to me since I had often done it in the past. However when I went so high, I tended to become frightened. But it suddenly became clear to me that flying was actually a metaphor for reaching different levels of consciousness. I thought if I would go up a little farther, I would reach a certain point where I would be in a rather sublime state of consciousness and start having types of experiences which I had never had before.

However I didn't feel prepared yet for that and I began to descend. I reached the ground, found a group of people and spoke with them. Steve Weinstein walked up wearing a white shirt buttoned at the top. I was wearing a blue, stripped shirt also buttoned at the top. Weinstein reached for my top button as if to unbutton it, but I brushed his hand away because I didn't want it unbuttoned.

He spoke to me in French. In a way I thought he was trying to impress the people around us that we could speak French. But at the same time I felt

it was a genuine attempt on his part to speak French with me. That pleased me because I enjoyed speaking French.

Weinstein's voice sounded very different from normal. Apparently he had been learning from somebody and his voice had been changed. His voice also reminded me of someone else but I couldn't place who. The tonal quality of the way he spoke French and the way I spoke it were radically different. Both our pronunciations were pleasant in their own way. His was pleasant in a somewhat refined way, but mine was pleasant in the naturalness of it.

Weinstein said, "Combien couterait un bounge pour aller à Londres cette nuit?"

I replied, "Es que tu veux aller à Londres cette nuit?"

He said, "Oui, combien couterait une bounge?"

I answered, "Je ne comprends pas cette mot 'bounge'."

He replied that the word "bounge" meant "air" in English. But I told him the French word for "air" was "l'air." But then he said that "bounge" meant "fare." I finally realized he had been asking me how much it would cost for a ticket to London tonight. I said, "Coutera deux cents dolars."

He then said he was leaving and he walked away. I figured he was headed for Ellis Island and that his plane (probably People's Express) would be leaving from there. I thought the flight would probably cost about \$170. I thought perhaps I might follow him to Ellis Island. It seemed in a way that Weinstein was trying to show me how easy it was to simply fly to London for a few days on business and then return to New York. It was no longer a major event to travel to Europe.

I had been developing the ability to project myself to places without actually having to travel there. I began projecting myself to where I thought Weinstein had gone and I reached a place where I saw him racing down some circular stairs which went down for many flights. Finally he jumped on the banister of the stairs and began sliding down. For myself, I traveled head first down the circular space in the middle of the stairs until I reached the bottom where I stopped and began looking at Weinstein from an upside-down angle. He said, "Oh no."

I didn't think he wanted me to go to London with him and I quickly explained that I had no intention of going with him to London.

From where we were we could see Ellis Island in the distance. Weinstein was just getting ready to cross the water to reach Ellis Island. I could see

the Statue of Liberty on the island and New York City in the background. It had been dark out and was just beginning to dawn. The reflection of the dawning light on the buildings of New York and the Statue of Liberty standing prominently in the foreground was a splendid, uplifting sight.

All the while I was continuing to think in French. I realized how the language was flowing much more freely in my mind than before and that I needed to continue its practice.

Dream of: 07 October 1986 "Magazine Article"

While in Portsmouth, Ohio, working on some kind of article for a magazine about a Portsmouth college, I fell in love with a woman about my age who worked for the college. I planned to marry her. At the moment the woman was showing me around the college and telling me all about it. As we proceeded I gradually slipped my arms around her and finally began kissing her. Just as I did so, an older woman who also worked for the college walked into the room. We immediately separated but the older woman had obviously seen us. We didn't say anything and continued with our business.

The older woman didn't know the younger woman and I planned to marry. I thought of telling her

that things weren't always what they seemed to be, but instead I said nothing.

Two other colleges were also in the town. One was The Ohio State University which was a bit far from where I was. The other college, which I thought was called Ohio University, was very near. The college I was going through was new and was quite small with only about 1,000 students. But I had already decided I was going to highly recommend it. It had a good library which I had used several times instead of traveling to the larger libraries at the other colleges.

I left the school and began walking around. I also wanted to include some other facts about Portsmouth in the article. I walked along Second Street and came across a large white brick building just east of Chillicothe Street. I knew the building had been empty before, but now it was apparently occupied. It appeared that someone had some kind of second-hand store in the building.

I noticed behind the building what appeared to be some kind of very tiny church which apparently belonged to the owners of the building. It was in good shape, painted white and had what appeared to be a small steeple on it. But I couldn't ascertain what the building was even though I knew several other little buildings like it were around

Portsmouth. It looked as if it might be a place where people went to pray. I thought I would like to go inside and see what was there and perhaps even include a picture of it in my article.

I also noticed that on a wall of another building next to the little one were standing several statues. One was of a boy lying down playing a pan pipe. Another one appeared to be of someone playing a flute. I thought I might also write in the book about the number of statues around Portsmouth. Many more statues were in the town than people realized.

I continued walking until I came across a group of men who appeared to be construction workers sitting down taking a break. They were waiting to get back to work and one said they needed to start working again soon because some men here didn't drink whiskey and therefore had nothing to do in the meantime. I walked up and said, "Who is it here who doesn't drink whiskey?"

They all pointed to a young fellow (18-19 years old). I walked over to him, held out my hand and said, "Join the club."

I wanted him to know that I also didn't drink whiskey. He grasped my hand and we shook.

The men got into a car and I joined them. The driver (probably in his early 40s) was muscular

and almost bald. I was told that his name was "Noam Chamis." There seemed to be three rows of seats in the car instead of two. I was in the middle seat with three other men and I was sitting second from the left. Three men were sitting in the front seat and another seat was behind me.

When the driver began going fast and steering recklessly, I wanted to get out of the car. As we rode down a street, I asked the driver if he would stop and let me out, but he refused. We finally came to a place where a wire fence had been stretched across the road. The driver drove right through the fence, through a grassy spot, through another wire fence and back onto where the road picked up again. Some wires snapped into the car and I was afraid they might hurt someone inside.

Finally he drove down by the Ohio River (just east of the U.S. Grant bridge which crosses from Portsmouth to Kentucky) and drove amongst some trees on top of the levy which runs along the river.

The driver parked the car sideways on the levy and it suddenly occurred to me that he planned to roll the car sideways down the levy on the side opposite the river.

The driver suddenly threw open his door and jumped out; the car began rolling over. The door on my seat was also open. I positioned myself so I slipped out the door and the car rolled over top of

me without injuring me. I watched the car continue rolling down the hill still carrying some of the young men inside. One body was lying on the side of the hill where the car had rolled.

Perhaps that fellow had been crushed.

I wanted to escape from the driver as quickly as possible. I ran over top the levy in the direction of the river where I saw a several boats next to the shore. They actually looked like large house trailers floating on the water. Even though I thought the water was probably cold, I jumped in and swam toward the trailers. I reached one and while I was still in the water, I began knocking on a double window on the side of the trailer. I could see a family of about four people sitting around a table inside. One person was a small blonde-haired girl (probably 6-7 years old).

I began rocking the trailer. The people (who seemed apprehensive) didn't come to where I was, but walked over to the other side of the trailer. I began hollering, "Help! Help! Call the police!"

I swam on around the boat and suddenly felt something stab into the heel of my left foot. It felt like a mousetrap at first. But I thought it might be a broken pop bottle. I reached down and pulled a wide sliver of sharp metal out of my foot. I thought, "Well there's probably blood in the water now."

I hollered again, "Help! Help! Someone come in with me! But call the police first!"

Finally I climbed onto a nearby bank still wanting the people in the boat to help me find out if anyone had been injured by the car rolling down the levy.

Dream of: 07 October 1986 (2) "Garbage Pictures"

My step-grandfather Clarence, my grandmother Mabel and I were standing on the back porch of the Gallia County Farmhouse. We all got into a car which Clarence was driving. They both got into the front seat and I was going to get into the back seat; but then I saw that there was room up front so I got in the front seat with them.

We pulled out and drove along until we came to a town. I needed to mail some letters and we stopped at a post box. I got out and dropped my letters into the mail box; but the box didn't shut all the way when I was finished. I thought maybe someone had stuck some tin cans into the box and the cans were clogging up the box. I reached into the mail box and started pulling the cans out and noticed that someone had also stuffed some black carbon paper in the box. It looked as if it was just garbage.

Some pictures of nude women had been torn from a pornographic magazine and thrown into the mail box. I decided I would like to take some of the pictures with me, leaned over so Clarence and Mabel couldn't see what I was doing and put some of the pictures into my inside coat pocket. Finally I found the pornographic magazine itself (about half of which was left), folded it and likewise stuck it into my pocket.

I returned to the car and climbed into the front seat although I really wanted to get into the back seat where I could look at the pictures without being seen. One reason I didn't get into the back seat was because Clarence's and Mabel's dog, Mike, was back there.

The car pulled out and we rode along. I was confident that no one knew I had the pictures.

Dream of: 07 October 1986 (3) "Just Illusion"

I had begun to have some very serious questions about exactly who I was. It haunted me to sometimes awaken in the morning and not understand my very nature. One morning I awoke and momentarily realized that when I slept at night I traveled through time and was able to witness my life at different stages in time. When I would awaken, I would just happen to be at that particular time in my life. Much of the continuity

and progression from stage to stage in my life
were therefore just illusion.

I was uncertain what I should do with my life, but
thought it had something to do with art. The
contours of my existence however were still very
vague.

Dream of: 07 October 1986 (4) "Diagnosed Cancer"

I was doing some work in either a grade school or
high school where some of the students appeared
to be juvenile delinquents. A test was being
administered to the students to determine
whether any of them had cancer and I was
responsible for taking the students down to a
room where they were given some kind of
injection. If the skin swelled up at the site of the
injection and pus came out of it, it was a sign that
they had cancer. It would then be determined
whether an operation should be performed to
remove the cancer.

One day I took the test myself and was given a
shot in my left leg in the same place where I once
was injured when a knife stuck in my leg. I didn't
receive any results back that day. The next day, as
I was taking a tall black boy (about 16 years old)
to the test room, I noticed that my left leg was
giving me tremendous pain and that I could hardly
walk on it. I looked at my leg and saw a red circle

where I had received the shot. The circle was divided into four parts and in the middle of the circle was another circle. Each of the four parts as well as the circle in the middle was a different color. The entire area appeared to be quite swollen.

I put my hand on the shoulder of a fellow walking in front of me so he could help me along. We finally reached the test room and I was so sore I had to sit on the floor. I noticed my first cousin Jimmy in there and I waived to him. A black woman doctor walked up, looked at my leg and pressed the middle of the sore. A cream-colored pus spurted out. She got some pus on her fingers and then smeared it onto something which she handed to another woman who put it into a machine. The second woman then whispered something into the ear of the first woman doctor who then said to me, "Your cancer is deep within the infected area. I'll have to do some more tests to determine whether or not we can remove it surgically."

I said, "You mean with that you can definitely tell I have cancer?"

I was curious as to what kind of cancer I had, bone cancer or some other kind. I was in so much pain at that point I didn't care what they had to do

(including cutting off my legs) just so I could stop the pain.

Dream of: 07 October 1986 (5) "Direction from God"

My one-room log Cabin sat atop the highest hill of the Gallia County Farm. Now I had come up there to stay awhile. I had brought my blue sleeping bag and a few other items with me. I spent the night, and when I awoke the following morning, I glanced at the clock and realized I had apparently slept much too long – perhaps 14 hours. I felt groggy and wondered whether I had really slept so much. As I lay on my back in my bed, I contemplated what I was doing there.

I noticed that a fairly large plant had grown in the Cabin's dirt floor. The plant was dead, but still standing. From where I was lying on the bed, I was able to kick the plant, until I dislodged it from the ground. Finally I stood up from the bed, picked up the plant, and threw it outside.

Once on my feet, I began sorting through a large bundle of clothes which I had apparently left in the Cabin the last time I had been there. In the bundle I found a couple sleeping bags which I thought might come in handy later. I also noticed a pair of baby shoes which resembled tiny brown brogans (only about five centimeters long). As I picked the shoes up, I heard a squeak, like a

baby's toy might make. I thought about throwing the shoes away, but then I thought about how I had been making collages lately, and I decided I might be able to cut up the shoes and use the pieces on a collage.

I ruminated about what I was doing at the Cabin, and about my life in general. I still had quite a bit of money saved; I had been thinking about going to Europe and enrolling in a graduate study program – if I could decide what subject I wanted to study. I hoped to only stay in the Cabin for a short while before heading to Europe.

Suddenly, however, I realized I shouldn't go to Europe at all. Instead, I should simply stay in the Cabin and make collages. I should develop my artistic ability until I could actually sell some collages. The money I earned from the artwork could then be used for travel and living expenses.

The concept of such a life-style was a revelation to me. Every time I sold some artwork, I should set the money aside in a separate account. When I had enough money saved in the account, I could travel. If I ran out of money while traveling, I would have to return to the Cabin and create more collages to sell. I would use the Cabin as a base. I could be comfortable there. The Cabin wasn't as poor as I sometimes imagined. Looking around the Cabin again, I realized the floor was actually cement,

instead of dirt. The Cabin was more than adequate to accommodate me.

I would like to implement my plan by taking a short trip as soon as possible. Perhaps I could sell enough collages to take a jaunt to Mexico. Later I could sell more collages and travel in earnest to other places.

I was so satisfied, in a gesture of thanks, I lifted my arms into the air. I thought the first thing I needed to do every morning, when I rose from sleep, was to thank God for giving me direction. I felt keenly thankful indeed.

I walked over to the window, picked up my binoculars and looked outside. Below me in the valley, I could see the Farmhouse, where a brown car had just pulled up in back. When a blonde-haired woman stepped from the car, I thought she resembled my father's temperamental second wife, Kay. That seemed a little strange, because I remembered Kay and my father had already divorced. Looking more closely, I noticed a heavy-set blond-haired fellow (probably in his early 20s) with the woman. I thought perhaps Kay had remarried, and had come to introduce her new husband to my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel, who were living in the Farmhouse.

Looking closer, however, I realized the woman wasn't Kay at all. In the car she had appeared to have had short hair like Kay, but now I saw the woman actually had long hair. As I watched the woman walk to the back door and shake hands with someone, I thought she must be one of my grandparents' relatives whom I had never met. I wondered if the woman might be planning to come up to the Cabin. The idea didn't particularly enthuse me.

Dream of: 10 October 1986 "Statue Of An Angel"

I was married to a woman about my age and the two of us were living together in a large city. We went to bed, began having sex and continued for about fifteen minutes until she rose and said she wanted to go to the toilet. That disturbed me because I wanted to continue.

As I lay alone, I reflected that I had decided to quit having sex; but I found myself in a dilemma because I was still married and my wife wanted to have sex. So I had decided to try having sex without actually climaxing. I knew it was going to be extremely difficult because I had already felt like having an orgasm while I had just been having sex with my wife, but I was determined to try it anyway.

I knew I had to do it because if I ever had an orgasm again it was radically going to adversely affect my artistic nature. I actually felt rather sick about the whole thing. Finally while my wife was still in the bathroom I got up and left. Once outside I realized we had actually been living together in what appeared to be a large cathedral.

I got into a car and began driving around. I passed down under an underpass where some roads were over top of me. I looked up and saw over top of the underpass a large, white, cement statue of an angel. It was probably twenty meters tall and had long straight wings which fell all the way from its shoulders to the ground. I remembered having seen that statue in this city long ago and I had thought I would never reach the point where I would actually be living in the city. Now here I was – I had actually arrived.

I continued driving and felt a bit hazy. Wanting to avoid some traffic, I cut through a parking lot and a policeman sitting there saw me, pulled me over and walked up to my car. I felt rather as if I were watching a movie of what was taking place. The policeman said a fellow had just passed through a parking lot and had gone by a dozen cars probably loaded with goods. He mentioned something about being suspicious about the fellow and the fellow's having a scar.

When he said that, I looked down at my left arm and realized there was a long, thick, white scar running all the way from below my elbow up past my upper arm to my shoulder. Apparently the scar had just appeared overnight and I hadn't even realized it. A second long scar was also on my left arm and a scar was also on my right arm.

I began thinking the scars were appearing because I had AIDS. The policeman also probably had some idea of the fact. I thought I should go back and tell my wife about it. But I figured the policeman would probably have me arrested and taken somewhere and that the police would tell my wife. I thought I would need for someone to take care of my wife if I had AIDS. I wondered what I was going to do. I wasn't particularly bothered and I thought I would probably live five more years. Then I thought "Well, no, it'll probably only be two or three years."

I thought about even committing suicide to get it over with. In a way I welcomed the idea because I thought I was finally going to see what death was like. I was very curious what it would be like. But I doubted I would commit suicide. I would probably just live out the next two or three years or whatever it took.

I wasn't sure how I would survive since I wouldn't be able to work. I didn't know whether some kind

of public funds would take care of me. I still thought I would need to work some during that time, but I was unsure what I would do. I was in a rather confused state now that I realized I did have AIDS.

Dream of: 10 October 1986 (2) "Chalka Pult"

While I was visiting a family at their house, the circumstances made me think I might be dreaming and I decided to perform a test to see whether I was actually dreaming. Although I knew the people in the family, I didn't know them well. I decided if I asked the family questions about things I didn't know, and then I retained the answers to questions when I awoke, it would prove I had obtained the information in the dream.

I began questioning a girl (about 15 years old) who gave me quite a bit of information and I began to wonder whether I was going to be able to remember everything. Among her answers she mentioned a girl whose last name was "Lancaster." I thought I would be able to remember that name because I would think of the city I knew named Lancaster.

I gathered more information from a couple other people and finally spoke with the mother (about 40 years old) who reminded me of someone I had seen before. I asked her to give me some information about people she knew. I learned she

had started dating a man named Doug, but I had already known that. She told me that he was getting ready to divorce his wife for mental cruelty and that her name was "Chalka Pult."

I thought I would be able to remember the name Chalka Pult because I thought of the German word "Pult" which meant desk and then I thought of a piece of chalk on a desk.

I explained to everyone what I was doing and how interesting it was going to be when I awoke to talk to them to see if the information was actually correct and if I had been communicating with them in my dreams.

Dream of: 10 October 1986 (3) "French Gospel Music"

I seemed to be in Dallas and had joined a small group of spiritually oriented men who seemed to be involved in meditation practices. After I had met with them, I went with one of them to his apartment. He reminded me of Arthur Dietrich (the character played by Steve Landesberg on the television series "Barney Miller"). He was involved with electronics and he even had a small electronics store in his apartment.

I told him I might be interested in buying an equalizer for a stereo system, and I asked whether he had one. I also mentioned that I wasn't really

quite sure exactly what an equalizer was. He showed me one and said it would cost \$1,300. I told him that was much too high and that I wanted something much smaller. He showed me another one and said he had one which cost about \$50 and one which cost about \$100.

I asked him to demonstrate them for me. He began attaching and detaching wires to an elaborate stereo system and finally connected an equalizer to it. Able to hear music both with and without the equalizer, I could then discern a distinct difference. It sounded much better with the equalizer.

I noticed when he disconnected the equalizer I could hear a large clock on the wall loudly ticking. When he reconnected the equalizer I couldn't hear it. He explained that the equalizer removed vibrations coming from other objects in the room. Even the vibrations and sounds from an air conditioner for example would be removed by the equalizer.

He certainly seemed to know much about electronics. I thought it would be interesting from a scientific perspective to understand the physics of sound waves, and that it would add much to the enjoyment of the sound.

I lay down on a bed and watched as he demonstrated the devices. I felt comfortable here

and I also felt comfortable around him. He sat down and finally I rose from the bed and talked with him again.

I walked into another room and found a number of large recording tapes. One was a tape of French gospel music by a man whom I had heard of before. I thought it would be interesting to hear the tape.

Apparently a woman then entered a room below the apartment and the man had to turn the music down so it wouldn't disturb her. It surprised me that he would live in an apartment where he had to keep the noise low because I thought he probably liked to listen to loud music. I thought of suggesting to him that we trade apartments because the music could be as loud as he wanted where I was living. I thought I was living in the Travis Street Apartment. I thought Terra Perry (who lived below me) might complain some, but she couldn't complain much because she herself sometimes played music loudly.

Finally I wanted to leave. I hadn't brought my car and I knew I would have to walk a few kilometers to my place. But I didn't want him to have to take me and I thought I would rather walk.

Dream of: 10 October 1986 (4) "Numb All Over"

I was at some kind of restaurant/club which I knew Louise frequented. The room was large and had quite a few tables and chairs. After I had sat down at a table, an older man wearing a black suit walked up, sat down at the table and spoke with me. He was drinking something alcoholic and appeared to be already intoxicated. I didn't drink anything alcoholic, but did talk with him.

The man was thin, had dark hair and was probably in his mid-50s. I knew he was somehow connected with Louise; I thought he might even be her husband. He continued talking, began on the subject of driving while intoxicated and admitted he had once been arrested for driving while intoxicated a few years earlier. He said in the last month he had been arrested nine times for driving while intoxicated. I thought that was incredible and that it must be costing him much money.

Louise walked up, sat down at our table and we continued talking. Another blond-haired man wearing glasses who looked as if he were about 20 walked in and I learned he was Louise's husband.

As he walked by my table toward the bar, I thought I heard him ask me to come with him. I had been in the place a couple times before and had seen him both times, although I didn't think he had been married to Louise before.

I walked over to the bar and stood next to him. He seemed surprised to see me here and I told him I had thought he wanted to talk with me. He said he hadn't wanted to talk with me, so we just stood here without speaking to each other. I thought of asking, "So how's married life?" but thought that probably wouldn't be a good idea.

In my hand I had some wadded-up money, a couple of tens and a one.

No one seemed friendly toward me and I began thinking perhaps I should have never come into the bar. Finally Louise walked over to the bar; but she wasn't friendly toward me either. She didn't even look like Louise and seemed different. She also seemed as if she might be bitter toward me about something.

I had my wedding ring with me, but I thought it was actually Louise's wedding ring. I wanted to keep the ring. Louise acted quite bitter and said I could just have it. I was glad because I wanted to keep it forever.

She became quite nasty and said I had once pushed her out of the house. Her husband stepped up and said, "If I would have been there I would have smashed his face."

He made a quick motion with his left elbow as if to hit me in the face, but he didn't actually hit me. He

had been wearing a suit and tie when he had walked in, but now that he was wearing what appeared to be a black karate uniform.

He backed away and a rather overweight woman stepped up; she was apparently involved with real estate. Apparently when I had been here once before I had made a comment about the woman's weight. Louise had apparently told the woman and now the woman was also angry with me.

Several other nearby people also appeared to be grumbling about me. It was time for me to leave; I walked to the other side of the room to retrieve my coat from where I had left it. The whole group followed me; they seemed to be threatening me. I just wanted to leave; I picked up my coat and began walking away.

A short thin fellow (probably in his early 20s) followed me. He looked Hispanic, was well-dressed and was wearing a beige trench coat. He apparently could tell I was feeling bad about the whole situation. He seemed to want to console me and he put his arms around me. I pushed him away and said, "Oh man, you don't even know me."

Suddenly I felt a discomfort in my back around my right shoulder. I reached my hand around and discovered sticking in my back a needle to which was attached a vial, apparently containing some kind of drug: the fellow had injected me with a

drug. I wanted to scream for help, but I was unsure whether anyone here would help me. I tried to pull the needle out, but the drug was already affecting me; I began to feel numb all over. I began falling to the ground.

Dream of: 10 October 1986 (5) "Lions In A Cave"

I was in a cave in which a number of poor people were sitting who seemed as if they might be selling something. Some lions began walking through the cave and I became apprehensive as they marched by me. The lions gathered around a man and it appeared as if they were going to attack him. I screamed out, "Isn't anybody going to help him?"

No one seemed interested in helping the man. Finally I ran over to the lions and began chasing them away. But one of them wouldn't leave and it suddenly attacked me. I grabbed its mane, held it as tightly as I could and finally threw the lion from me. The lion cowered away.

The man who had been attacked had run away and had left some coins behind lying on the ground. I picked them up and saw that they included some large coins from India with designs on them and some Canadian pennies. I scooped them all up and pocketed them. I then rather proudly but not haughtily walked up and down the cave.

Dream of: 11 October 1986 "Position Is Important"

I was in a forest in a large tent which was probably six or seven meters high and made from pieces of cloth patched together. I walked to another nearby tent to retrieve two blankets to bring back to the tent I was in. One blanket was a quilt with a colorful pattern which I thought I might even hang over a hole in the side of the tent where I was staying. When I returned to the inside of my tent I looked through some slits and noticed some people nearby. Some women with whom I had apparently attended high school began marching around my tent and finally marched right through it.

I asked them what they thought of my tent and they told me they liked it very much. They marched on out, but two of them remained. They were Nina Cahan (a Dallas medical doctor whom I dated a few times) and Laura (a former high school classmate). My old high school friend, Steve Buckner, was also in the tent and apparently the three of them were going to stay overnight in the tent with me.

We all lay down. Nina and I were next to each other and Laura was rather close. Buckner was farther away. Nina and I began kissing and rolling

around together. It appeared we were going to have sex.

Laura was alone, but Buckner made no attempt to be with her. She unbuttoned her blouse and commenced to lie on her stomach. I thought of asking Nina if she objected to Laura's joining her and me, but instead of asking Nina, I simply put my hand on Laura's nude breast as she lay down.

She shivered and I thought she was going to remove my hand, but she did not and she simply lay down with my hand still on her breast. I began squeezing her breast even as I continued kissing Nina. I felt as if Nina knew what I was doing with Laura.

We moved around until I was lying on top of Nina, and Laura was lying next to us. First I would kiss Nina and then I would bend over and kiss Laura. Finally our mouths came so close together that the three of us were kissing each other at the same time. It felt extremely erotic.

I noticed that Buckner was sitting up and looking out of the tent. Gradually Nina, Laura and I began taking off our clothes and finally I was completely nude except for my under shorts, pulled down around my ankles.

I began thinking about venereal disease. I did not think Nina would have a venereal disease, but I was not sure about Laura. Nevertheless, I thought

I would probably take a chance and have sex with both of them. Of course if one of them had AIDS, I could catch it and die, but I was so overcome by the passion that I was willing to take the risk. Wondering, however, how I was going to have sex with both of them, I said to myself, "Position is very important in this kind of situation."

Suddenly Nina said she had to go somewhere (apparently the toilet) and she and Laura rose and walked out. I myself stood, sat down at a table and began thinking about what I was doing. I did not really want to have sex because I was concerned about catching AIDS, but I thought I would probably do it anyway.

I began looking at a magazine until Nina, now completely dressed, walked back in. Instead of Nina, however, she reminded me of my old friend, Steve Weinstein. He said he wanted to stop what we were doing and he asked if we could talk about something else. He said something like, "I hate going from personal to family to politics."

I began pulling up my shorts as Laura walked back in and I said, "I don't mind. I'm too scared to do anything else anyway."

Weinstein acted as if he were not apprehensive because of AIDS, but he simply wanted to stop for a while.

Dream of: 11 October 1986 (2) "Overpowering Attraction"

I was in a restaurant having a meal at a table with Laura (a former high school classmate) and Nina Cahan (a Dallas acquaintance). I knew I had recently been with both of them. I was somewhat disturbed when I noticed Laura eating a sandwich with meat on it. I thought she had once told me she only ate meat about once a month.

It was becoming rather late and I wanted to ask Laura to go out with me that evening, although I was unsure where we would go. The attraction I felt for her was almost overpowering and I was determined I was going to go out with her. Finally, the meal ended, I went to her and whispered in her ear, "How would you like to go out with me this evening?"

She immediately said she would. It was almost as if she had been expecting me to ask her out and she did not have to think about it twice. We rose and began walking out of the room. I wondered where we would go and it occurred to me that we might even want to go to church for about an hour before we went anywhere. Something about her vaguely reminded me of Mary Biester (an attractive attorney friend from Dallas).

Dream of: 12 October 1986 "Epic Poetry"

I had found a large book probably 30 centimeters tall, very wide and thick. The title of the book was on the front. The book apparently contained a couple epic poems, and the title of one of the poems contained the word "Apollo." Since the book was written in English, it occurred to me that many, epic, English, poems which had been forgotten and which no one read anymore, must exist. The poems had probably been pushed onto the back shelves of the library. I thought I might want to try to uncover some old, epic poems to see whether they contained anything worth reading.

It occurred to me that if one were writing an epic poem, the objective would be to try to express truths. I reflected how difficult it was to find something actually true. I tried to think of examples of truths and I thought something like, "Well it's not true that you shouldn't lie because there are times when a person should lie. It's not true that you shouldn't kill because there are times when you should kill. It's hard to really pinpoint some things that are true."

Nevertheless, I tried to think of something that was true and I began thinking of Buddhism. I thought how Buddha had proclaimed certain truths and I wondered if his truths were really true.

I remembered that one of his truths was that the cause of suffering was desire. It appeared to me that such a statement was probably true and that there were no exceptions to that truth. Anytime someone desired something, the person would automatically suffer.

It seemed that Buddha had developed a method of stopping the suffering, but I could not remember exactly what the method was. I thought, however, that the method involved the extinguishment of the self.

Dream of: 12 October 1986 (2) "Bathroom Mirror"

I was living in a house with my parents and had gone to the toilet to take a bath. On the wall of the toilet was a small shelf which contained about 10 small clocks. Most said 10:15 but some didn't have the right time. I also noticed a mirror in the room.

As I began filling the tub with water I heard a knock at the door, opened it and found my sister standing there. She had long hair and looked like she was about 16-17. Apparently she was in a hurry and wanted to use the bathroom. Nevertheless I began taking off my clothes. She also began taking off her clothes.

I wanted to stand nude in front of her. I first took off my pants. I was still wearing a button up blue

shirt which I thought probably covered my pubic region although I wasn't sure. I began unbuttoning the shirt. She meanwhile took off her pants and I could clearly see her pubic region. I thought of pulling her close to me and kissing her, but didn't.

Dream of: 14 October 1986 "God Climbing The Hill"

Albert Einstein was teaching a class in which he was showing some other students and me how to make sculptures. One of the sculptures which he had already assembled resembled a pyramid, constructed from boards nailed together so that each side of the pyramid was about a half meter from base to apex. Einstein explained that the boards had to first be assembled into the pyramid, and then planed down smooth. He carefully showed the students how to plane the sides on all four surfaces of the pyramid so that no rough areas would remain. The final product was quite appealing. Although I myself was not particularly interested in making one of the pyramids, I was quite intrigued by the amount of time and effort the students expended in constructing them.

I finally walked outside where a rather large group of people was gathered. Ronald Reagan was among them. I knew that being around Reagan was dangerous because so much conflict had been

developing lately in the world; someone might drop a bomb on him at any time.

Noticing a high hill nearby, I walked over to it and decided to climb it. As I struggled up the rather steep side of the hill, I could hear people talking in the background, and their voices seemed to correspond with some vague thoughts which I was having. The voices were talking about perfection and making a comparison between the perfection of Einstein's sculpture-building work, and the perfection of my climbing the hill. Somehow the two types of perfection were related. One voice also said something about God climbing the hill, and something about perfection on top of the hill. Another voice said that the hill became steeper toward the top, where there was danger of falling off. The voices and thoughts were unclear, and I was unsure how they related to each other.

Since I did not have any climbing equipment, after I had climbed the hill a short distance, I began sliding back down. Even though I had not ascended far, the descent seemed long. Seeing the hefty length of the distance that I was sliding down, I thought it was probably best that I had not tried to toil all the way to the top.

Once I had reached the bottom of the hill, I began walking around again, and realized I was somewhere in Dallas, Texas. Still thinking about

what Einstein had been teaching, I thought that I needed to make a collage and that perhaps I could even use some of Einstein's principles in the collage. I could see that if I were to make a beautiful collage, I would have to pay special attention to the smallest details.

I envisioned the collage as a large, almost life-sized representation of Rodin's statue "The Thinker." I contemplated leaving the neck out of the collage so that the head would appear to be floating over the body.

In the collage, I also wanted to illustrate the dwindling influence of my ex-wife Louise in my life. To portray this message, I could paste pictures around the Thinker's head to depict what he was thinking. I might even show some pictures as passing through his head.

I continued walking until I reached a tall office building. Sauntering inside, I ascended to the top floor, where I discovered a restaurant. I strode through the quiet family restaurant, feeling strong and virile. I was wearing a tee shirt which accentuated the muscles that I had lately been developing. Thinking I might want something to eat, I began looking at the plates on the tables as I walked past the booths. The plates were filled with typical helpings of vegetables and meat. Although

I did not want any meat, I thought I might order some vegetables.

However I was still unsure I wanted to eat here, and finally I simply left. I thought I might like to visit my friend, Jon Wickizer (whom I had first met in law school), who now lived on a spacious ranch near Fort Worth. Since I knew that Jon had a dog, I wondered what it would be like if I were to take a dog of my own to Jon's place. I thought Jon also had a horse, and I even imagined the horse running through the field with a distinctive type of movement. First the horse would sprint, and then it would gallop. It was quite a beautiful sight.

Dream of: 14 October 1986 (2) "South To North"

I was living with my father, my mother, and two small sisters (about 3 and 9 years old). I was in a room of the house with the two sisters, who had a small Ferris wheel about five meters high. I poured some powder into the engine of the Ferris wheel; I thought the powder would make the Ferris wheel move faster. But the speed didn't increase and finally my sisters turned the Ferris wheel off.

After I lay down on the couch, my father (who had been upstairs with my mother) walked into the room. I had left some things lying around on the floor, and I noticed my father frowning about it. It

seemed as if he were always angry with me about something. I stood and said that I would get up and clean it up.

One of the girls had turned the Ferris wheel on again and it was moving as fast as an electric fan.

Obviously it would have been very dangerous if one of the girls had been on the Ferris wheel. When I told my father that I had put some powder in the motor of the Ferris wheel, he became even angrier with me. Finally I looked at him and said, "You know, it seems like sometimes you hate me."

He replied, "I do."

I looked back at him and said, "Well the feeling's mutual."

He seemed to growl and said, "Well why are you staying here? Why are we living together anyway?"

I thought he wanted me to leave and I said, "Well then I'll just move out."

He seemed satisfied with that. But I had the feeling he still wanted me to stay around the area even though he didn't want me to live there. I had even been thinking about taking the legal bar exam to practice law there. When he mentioned the exam, I said, "I know where I'll go."

I thought I could go to Mexico. The word "Mexico" flashed in large bold letters in my mind.

I walked upstairs and began thinking there was also a small room in the attic where I could stay if I wanted. I thought of even going up to the attic right now to avoid my father. But I thought it would probably not be best for me to stay in the attic.

I walked into a bedroom where my mother was sitting on what appeared to be a chair watching television. She seemed surprised to see me. When I stepped closer to her, I saw that she was actually sitting on the bed. We lay down next to each other on the bed so that my head was near her feet and my feet near her head. Lying next to her seemed rather erotic and she even put one of her legs over my chest.

As I spoke to her, a show came on the television. It had something to do with "from south to north" and showed five Mexican teenagers trying to cross the border from Mexico into the United States. I told my mother I was soon going to leave and if she would watch what happened to the teenagers on the television she would have an idea of what was soon going to happen to me.

Traveling to Mexico would be difficult. I really wanted to study languages some more. But now I

seemed to have studied enough; I needed to put to use some of what I had learned.

Dream of: 15 October 1986 "Alumbra"

I was walking down a street in Mexico carrying a scarf. Sitting on the street was a small Mexican girl (who seemed like a baby and was dressed like a baby, but who was actually about 3 years old) and a boy (probably 7-8 years old). The little girl grabbed one end of my scarf and I tried to pull it back from her. She also pulled and I thought she might be trying to pull me around so one of them could grab my wallet.

I broke away and as I did so I grabbed the little girl and took her with me. I took her home with me, talked with her and learned that although she had some parents somewhere, she didn't know where they were or anything about them. The little boy was her brother and took care of her although she really didn't like him that much. She said her brother worked for someone and made fifty cents an hour doing something. Finally I decided I would keep her, adopt her and become her father.

I explained to her that I was going to keep her and I thought she seemed to like the idea. I dressed her up to take her out somewhere. I thought I might take her to a shopping mall because she had

been living on the streets for a long time and probably had never been to a shopping mall.

Before we left, I noticed the girl was smoking a cigarette. I took it from her and put it out in the sink. I told her she would no longer be able to smoke cigarettes and she told me that she didn't mind and that she didn't like the taste of cigarettes anyway. It seemed strange to me that a 3-year-old would be smoking in the first place. She then said something about "malas palabras."

Apparently she had often used curse words but she thought she could also give them up. We left for the mall and once outside we encountered her brother, who wanted her back. I said, "No, she's mine now. I'm her father."

I continued to explain to him that I was keeping her and that I was going to become her father, but he said she already had a father. I thought the brother might tell the real father what was taking place and cause some problems. Nevertheless I continued to maintain I was now the girl's father. The boy seemed as if he wanted to fight and I told him I would fight with him if he wanted to.

I thought about even adopting the boy also, but he was already a bit too old and I didn't think it would work out.

I talked to the little girl again and learned her name was "Alumbra." That seemed to me to be a beautiful name.

I began to realize that I was actually dreaming and that nothing taking place was actually happening. But I thought if I ever actually did have a little girl like that I would like to name her Alumbra. It also occurred to me that maybe I should try to adopt a child like that. I knew in the past I had dreamed of doing something like that. Even the previous day in a state of heightened awareness I had contemplated adopting a little girl. Now I had had this powerful dream about adoption. I also found special significance in the name of the girl. I knew that "alumbra" was a Spanish verb (I was surprised it wasn't a noun) and that it meant "it lights up, it sheds light."

Dream of: 16 October 1986 "Messy House"

While I was living in a house in the little village of Patriot, Ohio, a narcotics agent came to the house.

I was unsure what he wanted - he left without saying. The next day I went out and bought about a dollar's worth of light green marijuana (with some stems in it). After I had returned to the house, I heard a knock at the door, answered, and once again encountered the same irksome narcotics agent. Apparently he was looking for my sister, who also lived in the house, and who had

left with a man. When the nark asked if he could come in, I said, "Wait a minute."

I walked back into the house, carried the marijuana I had bought out into the back yard and threw it into the air so it fell into the grass. I walked back into that house, returned to the front door and allowed the nark to walk into the house (very messy with clothes and junk lying all about).

He stepped through the junk and asked me if I knew anything about my sister. After I told him I didn't know anything, he left.

I was rather disturbed because I had wanted to smoke some of the marijuana I had thrown away. I thought that someone might be living in the house of Saunders (a farmer, one of the local denizens of Patriot when I was a child) and that the person might possess some marijuana. I thought if I obtained more marijuana and put it in my pocket, the nark wouldn't be able to see it, but I didn't want to take the risk. I walked back outside to see if I could find any of the marijuana I had thrown away, and I noticed some of the marijuana had fallen onto the tops of some large plants. I was just about to scrape it off when Kant Brito (a friend from the Dominican Republic whom I met in Puerto Rico in 1980) stepped up.

I didn't want to say anything about the marijuana to Kant. I sat down and Kant also sat down. When

I noticed some small piles of the marijuana on the cement walkway, I wanted to gather it up, but I didn't want to do so in front of Kant.

I knew that Kant had been having trouble with a woman with whom he couldn't get along, and that he was planning to go to Mexico. When I asked him about it, he said that he wasn't yet sure, but that he should know in about a week whether he was going to Mexico.

Dream of: 16 October 1986 (2) "Sphinx"

I was in Egypt and was being shown a large statue which seemed like the Sphinx although I wasn't sure it was the actual Sphinx. My guide and I went inside and roamed through the statute. My guide began complaining about how little money the Egyptians used for their statues and how much they spent on the military. He took me into a toilet where the water wasn't even hooked up. He said it had been that way for 10 years.

I began walking around alone. The rooms were only about 10 meters tall. I went into one of the chambers of the interior and found some vats of pork which had been stored there for a long time. I cut a little piece of fat off the pork, smelled it and then stuck it in my mouth to see what it tasted like. I swallowed it and almost immediately realized I might have made a terrible mistake. The pork might have been there for a long time and

become contaminated or poisonous. I knew one could get trichinosis from pork and I thought I might have caught that, but I thought it was probably something else.

I left and found my step-grandfather Clarence in a white car. It was a very pretty new car which he had just recently bought. I boarded the car, we drove off and I began telling him about the pork I had eaten. He said it might be dangerous and that I needed to drink some pop to neutralize the danger. He told me about a special kind of Pepsi I could get, but I would have to buy five gallons of it and I would have to take a container to a store with me for the pop to be put in. We passed by a store which he pointed out to me as a place where I could buy the pop. I thought I would return to it later.

He pulled the car into a lot because he needed to stop and go somewhere. The car was a convertible and the top was down. I had a briefcase, some kind of recording device and some suits with me and I didn't think it would be safe to leave everything in the car. I began picking up some stuff and thought I might either put it in the trunk or carry it with me. I stood outside looking at my things when I noticed that there was also a small Dashound in the car.

I remembered we had gotten the Dashound a few days before, had left it in the car and I had forgotten that it was even there.

A car suddenly pulled up from behind which seemed to be having trouble with the brakes. The car ran into Clarence's car and pushed it down a stairwell into a store at the bottom of the stairs. I was aghast. The man finally stopped his car, got out and walked up to me. I said, "What in the hell do you think you're doing?"

The man realized he had been at fault. Quite a few witness were also standing around who had seen the wreck. I picked up a pen and something to write on and asked the man his name. At first I thought he said his name was "Fair" but then it sounded as if he said it was "Swain." I still wasn't sure I had it right. He walked back to his car and another man walked up. I asked him if he had seen the wreck and he replied that he had. I said, "Well I need to get your name also."

Dream of: 16 October 1986 (3) "Big Trouble"

I was taking part in a transaction involving a couple pounds of marijuana which I had left in someone's large, two-story, country house where I had once lived. I planned to have someone pick up the marijuana for me and because I didn't have anyone else, I found a girl (only about 5-6 years old) whom I could send as a go-between. I simply

planned to give her a note which she was to deliver to the person in the house.

Before I could send the girl, however, I realized I needed to go to the house myself and take care of something. Carrying a chain saw, I arrived at the house and with the saw in one hand, I began climbing up some grape vines hanging on the side of the house. The grapevines also looked somewhat like large heavy ropes and I thought perhaps they might even be ropes. I ascended to the second story where I found a door which consisted merely of a couple pieces of plywood.

Realizing no one was in the house, I stuck the blade of the saw over top the plywood, commenced sawing and continued until the plywood came loose. When I suddenly realized I had sawed more than I had intended (I hadn't actually intended to enter the house), I tried to put the plywood back in its original position. When I had finished, I began climbing back down the grapevine. Upon reaching the ground, I suddenly realized I had left my chain saw stuck back up there over top the plywood, so I climbed back up and fetched the saw. While up by the plywood, I noticed a blonde-haired girl (about 16 years old) who vaguely reminded me of Tammy (a girl I barely knew who lived on the farm which neighbored the Gallia County Farm). The girl had climbed up some other nearby grapevines. Hoping

to scare her away, I held up my chainsaw and acted as if I were cocking a trigger of a gun, but she didn't budge.

I then realized a tall, strong-looking, young policeman dressed in a black uniform and a white helmet was standing on the roof next to her. When he began walking along the roof toward me, I realized I was in big trouble because the marijuana was in the house. The door to the house suddenly opened.

The policeman (acting as if he were from the gas company) asked me something about the gas in the house. He tried to act friendly, but I knew I was in trouble. I assessed the situation and realized I didn't actually have any marijuana on me. I thought maybe I would just be charged with breaking and entering, which would be better than being charged with a drug offense.

Dream of: 17 October 1986 "The Newlywed Game"

I was lying in the living room of the Gay Street House thinking about going to El Paso to practice law. I was beginning to get a little low on money and the idea seemed appealing. In fact I relished the idea of reading legal cases again; I hadn't read any for quite a while and I thought it would be interesting.

I might need to borrow some money along the line.

I wondered who I could borrow from, but I couldn't think of many people. I might be able to borrow about \$500 from Brian since I had once loaned him some money when he had needed it and he was now doing well in his legal practice. But I really didn't want to borrow the money. Plus I hadn't written Brian in quite a while, although I had promised him a while back that I would write him. I needed to write him a letter.

I thought I heard a knock at the front door. I thought it might be my father, although I knew he was supposed to be away while I occupied the House alone. I opened the door but found no one there. I did, however, find a two-page flyer with a rubber band around it lying in the doorway between the screen door and the main door. In the window of a car parked on the street I noticed the reflection of someone walking around the side of the house apparently headed toward the neighbor's house to deliver more flyers.

I picked up the flyer, walked back inside and sat down. But instead of looking at the flyer, I picked up a newspaper and began reading an article about Halloween which talked of a parade to be held in Portsmouth. Although I didn't quite understand the article, I did see that it mentioned that people who dressed up for Halloween by wearing a patch over one eye could then go into

any house they wanted to on Eleventh Street in Portsmouth and act as if they were robbing the house. The article said the dressed-up robbers should try to get as much as they could from the people in the house. The idea appeared bizarre to me and I thought someone could be shot if they tried to rob a house like that. How odd that Portsmouth would allow such a thing.

The article talked about the parade and mentioned that fireworks usually took place. But this year the city council had decided it was actually against the law to have fireworks in the city. So they were going to have some kind of event where there would be color, but no explosions.

Someone had also prepared some food. As I imagined the food, it visually appeared on the table in front of the couch where I was sitting. There was a trifling amount of food in a two-tiered bronze pot and I thought there was so little food because Portsmouth didn't have much money. I thought of Atlanta, Georgia and how the streets there were probably so well-cared for; but in Portsmouth not even enough money could be raised for a little food.

I could hear the television playing in the next room. It was on the "The Newlywed Game." The husbands were asked what would happen if for some reason they were forbidden to have sex any

more. The first three husbands seemed to think that would destroy the marriage. But the fourth husband said something like "Give love a chance."

Although the husband who had said that seemed much more spiritually oriented than the other husbands, the audience seemed to think he was rather eccentric.

The wives were then asked the question, "Do you think Christmas is going to be more enjoyable this year now that you're married than it was last year before you were married?"

All the wives seemed to think Christmas would be better this year. I listened to some other questions and I finally walked into the room where the television was. On the television I saw the couple whose husband seemed spiritually eccentric. He appeared to be only about 25 years old and had curly black hair. He kissed his wife who was wearing bright red lipstick. They seemed to love each other. The wife mentioned that she thought she and her husband belonged to each other and it was a really good feeling.

Dream of: 18 October 1986 "Possible Mistake"

I had returned to Texas in the autumn and while here I had decided to look up Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney). I knew where her father (whom I

had met and befriended once before) lived, and thinking Biester might be there, I decided to stop at his house in the country.

I knocked on the door of the large two-story house and hollered, but no one responded. Finally I walked into a large room where what appeared to be a big wood-burning stove was in the middle of the room. Biester's father was lying in a bed and a brother of Biester's was also in the room. I asked the brother if Biester was there.

He responded, "Yea, she'll be back from school in just a little bit."

I said, "Oh she lives here now?"

He implied that she did and he added, "She lives here with her husband."

I asked, "Who's her husband?"

He answered, "Frank."

I replied, "Frank? Is that the pilot?"

I knew Biester had been dating a commercial pilot and her brother affirmed that that was who Frank was. I said, "Well so she finally got married."

I walked over to Biester's father, who hadn't been paying much attention to me, sat near him and we began talking. It appeared her father was unhappy

with Biester's marriage and that he would have preferred for me to have married Biester. I wondered if it had anything to do with her husband's being partially black. Speaking of the marriage he said, "But don't give up. There's hope they'll get a divorce yet."

I said, "Well one can only hope. Well Frank's probably a pretty nice guy isn't he?"

I thought since her husband was a pilot for a major airlines, Biester would now be able to go anywhere she wanted. But I didn't think she was really interested in traveling. It would probably not be that much fun anyway, just traveling for a few nights to strange cities.

I thought when Biester saw me again she was going to regret having married. She would recall that there was a time when I might even have been interested in her and she would realize she might have made a mistake.

Dream of: 18 October 1986 (2) "One Year Lease"

I had advertised for a house to rent and a man had called me saying he had such a house. My mother and I went to see the house, which was quite beautiful, and we decided to rent it together. The house was large with spacious rooms and was

sitting on a country estate although still close to the city.

My mother and I moved in. Some children also moved in with us and they proceeded to clutter up one room with toys.

Once I had moved into the house, I heard a knock at the front door and I went to answer it. The front part of the house was glass and through a window I could see a tall slender Hispanic-looking woman walking down the front walk. I found the woman deeply attractive although not sensuously beautiful. Other people going to play soccer in a nearby field were walking behind the woman. One was Salvador Ibarra and one reminded me of Rusty Jones (a Portsmouth acquaintance from junior high school). They all seemed Hispanic. I realized some people were persons with whom I had recently begun corresponding by mail and I still didn't know well, but I had already grown to like and trust them.

I opened the door and asked the woman standing in front of me to enter. I then stepped outside and said to Salvador, "Como estas?"

As Salvador and I spoke with each other in Spanish, the woman looked surprised to hear that I could speak Spanish. I asked Salvador if he wanted to see the interior of the house and he said he would see it later. I told Salvador and the

others with him to go ahead and start playing soccer and that I would be out in a little while.

One fellow walked on in and apparently wanted to see the house. I trusted the fellow, I began walking around through the house with both him and the woman and I explained that my mother and I were only paying \$360 a month for the house. We had gotten an exceptionally good deal because the owners had been leaving the area and simply needed someone to take care of the place. We had signed a lease for a year. I told them they could come and visit anytime. I regretted that my mother and the children lived there, but I thought I would still be able to have friends over anytime I wanted to.

Dream of: 18 October 1986 (3) "L. A. Law"

I had returned to Dallas and was talking with another lawyer who mentioned that I had a couple cases which were supposed to come up in judge Schwille's court that morning. In one case I was supposed to represent Tubbs (a Portsmouth acquaintance) who had been charged with driving while intoxicated on alcohol. I had completely forgotten the cases, which were ones I had had before leaving Dallas to go to Canada. I had thought I had transferred all my cases to another lawyer, but apparently I had overlooked a couple. I

had once before returned to Dallas and taken care of two other overlooked cases.

It was already after 9:30 and I was only wearing an old pair of raggedy blue jeans, an old shirt and a pair of tennis shoes. My hair was also very long. I thought, "I've got to go up there anyway to make sure everything's going OK."

I raced up to judge Schwille's court and walked in. I didn't see the people I was representing and I was relieved to think perhaps they hadn't appeared. I briefly spoke with one of the prosecutors about the cases. I thought one of my clients would be willing to pay a \$200 fine, but the prosecutor wanted a \$400 fine. So it looked as if we would have to go to trial on that case although it looked as if it would be postponed to another day.

I sat down in the courtroom and noticed a jury in the jury section which had a lawyer amongst them. Finally Schwille came out. Apparently the lawyer was going to try a case and I gradually realized the people in the jury seats weren't jurors, but defendants. That was surprising because there were so many

Schwille asked the lawyer where he was from and the lawyer said something about HBS. I thought the letters might refer to Harvard Business School but then the lawyer said the letters referred to

Highland Business School, the college he had attended. The lawyer had never been in this court before and everything was new to him; but the judge was quite friendly to him.

Schwille told the lawyer he wasn't going to be able to hear the lawyer's case for several weeks and he gave the lawyer another date. The lawyer and defendants rose to leave.

I began thinking about the process whereby lawyers were appointed to indigent defendants in this court. Some kind of document probably needed to be prepared so everyone in the court would know exactly what they were supposed to do. I envisioned the document as a kind of Constitution, although the court would still be a kind of monarchy because the judge would still have to approve everything. The lawyers perhaps could vote to pass the document and later amend it, but the judge would have the final authority. It seemed as if the document would be an interesting one to prepare.

When the judge walked back to his chambers, I followed him because I wanted to talk to him for a while. I noticed Vestal (Schwille's court administrator) there, I but didn't say much to her. I had already firmly decided I wanted to work in the court again. I asked the judge to please forgive me for being dressed the way I was. I knew a tie

was required to be worn in the court. I told him that it wouldn't happen again and that I hadn't planned to be in court that morning. He didn't seem to mind.

I got ready to leave the court room. Many other lawyers were also leaving; about a half dozen of them were on crutches – apparently they had broken legs. Two female lawyers (one was Newkirk) were in wheelchairs. The number of disabled lawyers in this court was remarkable.

After I had left, I began to think how I would really like to stop doing everything else and just practice law for a while. I would like to start reading cases again and learning different things about the law.

I might even be interested in reading cases on such subjects as trusts and estates, which I hadn't liked before. I would even like to read the Uniform Commercial Code. Many areas of the law began going through my mind. I might even like to work with income tax.

I wondered where I could find some cases. I figured it would be easy to find some pro bono cases to start working on, but I thought I still had some cases which I had never completed when I had been in Dallas. I could do some work on a couple bankruptcy cases I had left pending. Or I could work on the case for Mr. Smith (a legal client). As far as income taxes, I could even work

on my own income taxes. I thought about some aspects of income tax such as income averaging.

But I really didn't like income tax. I wasn't sure why. I thought if I would study income tax I could probably even work abroad in that area. I thought about the income tax lawyer Stuart Markowitz (the character played by Michael Tucker on the television series "L.A. Law") and about how specialized that area of the law was.

I walked into a room which in a way reminded me of a grocery store but which had carols in which to sit. I sat down in a carol near where other people were sitting.

I had with me some things which I had brought back from Canada, among which was what looked like a pop bottle covered with the skin of a deer. It had some kind of point sticking out of its top and had a design around the top. The skin was wet in a couple places. I recalled that I had found a dead deer lying in the road in Canada, had had the deer skinned and then had had part of the skin put on the pop bottle. I thought it was all right to have the skin since I hadn't actually killed the deer, although I wouldn't have wanted the skin if I had been the one who had killed the deer. I showed the skin to someone and I mentioned that no deer like that were in the United States.

No wall was on the side of the room where I was. I looked outside through the missing wall and on a distant mountain top it appeared I could see a deer like the one whose skin was on my pop bottle.

Someone mentioned that deer like that indeed were in the United States. I didn't argue with them since I really didn't know that much about it.

Perhaps there were.

I rose and walked over to another carol where I saw Sharon (my legal assistant) sitting. I wanted to talk with her. She didn't seem surprised to see me and she mentioned that I hadn't contacted her since I had returned to Dallas. Someone walked up and hit me on the back of the head so hard that I almost passed out. I turned around and saw that it was Leland (a Dallas attorney). He had just been joking around, but I didn't like the fact that he had hit me like that.

I walked over to another carol and sat down next to a heavy-set woman sitting in the neighboring carol. I laid my head down as if I were asleep although I wasn't. The woman began caressing my hair and she slightly held my hand. Although I wasn't attracted to the woman, I didn't care if anyone saw. It seemed the time had come when I needed to become more open in my relations with women and shouldn't try to hide anything. For example even if I were with a woman whom I didn't really care about, I shouldn't let it disturb

me if someone else saw me with her because I would only be with that woman a short while and then would change.

The woman was wearing headphones and listening to a cassette tape I had once recorded. Some of it was poetry and I could hear the speaker reciting poems by William Butler Yeats. It sounded quite nice. I also heard some Spanish poetry which I recognized as poetry I had taped.

Finally I stood up and heard some music. It seemed as if I were in the aisles of a grocery store and I decided to dance. Other people began dancing first and I jumped right in. The dance was fast. About 15 people joined in the dance and we danced up and down the aisles. I danced for a while with one very pretty girl. One fellow dancing reminded me of Beasley (a junior high school schoolmate). Finally everyone was dancing with everyone. I really seemed to be adept at the dance and I was very much enjoying it.

Dream of: 19 October 1986 "Damaged Wallpaper"

While living with my mother, I discovered a machine gun which belonged to my father in one of the rooms of her house. Also in the room was a 15-year-old girl wearing a soft-looking sweater and who was living with my mother. Although I knew I wasn't supposed to use the machine gun I decided

to try it out. I pointed it at a dot on the wall, opened fire and the gun began shooting little holes in the wall about the size of BBs.

The girl wanted to try out the gun and I handed it to her. She likewise began shooting little holes in the wall. When we had both finished I saw that the walls all over the room had been ripped up, apparently from ricocheting bullets. Long rips and scratches were visible all over the wallpaper. I knew what we had done was pretty bad.

The girl walked to the other side of the room. I had been becoming increasingly attracted to her, especially when she was close to me, like when I had handed her the gun. I almost felt like putting my arms around her. But finally I decided I couldn't make any kind of overt gesture toward the girl, although I might respond if she were to make some kind of gesture toward me. But it would definitely be highly improper for me to make any kind of move toward her.

I looked at the damaged wallpaper and tore off a swath. Probably five or six layers of old wallpaper were on the wall; I made a comment about how pretty the very bottom layer of wallpaper was. I finally decided we were going to have to re-wallpaper the room and I asked the girl if she would help.

My mother walked into the room and was aghast when she saw what we had done. I told her we were going to re-wallpaper it and she left. I saw that we weren't actually going to have to redo the entire room because some parts of the wall were undamaged. I then got some new, greenish wallpaper and paste and started trying to put it on one section of the room; but I was having a terribly difficult time.

Dream of: 20 October 1986 "Killing Wild Deer"

I was listening to someone speak who had done some research about killing wild deer. The person was of the opinion that it was good for hunters to go out and kill deer. I was opposed to that view. The speaker began describing some farms where people had raised tame deer for meat and even began showing a film which showed a couple of old houses where the people lived. Some very thin moose were even on one of the farms. But the deer and moose hadn't been well-cared for. The speaker was trying to point out that it was better for the animals if people hunted wild animals instead of raising tame animals. But I was opposed to either method of killing deer.

Dream of: 20 October 1986 (2) "Psychology Professor"

I was in Portsmouth preparing to go to school. It was about 7:30 a.m. and I had to be at school by 8 a.m. I boarded my gray Volkswagen and drove off, but I was hungry and decided I first wanted to get something to eat. So I drove down to a small restaurant in the West End of Portsmouth on Front Street.

I went into the restaurant, ordered a doughnut and was given one which appeared topped with lemon meringue and filled with white whipped cream. I squeezed out some whipped cream, ate it and then ate the rest of the doughnut. I thought that was all I wanted and paid for it, about 35 cents. But then I decided I wanted something else and I ordered a chocolate doughnut and something to drink from one of the teenage waitresses.

When I ordered, the waitresses gathered around and seemed interested in me. I thought they might even be attracted to me. I talked to them but basically rebuffed them in a rather haughty way.

The cost of the chocolate doughnut and drink came to around \$1.07. I paid for it, but before I could be served, some other people came in, sat down at the large rectangular counter and the waitresses began serving them. I waited for almost a half hour, but the waitresses couldn't seem to get back to me. Finally I noticed one

fellow on the other side of the counter who had come in after me eating a hamburger. I addressed the waitresses and began protesting, "You've even fried hamburgers for some of these people. I've been standing here waiting. People that came in after me."

I became aggravated, told them to just keep the money and forget the doughnuts. I rose and headed toward the door; but then I turned around and told them I wanted my money back. They refused to refund my money and they still wouldn't serve me.

I decided I was going to have to leave because I was going to be late for school. I was still angry and thought I would call the manager.

Just as I turned to walk out, my old friend Staggs (about 20 years old) walked up. He had longish brown hair. I was happy to see him and thought he was teaching some kind of class in some little school in Portsmouth. He mentioned something about his not thinking that I came to that part of town since it was the more run-down section of the town.

I immediately told him I was teaching a beginner's course in French at the high school and I was teaching a course in psychology at the college in Portsmouth. I felt rather proud about having the teaching positions. Staggs didn't seem particularly

impressed although he lauded me for being a professor.

I suggested we get together some evening but he didn't seem to want to. I asked him where he lived but he didn't seem to want to tell me that either. I wondered if his wife Paula (one of my former high school schoolmates) had any influence on his not wanting to see me. I also wondered if Staggs remembered the times when we used to go out drinking alcohol together. I thought he might be thinking about how hard that was on our minds. I wanted him to know I didn't drink anymore and had no desire to repeat those times, in case he might be shying away from me for that reason.

A fellow with long brown hair who was wearing an apron and working behind the counter serving food said something. I looked at him and thought it was Staggs' brother, Bill Staggs. I turned to Staggs and said, "Is that Bill?"

Staggs said it was. Staggs then wanted to leave and he headed toward the door. He still hadn't told me anything about himself, but I didn't stop him. He walked out the door and left.

I myself walked outside where it was pouring the rain. I headed for my car and thought if I was going to be late I would have an excuse because many people would probably be late due to the hard rain.

Dream of: 20 October 1986 (3) "Dying Dog"

I had gone to an apartment complex looking for an apartment to rent. I was somehow going to be able to live in the apartment for a while without paying for it. Although in a way I felt rather guilty about that, I was still planning on picking out one of the better apartments in the complex.

Someone in the background was describing to me the difference in apartments and the difference in their quality. One apartment had a fireplace designed to look like a large light-brown plant of some sort. However the apartment wasn't extraordinary. It cost around \$550 a month. I was unsure I wanted it.

I walked on into another apartment and encountered a married couple who (although they were only probably in their early 30s) reminded me of my step-grandfather Clarence and my grandmother Mabel. They had mixed up some brownish cement in their apartment and I noticed that their medium-sized dog had gotten into the cement. I didn't think much about it at first, but then later I looked again and noticed that part of the dog appeared to have been eaten away by the cement. When I pointed it out to the couple, they went over to check the dog and found that a large hole had been eaten into its chest. It appeared that the dog was already dead.

The man became very upset and said it was his wife's fault that the dog had gotten into the cement. Apparently she was supposed to have been watching the dog and had neglected it. And now the dog was obviously either dead or dying. They began arguing about it.

I walked over to the dog and discovered it wasn't dead yet. Indeed it managed to crawl out of the cement and began walking around. It was a rather eerie sight. I felt very sorry for it and I thought it might possibly survive. But then I realized it was obviously in terrible shape and wouldn't live. I thought someone here might get a gun to put the dog out of its misery. Since I wanted to be the first one to get a gun I walked out to a car and got one.

I also got a red blanket. I walked back to where the dog was and saw that now the back of its head was completely gone. Its brain had been entirely eaten away although it was somehow still able to function. But it was obviously going to die and needed to be put out of its pain. I positioned the dog against the red blanket. I thought about sticking the gun in its mouth and vaguely seemed to remember having done such a thing with some animal before although I couldn't remember where. But instead I pointed the gun at the back of its head and pulled the trigger. As I did so I wondered if a mess was going to be spread all over the room.

I also thought that after I had shot the dog I might just pick its dead body up in my arms. I was wearing a white shirt and knew the blood would get all over the shirt. I could then walk toward the people with the bloody dog in my arms. I wanted them to see me like that and I thought I would even ask them to take pictures of me so the event could be recorded.

The gun fired and the dog seemed to just disappear. All that was left was a small bullet hole through the red blanket. I showed the blanket to the man and told him how I had finished off the dog. Everyone seemed relieved.

Dream of: 20 October 1986 (4) "One Day At A Time"

It was night and I was working on a long thin boat. My job was to lie flat on my stomach on the front tip of the boat and guide it. My boat and other boats were traveling on a river which rather seemed like a canal in the swamps of Louisiana. Men on every boat were supposed to help each other by hollering back and forth. But the river was extremely dark. I couldn't distinguish the cries of the men on the other boats and I couldn't tell where we were going. I thought I could discern the silhouettes of some trees. Thinking we were headed toward a bank, I became concerned my boat might ram into the shore.

I stood and walked to the back of the boat (which actually appeared to be somehow connected to the shore). I walked onto shore, where I could see a restaurant, inside of which, sitting at a bar, were two fellows who were supposed to be guiding other boats. I became very upset because they weren't on their boats. I ran into the restaurant and demanded to know why they weren't on their ships.

The two fellows and I sat down at a table together and one of them said something about some marijuana. I thought I might like to smoke some marijuana, but I didn't have any. It looked as if he had some joints lying in front of him.

After some other people sat down with us at our table, I heard a black waiter (about 20 years old) offer to sell some marijuana to some people sitting at another table. Selling marijuana in a Louisiana restaurant seemed brazen to me. Nevertheless, when the black waiter walked over to our table, I asked him how much some marijuana would cost.

He looked at me and said it would depend on whether I wanted to buy red, black or white. I said, "Well just give the price for a joint for all three of them."

First he said something about the black and then he said the red would cost \$40 for two joints. I was astounded, but I began to see why he could be so

open there: he was making so much money that even if he were arrested, he could buy his way out. I just scoffed at the idea of paying so much money and I was just about to tell him to go away when he sat down at my table. Apparently he had some lower prices.

I stood up, walked over to a booth and sat down at a table with some different people who all appeared to have been drinking quite a bit of alcohol. The fellow on my left was talking about some experience he had had which appeared to be a dream. I became quite interested in listening to his dream and I realized it contained several symbols. One symbol was a girl who was a friend of all of us there and who was also in the restaurant. The fellow telling the dream began drawing a picture of the girl on a piece of paper on the table. He drew her head, but left the top of it open so a cloud appeared to be coming out of her head at the top of the paper. I said, "I had that same dream. Why haven't we talked about this kind of stuff before."

I thought to myself, "These people don't know how deeply involved I am in dreams. I should probably slowly inform them of the fact."

No one was paying much attention to me. Up until then, I myself had felt quite groggy, as if I were intoxicated or drugged, but suddenly things

became clear to me. I looked around and realized all the other people were groggy from drinking and using drugs. Since I hadn't been drinking or using any drugs, my grogginess was quickly beginning to dissipate.

The girl (about 20 years old) whom the fellow had been describing in his dream walked up to our booth. Since the booth was full and I was sitting on the end, I let the girl sit on my knee. She had blonde hair, was about 5'5" and was very thin, almost anemic, yet still very attractive. She had a small glass which contained some ice and brown liquid which looked like whiskey. Quite intoxicated, she said she was going to quit drinking at 1:30. I patted her on the back and asked, "For the rest of your life?"

I thought she might need some encouragement if she were going to try to permanently stop drinking alcohol. I told her I had quit drinking alcohol many times. I said the last time I had quit had been two months ago. Since I hadn't drunk anything today, I had made it through another day. I might have done a lot of foolish things today but at least I hadn't drunk anything. That meant today had been another successful day.

I almost added that before I had drunk something alcoholic two months ago, I hadn't had a drink for six months, but I thought there was no point in

bringing that up because the significant date was when I had last drunk alcohol two months ago.

Whatever had happened before that date wasn't really important. What I wanted to point out to her was that for alcoholics, the major goal was to simply go through one day at a time. The simple goal and achievement of one day of sobriety at a time was what really mattered.

No one else seemed to pay any attention to what we were saying. I looked around the table and realized that everyone was a close acquaintance of mine and that each person had some kind of alcohol in front of him which he was drinking.

Dream of: 21 October 1986 "Soviet Dissidents"

The Russians were trying to make a treaty with the United States. The Russians had a number of Soviet dissidents who had tried to escape from Russia and go to the United States. Part of the treaty provided that the dissidents would be executed. A large number of people in the United States would be part of the decision-making process of whether to enter into the treaty.

Thousands of Americans had traveled to the Soviet Union and entered a large room to confer about the treaty. Nine or ten other Americans and I had decided to protest against the treaty. If we went into the Soviet Union and protested, we also would

probably be executed. Nevertheless we traveled to the Soviet Union and we managed to enter the building where all the Americans were.

We came to an elevator in the building just as some Soviet dissident scientists stepped off the elevator. They were also protesting the treaty and they were going to join us. The Soviet dissident scientist accompanied us into a room where a large glass wall separated us from all the other Americans. We were planning to make speeches here in protest of the Soviet dissidents being executed. I was aware that we would also be executed if the Americans didn't agree with us.

As I looked at the Americans I realized hundreds of people whom I actually knew were here. It made me realize that I probably actually knew thousands of people in the United States. I recalled that over 300 people I knew had appeared in dreams which I had recorded. Austin was among the people in the room. I thought, "Now there's Austin. He's going to become a distinguished attorney someday."

But I wasn't completely sure that would happen. Austin might just end up living in Portsmouth and never distinguish himself at all.

The Americans here would probably not want to see me executed simply because I was protesting the execution of Soviet dissidents pursuant to the

treaty between the Soviet Union and the United States. I was becoming very emotional about what was taking place and I wasn't disturbed by the fact that I might die. I thought I was doing the right thing.

Dream of: 21 October 1986 (2) "Supreme Court Clerk"

I had gone to work as a clerk for the US Supreme Court although I didn't seem to have any specific duties. I was talking with one of the justices one day and told him I liked reading legal cases. He gave me a case which was going to come before the court which hadn't yet been decided and he told me to go read it. I read the case, liked it, returned and told the justice about it. He told me many cases were coming before the court and that he wasn't able to read all of them and when people would ask him about them he couldn't remember them. He gave me two more cases and as I was leaving, he said that when I came back he would like for me to help him write something.

Apparently he wanted me to start writing part of the opinions of some cases the Supreme Court was deciding.

I walked out into the hall and saw a tall, attractive, slender blonde woman (about 30 years old). I admired the woman and I was spiritually attracted to her. She had also read the case I had just

finished reading and she asked me what I had thought about it and what the issue of the case had been. I wanted to know first what she had thought about it and I said, "Well you first."

She responded, "No, you first."

I said, "Well really I can't remember. It's been 10 minutes since I read it."

My memory was so bad that within 10 minutes I had completely forgotten the case. So she began talking about the case, which had something to do with freedom of speech, although I wasn't exactly sure what.

I resolved to read the case again and try to understand it. I walked into another room, pulled out the case and began reading it. When I read the first sentence it seemed to have some little pictures of people mixed in with the words. I tried to make all the symbols of the sentence fit together and I had to read the sentence several times before the words made any sense as symbols. The symbolism of words was striking to me – how that words were really just symbols. What an intricate process it was for the human mind to actually fit the word-symbols together.

Apparently I hadn't completely mastered the process of reading. I didn't seem to be able to fit the words together and remember them so I could

form something in my mind that made sense.
Perhaps I was becoming senile.

I continued reading and finally some pictures did begin forming in my mind. The case apparently had something to do with some immigrants who had come to the United States. A picture of an old hewn-log cabin formed in my mind. The cabin was somewhere out in the country and was used as some kind of memorial, but the case itself was a modern-day case taking place in a city and had to do with the city somehow repressing people's right to speak. I was unsure how the log cabin fit into the scheme.

A lot of weeds seemed to be growing around the cabin. From one of the logs of the cabin a large tree had grown. It looked something like a banana tree but in a way resembled a very large vine. Some other vines were hanging in mid-air near the tree without actually being in it. The tree was called a "planton" tree. I thought "planton" was the Spanish word for "banana." Some round objects, which appeared to be coconuts, were also hanging from the tree.

I seemed to be grasping the case, but I still couldn't seem to put my finger on the actual issue. I knew that when I wrote about the case I wanted to limit what I said to the actual issue.

As I tried to decipher the case, I also began visualizing one of the justices of the Supreme Court lying in a bed in the city where the case was taking place. Another man was lying in bed with him and they were both reading cases. They also had some other books there concerning the case. Apparently they had gone to the city to investigate the case. There had only been one room in the hotel there, so they had both had to stay in it, although they hadn't liked the fact.

The judge was finally ready to go to sleep and he indicated to the other man (who was actually the judge's assistant) that he should turn off the light.

It occurred to me that the judge somewhat resembled the judge I had been working with and that his assistant somewhat resembled me.

The assistant indicated to the judge that the judge needed to get his law books out of the bed. He did so and the light was then turned off.

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resembled the judge I had been working with and that his assistant somewhat resembled me.

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Dream of: 22 October 1986 "Winning The Lottery"

I was in the Gay Street House where my mother, my sister and my brother Chris were living. As I watched television, I saw a fellow (a manual laborer) who had won several million dollars in a lottery. After winning the lottery he had quit his job and now was being shown on television playing a piano quite well. I thought if someone had to win, he had been a good candidate.

My mother walked into the room and told me that Chris had just won a lottery for over six million dollars from a lottery ticket which had been bought for him at the local hospital. I was unsure who had bought the ticket for Chris, but I thought the person might have been my great-uncle Adolph. I was happy that Chris had won, but I still felt sad because Chris would never really be able to enjoy the use of the money. I knew he was bedfast and he couldn't move much.

My mother was excited. When I asked her who had told her Chris had won, she said the officials

from the lottery had called and told her. Apparently one of lottery officials was also going to come and visit Chris. According to my mother, the officials wouldn't call back until Saturday. I suggested to my mother that she call the officials and find out just how the money was going to be paid. I told my mother that Chris would probably not receive all the money at once. The lottery might require, for example, that if Chris had won \$100,000, he would only receive \$5,000 a year for 20 years.

My sister walked into the room and my mother told her about the lottery. I began to realize my sister and I would probably become millionaires. My parents would inherit the money when Chris died, and my sister and I in turn would inherit the money when my parents died. What would I do with the money? Perhaps I would attend Harvard Law School and enroll in a master's program; or maybe I would study something else. I was unsure.

I thought about calling Louise and telling her. How shocked she would be to learn that I was actually going to become a millionaire; she would be devastated. I might also call up Walls and tell him about it.

I figured Chris would probably need a lawyer now to represent his interests. I would probably be chosen. I realized the federal government was

going to take about half of all the money for income taxes.

I walked into the room where Chris was and looked at him lying on the bed. He looked quite small; he was trying to move around a little. He had two, small, thin tubes inserted in tiny holes in his stomach, something I had been unaware of before. I didn't know what the tubes were for. Chris needed some help with one tube because it was slipping out of his stomach and needed to be put back in; but I didn't know exactly how to help him. He didn't seem too concerned about having won the lottery; he was more concerned about getting his tubes back in him.

I returned to the other room and told my mother that she should now hire someone to come in and take care of Chris full time. She said, "Like a nurse."

I said, "Yea."

She seemed to think it was a good idea, but I still had the feeling she was reluctant to spend a lot of money for a nurse. And a nurse would cost a lot of money - probably around \$10 an hour.

Dream of: 22 October 1986 (2) "Island Under the Bridge"

I was on the US Grant Bridge which crosses the Ohio River at Portsmouth, Ohio into Kentucky. I noticed an island was under the bridge between the two middle piers; there was still room on both ends of the bridge so barges could pass under. George Musser (a Portsmouth acquaintance) was also on the bridge and he told me the island had been pulled here from a deserted place upstream.

Apparently the island wasn't firmly attached to the bottom and the government had brought the island to the bridge so people could see it, enjoy it and go out on it. I could see some very large trees on the island, the leaves of which trees were changing color due to autumn. It looked as if the island had sunk just a little and a few of the trees were slightly covered by water. In one forest area some trees appeared to be dying because they had been inundated by water. Nevertheless it appeared that it was going to be a very beautiful island there for people to enjoy.

George said nobody had used the island when it had been upstream. He had been on it a few times himself.

Dream of: 22 October 1986 (3) "Dead Man"

I was sitting at a table in a corner of a night club drinking orange juice. Several attractive women, including my mother, were with me. I noticed Missy Williams was a waitress there and was

waiting on a nearby table. Missy didn't come to our table because no one wanted anything. But even though we weren't ordering anything I figured we weren't being asked to leave because usually the management of a bar like this likes to have attractive women stay around.

I had my own record player here with me. It had a system so that when one record would finish another record would fall down to be played. But the record player would also flip over so that the needle was for a few seconds playing on the underside of the record. It was quite an intricate set-up. When one record finished I pointed it out to my mother so she could see how it operated when a new record came on.

Finally we all got up, walked into the next room and stayed there for a while. After a while I returned alone, sat back down where I had been and continued drinking from my glass of orange juice. A quarter had been left lying on the table which no one had bothered while I had been gone.

At the next table were some people (probably in their early 20s). I saw a fellow I had once know at Baylor Law School and a woman I had once known in Portsmouth. Missy sat down at that table for a while. Then she came over and spoke to me. She was very friendly and I enjoyed talking with her. She seemed glad we were alone so she could have

a chance to talk with me. She said she was a little depressed and the night before had gone home and put on a record called "Dead Man." She said it had been strangely moving, almost transporting, to listen to it.

Dream of: 23 October 1986 "Gun Business"

I had met a fellow in the business of selling illegal guns who wanted to know if I was interested in becoming involved in the trade. I was. He had a couple of bright silver guns he was getting ready to take to show to someone. Both guns only cost \$100. One gun was a handgun and the other looked like something like a machine gun. Both were large caliber guns. I paid for the guns and I was supposed to make a profit when we sold them.

Together we went to a house in a black section of town. We found the person we were looking for, a black boy (only about 16-17 years old) and we showed him the guns. He didn't have the money at the moment and he wanted us to return later.

After we left, the other fellow decided he was going to let me handle the transaction completely by myself and he gave me the guns.

The next day I drove my Volkswagen back to the boy's house. I felt quite apprehensive because the run-down house was in a bad ghetto neighborhood. It looked as if some rough characters were living in the house. Apparently

the boy to whom I was selling the guns was living with a couple of his brothers without any supervision.

I found the boy in one of the rooms of the house with a couple other black fellows. Someone asked me what I was selling and I told them I was selling plants. I had some kind of long chain with me that looked as if it might be used to hang plants from the ceiling. Someone mentioned drugs and I figured this was the kind of building where a lot of drugs were probably sold.

The boy took me into another room, told me he was sorry but he just couldn't get the money together for the guns; I realized I was going to be stuck with the guns. The boy said it was his first time to buy anything like that and I said, "Well it's my first time too. It's the first time I've sold any."

He didn't seem interested in my problems. Through a window I could see some black fellows in the hallway. The boy said he would walk out with me and I was glad because it was going to be dangerous enough the way it was. I made it to the door, walked out of the building and headed down the street. I was wearing a recently-bought blue coat which fell all the way to the ground. I wanted to run to my car, but when I tried, I discovered the coat was so heavy that I couldn't run in it. So I just

plodded along, a little frightened by all the black people around me.

I noticed coming down the other side of the street some white men who were all wearing construction helmets with little lights on them. Apparently the lights were used to distinguish the men so people here wouldn't bother them. I finally reached my car and was amazed that I had made it back safely.

I realized I was in Canada. I wasn't going to be able to take the guns back to the United States because it would be too dangerous to take them back across the border since they were illegal. I began looking the guns over and noticed a serial number on the machine gun. I wondered where the guns had been manufactured.

I was beginning to have some doubts about the business in general. I was now stuck with the guns and had lost the money I had invested. I had enough other money so it didn't make that much difference to me, but it had just generally been a bad deal and I shouldn't have gotten involved with the business to begin with. nevertheless, I rather liked the guns and I thought I would probably just keep them around the house wherever I was living.

Dream of: 23 October 1986 (2) "Alexis Colby"

Morning. Louise and I had been staying together for a while. We were in bed together and were both completely nude. I put my arms around her, looked at her nude body, pulled her close to me and began kissing her. I hadn't been having sex with her since we had been together, although I could tell she wanted to. I had decided not to have sex anymore. I could tell she wanted to have sex so badly, however, I almost felt it was my duty to do so, even though I really didn't want to.

Some money was lying on the bed; I picked it up and looked at it -- about \$250. But then I realized it was play money. I asked Louise where she had gotten it. She said she had just found it in her billfold and she didn't know where it had come from. Maybe she had cashed a check and it had been given to her or maybe one of her legal clients had given it to her. A check was also there for the same amount from her husband Vernon.

Apparently Vernon was taking care of her and reimbursing her for the play money.

I asked her where Vernon was and she said he had gone away for a week or two on a trip somewhere.

In the meantime she was staying with me. It seemed the romance between her and Vernon had died down considerably and that she was no longer so enthused about him.

It occurred to me just how much Louise reminded me the character Alexis Colby (played by the actress Joan Collins in the television series "Dynasty"). Louise even looked like Alexis. The way Louise acted and her attitude of life in general almost seemed to mirror Alexis.

I had an erection and I could feel that Louise's vagina was rather moist. So I went ahead and inserted my penis in her. I decided I could go ahead and have intercourse without having an orgasm. But I had already decided that if I had sex again, whether I had an orgasm or not, I was going to cut my hair which had become quite long and I told her I was now going to have to it.

Dream of: 23 October 1986 (3) "Deadly Disease"

I was in a room in a hospital where I had come for a checkup. When the doctor and nurses walked into the room to see me, the doctor quickly informed me that I had developed a terrible disease, and that I was going to die very soon. He tried to explain the disease, which was rare and had something to do with my lungs.

Almost in a state of total shock, I stumbled numbly from the hospital. Uncertain what to do, I made my way to a gigantic church, walked inside and sat down smack in the middle of the assembled congregation. I immediately saw this was one of

those churches which broadcast its services on television. The preacher, delivering his sermon in front of the congregation, suddenly began talking about me. He already knew about my illness, and he said it would be best if I would simply commit suicide. He mentioned that it was now Friday or Saturday, and that I would kill myself by Tuesday.

When I heard this, I immediately stood up and assured the congregation that I definitely wasn't going to take my own life. I maintained that suicide was completely out of the question.

I quickly made my exit from the church and repaired to the 29th Street House. Once inside the house, I met with my mother and I apprized her of my disease. I then sat down in the living room and tried to decide what I could do about the disease. I picked up a medical magazine and began leafing through it. Only now did I realize how difficult it would be for the average person to discover the cause of a disease, especially if the person didn't have long to live. Understanding the disease seemed so complicated. Even the articles in the magazine were difficult to comprehend. One abstruse article described the different kinds of atoms and how they merged in the body to form different molecules.

I began wondering why God had let this terrible thing happen to me. If I were going to die, I would be unable to accomplish anything with my life. It

seemed so horrible that God would permit such a thing, but I couldn't formulate any answers.

I switched on the television. To my surprise, I discovered that my disease and I were being discussed on a religious program. One boy stood up and said that he had known me long ago and that we used to eat red hot candy together. When I realized my full name, "Steve Collier," was being broadcast on the show, I was afraid people would now start bothering me, wanting to interview me or offer their sympathy. I told my mother that if anyone came to see me, she shouldn't let them in.

When someone came to the door, however, my mother promptly allowed a woman to enter.

Fortunately the woman was only one of my mother's friends with a whole troop of small children. To my relief, the woman (whose name sounded like "Jesse") obviously didn't know I had the disease. When they walked in, I only had a cover over me, with no pants on. When I had a chance, I stood up and pulled on some pants.

I still didn't understand what disease I had, and I wanted to return to the hospital to find out. Even though I knew it was Sunday, I walked outside, jumped on a motorcycle, and headed toward Portsmouth's Scioto Memorial Hospital. I took the short-cut on Sunrise Avenue over the reservoir, figuring this was the same route an ambulance

would take to the hospital in an emergency. At one spot along the route the street was caved-in and I had to ride along the sidewalk for a little ways.

When I finally reached the hospital, I dismounted my motorcycle and walked inside, determined to find out what kind of disease I had. I knew someone should be able to look up my records, check my tests, and tell me the exact name of my disease.

Instead of conferring with anyone, I abruptly turned around and walked back out. As soon as I stepped out of the hospital, I encountered my old friend Steve Weinstein and another fellow standing outside. Steve and I had attended high school together in Portsmouth many years before and we had remained friends through the years.

As I paused near some trees to talk with them, Steve managed to reach one of the upper limbs of a small walnut tree (six or seven meters tall) and pull the limb down, just to show how strong he was. I objected to his action, fearing he would damage the tree. And then it happened – the limb broke off. I was upset; what he had done made no sense. However, I could tell the tree would still live, even though its top limb had been broken off.

Finally I informed Steve and the other fellow that I was going to die. Neither of them believed me at

first, but finally they realized I was telling the truth.

Dream of: 24 October 1986 "Convicted Of Murder"

I was in a foreign country and was watching a man who was thinking about killing someone. The man (probably in his mid-30s) seemed like a very strange, eccentric fellow. Ramo was there and the man told Ramo what he was going to do.

The murder took place and afterwards I realized I was the one who had actually planned and committed the murder. My only mistake had been that I had told Ramo a critical detail that might be used to trace the murder back to me.

Finally indeed the authorities did trace the murder back to me and I was arrested. Within just a few hours I plea bargained with the authorities, pled guilty, received a five-year sentence and was sent to prison.

When I arrived at the prison I found that it wasn't that bad because I was allowed to go out into the community during the day and then return at night. The prison also had quite a relaxed atmosphere about it.

The first day after I got there I left and found myself in Portsmouth even though the prison was

in another country and I still had to return to it that evening. I encountered my father and spoke with him. He still was unaware of what had happened to me. Another fellow was also with me. As the three of us walked along I addressed my father and said, "Dad I've got to tell you something."

I began explaining to him what had happened. He was quite upset about the matter. I had asked someone back at the prison about the possibility of getting out on parole after three years but had been told that I would have to serve out the entire five years.

My father seemed concerned about my welfare. He knew I had been in prison once before so this was my second time. I felt bad because he was upset. I explained to him how I was still able to leave the prison during the days. I was unsure, but thought I might even be able to work in a law office. I might be able to still work as a lawyer and be able to explain to people what prison life was really like. So even though my situation wasn't good, it could have been much worse.

Dream of: 24 October 1986 (2) "Dream Exchange"

After awakening from a long sleep, I went to see Judith (a Dallas acquaintance), who was living in a cottage. When I arrived I walked into a large, well-

furnished living room in which Judith was sitting at the far end. She seemed surprised to see me and said, "Steve!"

I felt a little awkward -- not from meeting Judith, but about myself and what I was doing. Judith however seemed quite happy, cheerful and glad to see me. I hadn't seen Judith for quite a while. Previously we had been involved in meeting every Wednesday so one of us could read his or her dreams to the other, but we hadn't exchanged dreams for several months. For some reason, without even notifying her, I had quit going to our meetings. I had also just sent her a letter a couple days before saying I wouldn't be reading my dreams to her anymore. She had probably only just received the letter, so it was probably a real surprise for her seeing me now appear, especially since I had also not seen her in such a long time.

In the meantime Judith had begun having the same kind of dream exchange relationship with a couple other people. One of the others was a man (in his mid-20s) who had long blond hair. The time the other people usually came for the meetings was on Wednesday at 5:30. Although I hadn't thought about it before, I looked at my watch and saw that it was 5:25. By chance I had arrived at just about the time of her usual meeting. I asked her if she was expecting anyone this evening and she said she didn't think anyone was coming

today. So I thought perhaps she and I might go ahead and exchange dreams.

But actually the main reason I had come was to tell Judith good-bye. I was leaving the country on a trip and I wasn't going to be in town any longer.

But since I was here anyway I told her I could read my dreams to her although my dreams lately had seemed rather ordinary. I had some dreams with me although I hadn't yet transcribed from cassette tape the dreams of the last four or five days. I thought perhaps she could read me some of her dreams instead, but I was unsure she would be amenable to that idea.

One thing I wanted to tell Judith was that I had started receiving a publication called the "Letter Exchange" which was for people who wanted to exchange letters. I wanted to mention to her that one piece of advice in the publication was that a member of the opposite sex shouldn't correspond with someone in prison. I wanted to tell her about that because I knew she had once corresponded with someone in prison.

Dream of: 25 October 1986 "Running Out Of Milk"

One evening I went into a grocery store and looked a long time for some bread; I finally realized the store was out of bread. I then went to

buy some milk and discovered a rather intricate machine which brought out paper gallons of milk on a conveyor belt to the waiting people. I waited for quite a while; just as it was finally my turn, a woman said they had run out of milk and put up a little sign to that effect. The woman said if they had any more milk it would be in their other store which was like a warehouse.

I told the woman she could at least go get some for me; but she refused. I became quite angry and stomped out of the store.

Dream of: 25 October 1986 (2) "Rafael"

As I walked toward my car in a parking lot the wind began blowing so strongly that it held me back so I couldn't reach the car. I tried and tried but simply couldn't reach it. Apparently some sand was also around here and the wind began blowing the sand. It appeared a sandstorm was blowing up.

I noticed a wall around a house near me, walked over behind it and sat down in a corner. A light was on in the house and I hoped no one would think I was trying to bother anything, because all I wanted to do was escape the sandstorm. The sandstorm continued to rage and finally became so bad that visibility was reduced to zero. I sat huddled up in the corner waiting for the storm to blow over.

Finally the storm stopped, I walked back out to the parking lot and saw that the sky had become bright and clear.

However, instead of having a car, I now had a camel. I walked over to the camel and saw that it was no ordinary camel. Indeed it rather resembled a large fat bush and had many branches and leaves all over it. To ride the camel I had to climb up through the branches and leaves (somewhat prickly) to the top. I then sat down and began riding along.

Finally I dismounted, boarded a bus and the camel walked along beside my bus. On the bus I met a fellow whom I had seen somewhere before who was reading some kind of text which he began trying to explain to me. The text seemed to be in another language and was very symbolic. He said part of the text dealt with Saint John the Baptist and the light of the world. Several other people in the bus had the same text, which was actually rather short and consisted of several verses. They would sit down and read the same thing over and over.

They gave me a copy of the text and I asked them why they didn't simply memorize it. I asked them whether they thought it would be just as good to recite the text from memory. They thought it would. So it seemed strange to me that they had

recited the text so many times without memorizing it. I thought if I were going to say it over and over, I would memorize it.

I noticed Leah on the bus. I wanted to talk with her, walked over and sat beside her. I hadn't seen her in a long time and I was happy to see her again. We talked of the fellow with the text and then spoke about the camel. She then mentioned the name "Rafael" and I knew that was the name of either the fellow with the text or the camel, but I was unsure which. I thought the name "Rafael" was very pretty and I was attracted to it.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I had just awakened and that everything which had been happening to me had just been a dream. I had my mini-cassette recorder with me and I decided to record what had just taken place. I picked up the recorder and asked Leah if she minded that I recorded the dream in front of her. She smiled and said she didn't mind. I pressed a button on the recorder, realized I had pressed the wrong button and then pressed another button which was the correct button for "record."

I said I had awaked in the middle of the night and had gone to a store, although I was unsure whether it was a drug store or a grocery store.

Dream of: 25 October 1986 (3) "Pictures In The Commode"

I went to the Gay Street House, where my mother was living, and stayed overnight in the upstairs back bedroom. The next morning I rose and went to the toilet. As I stood in front of the mirror and combed my hair (leaving the part where it was) I looked down into the commode and saw some feces, some of my books and some of my collage pictures.

I walked into another room and began hollering for my mother. I saw a woman I didn't know, then I encountered Meisel (a female friend of my mother's) and she told me that someone was living in an apartment on the other side of the House and that I should not bother them.

I knew my sister and her two sons, David and Steven, were also there in the house. I immediately went into the room where they were and I accused Steven of having thrown my collage pictures in the commode. Indeed at that moment Steven had one of my collage pictures in his hands. I grabbed the picture from his hands and said, "Get your grubby little hands off my things."

After explaining to my sister what had happened, I walked back into the bathroom where I found my mother and Meisel cleaning the commode. Finally they cleaned up everything.

Apparently a black woman had defecated in the commode. She was still in the room and I began

berating her for having defecated in the commode. A black fellow was also present and I spoke with him about the law as I tried to decide whether there was any law against what the black woman had done. I told the black fellow I didn't know anything about the law on that subject, but he seemed very informed in the area. He said there was a law against squatting down and defecating, and also a law against a woman defecating where she could be seen by a man, but there was no law against defecating in a commode and leaving the feces there.

I spoke to the black woman again and I told her the law apparently protected people like her who left their feces in commodes.

It finally occurred to me I had been dreaming. I pulled out my cassette player and began recording the dream. I said, "I was in Portsmouth, Ohio. And I was in the military. And I had gone to Gay Street to spend the night."

Dream of: 27 October 1986 "King Kong"

While I was watching what appeared to be a news program on television, a segment came on dealing with the opening of a building in New York City.

The building had been either a winery or a brewery at one time but had fallen into utter disrepair. Investors had renovated the building and apparently had turned it into something quite

luxurious. I imagined a number of exclusive restaurants inside. A camera glided over the front facade of the building as an announcer stated that over a billion dollars had been spent on the project. The building was compared to a similar structure that was in operation in Chicago. The announcer described the rooms in the building as having some of the highest ceilings in New York. Some well-dressed people were standing in front of the entrance. I thought it must be quite expensive to go there; it would probably cost over \$100 to eat a meal – more than I could afford.

I thought it would, however, be nice to walk around through the halls inside. Weinstein (living in New York like he did) probably had opportunity to visit many places like that. I thought that would be interesting. And as I thought about it, I found myself driving around in a car in New York City. I planned to look up Weinstein, but in the meantime I rather liked seeing the sights. I passed what appeared to be a theater and suddenly took the notion to go inside.

I walked in and lo and behold I saw Weinstein sitting by himself in one of the seats. The place was quite full of people, but there was an empty aisle seat next to Weinstein. I unobtrusively walked up and sat down in the seat without Weinstein even having seemed to notice. He was wearing a modest blue sweater and seemed alone.

I didn't say anything to him and I began watching the movie.

The scene before me was quite colorful although I wasn't completely sure what was taking place. A blond-haired man seemed to be driving up a circular road which led to the top of a white-stoned tower. When he reached the top, he stepped from his car and stood silhouetted against the multi-colored background of the sky.

Something seemed to be climbing up the side of the tower to get to the man and something about the show reminded me of the movie *King Kong*.

The movie finally ended. I turned to Weinstein and said hello. He seemed surprised to see me here although I wondered if he hadn't actually known all along I had been here and simply hadn't said anything. He commented about how long my hair was.

I told him I would like to spend the night with him, but I would only be staying until the next morning. He seemed satisfied with the news and we stood to leave. Most people in the audience had already departed, but we still managed to become separated in the crowd. However once outside I found him again. Another man (probably in his mid-20s) was talking to Weinstein. Apparently the man had been with Weinstein and I hadn't realized it. Weinstein seemed to be telling the fellow that

he was going to be leaving now with me. I thought the man might be slightly offended because Weinstein was ditching him, but I couldn't help it.

Weinstein mentioned to the man that I had just flown in from Ohio. I corrected him and explained that I had actually driven from Ohio and I had my car with me. I told Weinstein to tell the man how I had just chanced to find him in the theater. I thought it was remarkable that in a city the size of New York I would just chance upon Weinstein like that. But Weinstein didn't seem to attach much importance to it. I reminded him that the last time I had visited him I had found him in a similar way. I thought it was doubly amazing that the same thing had happened twice.

Weinstein concluded his conversation with the fellow and we left. I told him I was planning on going to Europe. To my surprise he said he might accompany me. Apparently he was working on writing some material which didn't demand his presence in New York. He seemed to think he would be able to go to Europe for as long as a month without any problem. It basically sounded like a good idea for him to be going with me. But I had some misgivings. I didn't know how long I would be in Europe. I had no fixed time schedule and I could stay for anywhere from a week to a month. I also was planning on spending most of the time in Germany – and I knew Weinstein didn't

speak German. That could be a drawback.
However I still thought we could probably manage
 well traveling together.

 We soon found ourselves in his apartment on an
 upper story of an apartment building and
 consisted of only one cramped room. As we
entered Weinstein was in the process of telling me
something about "giving it all up." I wasn't entirely
sure to what he was referring. He seemed quite
dissatisfied with his circumstances and his
environment. Indeed I could somewhat understand
his dissatisfaction as I looked about the room.

 It was so small. I hardly seemed to have room to
 breathe. And it seemed in desperate disrepair.
Some throw rugs covering the floor seemed to be
covering the floor's unevenness and possibly even
some gaping holes. But I particularly noticed the
dark brown water splotches on the wallpaper
which seemed to be causing it to peel in several
 places.

 I had the feeling Weinstein was basically thinking
of "selling out." He wanted to start making some
money and he was apparently thinking of doing
whatever might be necessary to do so - including
abandoning his artistic leanings. He seemed to be
intending to continue writing, but in a different
vein. I wanted to encourage him to continue in his
artistic endeavors since I was confident of his

abilities. However looking about me at the little apartment I let slip out, "Well you really wouldn't be giving up much, would you."

He snatched at what I had said and pointed out that that was exactly what he had meant. He was tired of living like this and he wanted a change.

He then said something about Henry David Thoreau. He commented that Thoreau hadn't actually lived alone in the woods. Apparently Weinstein didn't think someone could do such a thing. I however felt sure that Thoreau had lived alone for two years even though he had had visitors and human contact, just as he had said in his book. I told Weinstein that I myself was living in a cabin I had built. But he seemed unimpressed.

I noticed several beds in the room. One of the beds was a baby bed; I lay down in it for a moment. I got back up and told Weinstein that part of the problem with the space in the apartment was due to there being too many beds here. I counted the beds and saw that there were four or five different sizes. Then I realized there were six. Something against the wall appeared to be some shelves. But Weinstein showed me that the shelves were also a type of convertible baby bed.

Weinstein defended there being so many beds here. He pointed out that when people visited him they would have a place to sleep and he even

began naming the names of people who would sometimes sleep on different beds. I simply stated that the people could sleep on the floor but he ignored me.

While we talked, I noticed Weinstein seemed to have become rather thin. However he still seemed possessed of a great deal of energy and he was animated throughout our conversation.

Weinstein spoke with someone on the phone. It sounded as if Weinstein were explaining to the person that he was going to be going to Europe. I caught part of the conversation and gathered from what he said that he had recently written a story which took place in Reykjavik, Iceland. I wondered how he had been able to do that, but I realized he did have writing abilities.

As I stood here, some of Weinstein's friends came walking into the room which seemed to expand to allow us more space. Three females (probably in their early 20s) trotted in. At least two seemed to have slight complexion problems and had mascara plastered on their faces. None was particularly good-looking; but since they were the only females in sight, they appeared attractive, nevertheless. I figured Weinstein had invited them in possibly with the intention of introducing me to them. Since he was still occupied on the phone I decided to introduce myself.

I was unsure of the proper etiquette. But I felt fairly at ease and out-going. I felt it would be best to act immediately: I walked over to one and held my hand out to her. She lightly clasped my hand as I explained to her who I was. I then shook hands with the other two and I particularly noticed how softly they had squeezed my hand.

Two young men (probably in their early 20s) walked in. They also seemed to have slight complexion problems. One of the girls referred to me and said she had told some other girl that she had seen me coming in and that I was ugly. She had told the other girl to come up anyway because the two fellows (whom she thought were good-looking) were going to be here. I was slightly offended but I thought the girl simply didn't have the best of taste.

Any feeling of inadequacy I had quickly began to dissipate as one of the other girls eased up next to me and slipped her arms around me. She obviously wanted to become affectionate even though the others were present. I was attracted to her, but I wasn't sure how far I wanted to go. Before I could collect myself, she had put her hand between my leg and was rubbing my penis through my pants.

I was somewhat taken aback. Apparently she wanted to have sex with me. I wasn't prepared for

that. I didn't even know her. Principally I was concerned that I might contract some disease if I were to indulge with her. Nevertheless I didn't stop her. Her hand moved farther down until she reached what appeared to be a lump of something in my crotch between my legs inside my pants.

She seemed surprised and asked me if I were wearing a "dome" which was a word apparently describing a Kotex.

I didn't know what to say. I knew I wasn't wearing a "dome." But I reached my hand in my pants and pulled out a piece of heavy white cloth about 30 centimeters long and about five centimeters wide. I explained to her that I had had just driven all the way from Ohio and that I had been perspiring between my legs. I had put the cloth there to soak up moisture and prevent irritation and itching. But

I was embarrassed by the fact. I also started thinking I had a small wart on my crotch between my legs and that it would likewise be embarrassing if she were to see that. The girl seemed good-natured enough, but she was a little too forward for my liking. I thought it unlikely that I would have much to do with her.

Dream of: 27 October 1986 (2) "Fear Of AIDS"

As I drove my silver 1984 Volkswagen Rabbit along a country road, I looked to my right and noticed a stream of water flowing in the same

direction I was traveling. The stream was quite a beautiful sight and appeared to be white water rapids; at least the water appeared white as it rapidly rolled over the large rocks in the stream's bed. I became quite mesmerized by the sight. Perhaps a dam back upstream was creating all the turmoil in the water. Did people ever raft down the stream? I continued driving for quite a ways and suddenly realized I hadn't been looking at all where I was going. If a car had been coming in my direction I could have easily crashed into it.

The water had gradually calmed down and the stream had narrowed into a small quiet channel. The road I was traveling had also narrowed and had only room enough for one car. The whole area was blanketed with snow. Even the stream appeared to be covered with ice and snow; I could no longer see the water.

I approached an intersection and suddenly decided to turn around. I lurched my car around to the right and pushed on my brakes; the ice-covered road caused my car to slide toward a telephone pole. I stuck my left hand out the window and grabbed the pole as we hit it. I had cushioned the impact, but the left rear fender still slightly hit the pole. I didn't think there had been any damage; I finished turning around and began traveling back up the road I had just come down.

As I moved along, I realized I was no longer in a car. Instead I was in some kind of contraption on two skids; I was sitting in a seat exposed to the elements. I was moving quite fast down the road and was still able to guide the vehicle, although I wasn't quite sure how to speed up and slow down.

As I traveled along I began thinking about AIDS: I was worried that I had it. I had noticed a small red mark on the knuckle of the ring finger of my right hand. It had healed over and left a small white scar. I couldn't explain where the mark had come from; I thought it had healed in an unusual way. Plus I thought I had detected another such mark beginning above the small finger of the same hand.

I had heard that the chances of catching AIDS were one in six if one were to have sex with a stranger. Those seemed to me to be very high odds. I began imagining what it must be like to discover having AIDS and had a vision of the millions of people who must have it. People who didn't have it would probably not be nearly as concerned with the subject as those who had it. I remembered having once spoken with Anderson about it and both of us having said that we could possibly have it. I knew Anderson was having an affair with a married woman and thought of the risk he was taking. I also thought of Ramey and wondered what he would do if he had it.

There were only two sources from which I could have contracted AIDS – Louise and Mireya (a Dallas acquaintance). Those were the only two people with whom I had had sexual contact in several years. I began to scrutinize the possibilities.

I had only had sex with Mireya once. I knew she had had sex with other men before me, although I didn't know who or when. When I had had sex with her, I had been concerned even then of the possibilities. I had quickly urinated and washed my penis afterwards. Nevertheless, a definite possibility still existed. I wondered if Mireya's being Colombian would make any difference.

I had had sex with Louise only two or three times after we had finally separated. I knew she had begun seeing other men and had had sex with at least two. I remembered distinctly having hesitated to have sex with her for fear she might have something; nevertheless I had. So there was also a possibility I had contracted something from her.

I concluded that the probability was slim that I had AIDS; but the possibility seemed too important to just ignore anymore. I decided I needed to have a blood test as soon as possible. In fact I needed to have one right now. I looked at my watch; it was already 3:30. It was doubtful I could

make it to the health clinic before it closed. I would have to wait until the following day.

I began to experience some problem with my vehicle, which seemed wind-powered to some extent. Somehow the front part had risen into the air and I couldn't seem to lower it. Cars were now coming toward me and I was having difficulty steering past them. Finally I was able to slow down to a stop. I got out and saw something under one of the skids in the rear which was causing the skid to rise into the air. I fixed it. A car had stopped behind me and was waiting for me to start again. I began pushing my vehicle and running along beside it. Finally it picked up some speed and I jumped back in. Once again I steered down the road.

Dream of: 29 October 1986 "Retarded Girl"

I was driving a car and had pulled up behind another car stopped at a yield sign and ready to merge onto a main street. I was headed toward a location only a couple more blocks away which I could see in front of me and I was trying to decide whether to turn right or left at the next intersection. I thought if I turned left I would have to travel down several more blocks because the street was one way. However if I turned right, the street wouldn't take me exactly to where I wanted to go and I might become turned around on the

streets. I had been to where I was going before and I tried to remember exactly how I had gotten there.

It occurred to me that the car in front of me was taking a long time in moving ahead. I noticed some kind of sign to my right concerning handicapped people. Suddenly the vehicle in front of me lurched forward: it wasn't a car at all – rather it was a small bicycle being ridden by a young girl.

A car was stopped on the street directly in front of the girl. Unexpectedly the driver's door on the car suddenly flew open in the girl's path. The girl, however, had plenty of time to see the door and she stopped her bicycle before reaching it. Nevertheless when the girl stopped her bike she let it fall over to the ground and ran precipitously into the street.

I had a good look at the girl and could tell from the mongoloid shape of her head and her large bulging eyes that she was obviously retarded. She was about 6 years old and had blonde hair. I thought perhaps the handicapped sign was for the benefit of people like her who were going to some kind of facility nearby. Then again, perhaps the person who had thrown open the car door was handicapped.

At any rate it was obvious that the girl had been thrown into a state of utter confusion and needed help before she was hurt. I left my car and ran after her. I hollered to the people in the car, "You'd better help me. You scared the hell out of her when you opened that door."

The girl ran to a grassy area and sat down as she looked around her with wild eyes. I thought I was going to be able to catch her without problem. I softly said almost as if talking to an animal, "Come on baby. Come on."

However when I approached she suddenly jumped up and ran farther away. I kept up the pursuit; but I was also wondering if I should even be chasing her. I was unsure if I should actually try to apprehend her.

She stopped again and I tried to think of some ploy. I thought I might try to tempt her by suggesting I had some plaything to give her which she was likely to have in her school. When I was fairly close I made a motion as if I had something and said, "Do you like to play with blocks? Come on. I'll get some for you."

I crept closer; but when I was almost upon her she dashed away again. I ran after her and was so close I could almost touch her. She seemed to be wearing some kind of soft sweater. I was running very fast but thought if I would just run a little

faster I would be able to catch her. But I didn't and wondered whether my failure to speed up more was from lack of strength or from lack of will.

Dream of: 30 October 1986 "Clearing Trees"

I had been working in a forest on top a large hill, cutting down trees with a chain saw to make a road through the forest along the top of the hill. I left the work for a while and when I returned, I found that my step-grandfather Clarence had taken a bulldozer and pushed over a number of trees for the road in my absence.

There was already a road bed where there had once been a road which had long ago grown over. I had been following that old road when I had been cutting the trees. I now discovered however that Clarence had strayed off the old road when he had been knocking over trees with his bulldozer and had cut a large swath of trees along the side of the hill which wasn't on the road bed. I looked over the number of trees large and small which lay fallen and broken. I was concerned that Clarence had strayed onto someone else's property and managed to do considerable damage.

However I went back to work with the project and tried to maintain a positive attitude. But when I began working again I realized just how small a piece of road had been cleared. I had earlier been

under the impression that I had already completed a much larger stretch.

Dream of: 30 October 1986 (2) "Rebelde"

I had walked into the kitchen of the Gay Street House, carrying in my hand what appeared to be a nickel. The edge of the nickel was strangely formed; I thought it might be a badly struck coin.

My sister was in the room; I showed the coin to her. Suddenly it occurred to me what the problem was: I pried on the coin and it came apart revealing that it had been two coins – apparently magnetized – stuck together.

The coins now looked large – almost the size of silver dollars. One coin looked as if it had been formed into some kind of clasp; I vaguely remembered someone having lent it to me. I picked up a piece of cloth sewn together almost in the shape of a shoe and I passed the clasp-coin around the cloth. It seemed as if the cloth could thus be used for carrying something – perhaps a pair of glasses.

Some other people walked into the room. One was Mohl (a Portsmouth acquaintance). I thought at first he was the person who had lent me the clasp. I didn't really want to return it, but showed it to him nevertheless. Then I realized not Mohl, but someone else whose name sounded like his, had lent me the clasp.

It occurred to me that I was dreaming; I needed to wake up and write the dream down. I began struggling to awaken. When I suddenly did awake, I found myself standing in County Criminal Court No. 3 in Dallas. It momentarily puzzled me how I could have arrived here so quickly. I was wearing a white shirt and a blue tie, but I didn't have on a jacket.

I looked around at the large number of lawyers who were milling about the court room (there must have been 40) and I tried to recognize some faces. I began thinking that I had actually returned to the court about a week earlier to begin working here again. I had come in and told the judge and all the clerks that I had returned. Therefore, it should not be a surprise for them to see me here again. However, I hadn't come back to court for a week and most of the lawyers had still not seen me. So I would have to speak to them as I encountered them.

I wondered if Louise would be in the court today. I wasn't anxious to encounter her. It would probably be painful.

I was surprised to encounter Ramey (about 20 years old). He was sitting on a bench against the wall and was likewise wearing a white shirt and a tie, but no jacket. When I walked over and greeted him, he seemed glad to see me, but he wasn't

effusive. He was somewhat restrained. He was also a lawyer. I told him I was surprised he was here and I asked if he was going to do some criminal appointments.

He told me he was here for other business and he wasn't planning to do criminal appointments. I suggested to him that he might want to try it since he was here; but I quickly gathered that he thought such work was beneath his dignity. I admitted to him that as far as legal work was concerned, doing criminal appointments was the lowest sort of work one could do. Nevertheless, I thought Ramey might be hesitating to do it simply because he didn't know how and because he was somewhat afraid to try.

I told him that all he needed to do was write his name on a piece of paper and put it in the box out of which names were drawn. If his name were picked, I would show him what to do and he could earn a quick \$100. When he still declined, I suggested that he wanted to remain at least one echelon above that kind of work. He said that one problem with doing the appointments was that a lawyer only learned criminal law. He seemed to be somewhat disparaging criminal law and to some extent I agreed with him.

We parted and I found myself standing by the benches in the audience section of the courtroom.

I looked to my right; Peggy was standing beside me. However I was distracted by other things and at first I didn't say anything. Finally however I turned and looked squarely at her.

She also was wearing a white shirt and apparently was also a lawyer. She looked as if she were probably in her early 30s, but had a youthful air about her which made her appear to be much younger – perhaps in her early 20s. It was quite pleasurable for me to see her and I spoke to her. As we spoke I said, "I saw you standing there and thought, 'Peggy' but for some reason it still did not register."

I found her extremely attractive. I knew she had married Clifford, but I didn't bring up that subject. What was on my mind was something that had happened between us almost 20 years before when we had both been in the ninth grade of school. I began thinking over the incident.

At that time I had been quite attracted to Peggy. I had never really had a genuine girlfriend before, and I had been afraid to admit to her my feelings. She had lived in the same direction as me from school and I had sometimes walked part of the way home with her. I had thought she had liked me too, but I hadn't been sure. Finally she had told someone at school that she liked me and the word had spread quickly until the news had reached me.

I had reacted haughtily. I had suddenly decided I didn't care for her at all and I had proudly stated as much to whoever asked.

Peggy had obviously been abashed and we had no longer spoken with each other. I had no longer walked her home and all communication had ceased between us. She had been humiliated and I had succeeded in avoiding a relationship which I had actually wanted.

It also seemed to me that the same type of thing had repeated itself between us latter in high school; but I could not remember that exactly.

As I now looked at her, I knew that what I had done was still an unresolved issue between us. Peggy had never known how much I had secretly cared for her. I mumbled to her that the first thing I really wanted to do was to apologize to her for what had taken place those many years ago. I told her I had acted reprehensibly and I sorely regretted it. I said, "I was a real heel wasn't I."

She replied, "The worst of the worst,"

I said, "The worst part about it was that I really cared for you too."

As I continued looking at her she seemed so innocent and beautiful to me. I ached for having hurt her as I had done. I could tell she had

suffered, but the pain seemed to have long ago healed. She was no longer a girl but an accomplished, professional woman. And she certainly didn't seem sad. To the contrary, she rather radiated a sense of well-being. She seemed pleased to have heard my confession, and as we talked I had the distinct impression she was still attracted to me.

She began telling me of her feelings during the affair. She told me of her attraction to me and of how she had tried to fight against it. She added, "But I wanted the rebel."

When she referred to me as the "rebel" the Spanish word "rebelde" passed through my mind. I thought such a description of me was quite appropriate.

I had seated myself on a type of a bench in a recess in the wall. By degrees Peggy's face moved closer and closer to mine. I would have liked very much to kiss her. Her lips seemed so crisp and inviting; but she was married and being with her seemed so futile. Nevertheless she pressed closer till her thin, taut lips finally met mine. Her lips felt wonderful as they opened up to my mouth. Yet she only opened her mouth a small ways.

I was chewing some gum and I tried to keep it in the back of my mouth. I realized she was also chewing gum and I felt it with my tongue. Except

for the intrusion of the gum, the kiss was very enjoyable. I closed my eyes and tried to shut off the world and the courtroom around me.

Suddenly I thought I perceived her jolt as if someone had grabbed her. I opened my eyes and broke the kiss. I had had a fleeting glimpse of her husband standing behind her grabbing her. It was only my imagination, but it was enough to startle me into realizing we were acting rather foolishly here in the court room. And perhaps we were acting dangerously. Plus I did have distinct qualms about kissing another man's wife.

I was in somewhat of a quandary. My desire for her was intense and she apparently was still quite attracted to me, but she was married. What should I do?

The judge, whom I had never seen before, walked into the courtroom. A lawyer walked up to put his name in the box, but someone told him it was too late and that he should have done it a half hour ago. Like lightening it hit me that I had completely forgotten to put my name into the box. I could hardly believe it. I sputtered to Peggy, "I forgot to put my name in the box. I can't believe it. I've never done that before."

Peggy tried to calm me down; she picked up a paper with her name on it and said she likewise had forgotten to put her name in the box. I quickly

saw through her; she had indeed been alert and had already put her name in the box. She just happened to have another slip with her name on it. She finally admitted as much.

She said she had to do something and she walked over to a pay phone on the wall to make a call. I thought perhaps she was calling her husband Clifford. I likewise began walking down the hall. My tie was very long and was actually hanging down to my knees. I had already passed the tie through one of the belt loops on the left side of my pants. I thought about passing it through still another loop, but I decided to let it hang instead.

Dream of: 31 October 1986 "Hagar"

I was in what seemed to be a foreign country from which I needed to escape. A girl (who seemed at times to be about 10 years old and at other times to be in her 30s) was with me. Without my first being aware of it, she dressed me up like a female. She then put a piece of colored yarn around my head like a head band. She put another piece around my right wrist and held onto a piece of yarn going from my wrist.

We began walking together toward a building which she intended to enter. I knew people were in the building and I objected to being taken in that one. Plus my female disguise was incomplete; I was still wearing some articles of clothing which

identified me as a man, including some heavy work shoes. However the girl told me not to worry because we actually wanted that I should be identified. She had some kind of clever plan worked out which I didn't completely understand, but apparently there was a report of two people like us trying to escape the country, which seemed increasingly like Nazi Germany. If we were spotted and mistaken for the two other people who were trying to escape the girl seemed to think it would help us.

We entered the building and came into what appeared to be a lounge area of a hotel. A number of men were around and no one seemed concerned by our presence. I began to become optimistic and I walked ahead a few feet by myself. Suddenly out of a room burst a group of perhaps 20 black men. I was startled and I turned to look at the girl. She was eerily standing back by the door holding the piece of yarn in her hand. She had broken loose from me and from the crooked smile on her face I could read immediately that she had tricked me and she was making a sacrifice of me.

The black men quickly gathered around me. I made a vain attempt to escape. I thought they thought I was a female and planned to rape me. I saw only one solution – show them I was a male. I began trying to explain that fact to them and for vivid proof I reached down and pulled out my

penis, which was very small – maybe the size of a 6-year-old's. I thought about urinating on one of the men to emphasize my penis.

To my chagrin, however, the sight of my penis only seemed to incite them more. Too late I realized they were more interested in having a male than a female. They threw me on the ground and one of them pulled out a small penis like I had done and began urinating on me. I must have passed out for I awoke lying on the floor in a stall in a public restroom.

I could see lying on the floor of the stall next to mine a black boy (about 15 years old). The doors to the stalls were closed and some of the black men were standing outside the stalls talking. I immediately realized what had happened: instead of me, the black boy had been raped by the black men. The men were gloating about how after about the sixth time the boy had passed out. After that, every time he was raped, an electric prod was used on him. Apparently the black men would insert their penis in the boy's rectum. When the electric prod was applied to the black boy, the men would receive a pleasurable jolt and immediately climax. The men outside said sometimes it would be over in an instant.

The boy appeared to be conscious, although he was lying with his face on the ground. His eyes

were open although glazed. I felt that he was somehow a part of me. It was as if before the rape had taken place he had split off from me and had had to endure something I was incapable of going through.

The black men finally left. On my hands and knees I crawled outside the stall. I noticed a third stall on the other side of the one where the black boy was. It didn't have a door and I could see someone sitting in it. I poked my head around the corner fearing the worst. To my utter amazement I saw a comrade sitting there. He was a man who looked like Harrison Ford, but I thought his name was "Hagar." He was wearing a dark dull-green cloak pulled up over his head. He seemed almost magical and possessed of strength. I remembered he was supposed to have rendezvoused with us and I was beside myself to see he had actually made it.

I excitedly got the black boy out of the neighboring stall. The boy was naked. He held onto me like a baby wrapping his arms and legs about me and burying his head in my shoulder. Our comrade knew what had happened, but he didn't seem upset. He assuaged us both with calm words. I was immediately reassured and I began to realize that all would pass and we would live to another day. He began communicating to us how we would escape.

I next found myself on the back porch of a house which reminded me of the Gallia County Farmhouse. I had managed to escape and time had passed since my ordeal. Some men were gathered around me who were part of my family. They somewhat reminded me of the Cartwrights from the television series "Bonanza."

Five other men were also present standing on the sidewalk. I realized they were the men who had been ultimately responsible for what had happened before, but they didn't know that we knew who they were. One of my relatives, who seemed to be the father of my group, told one of the five other men that he was looking for five houses to buy somewhere in the country.

I began quietly talking with one of my other relatives. We knew what the houses were to be used for. They planned to capture the five men, strip them and then torture them – one in each house. It seemed appropriate to me.

I sensed a melody in my mind and I began composing a little song,

"If you're from the city side,
And not from the country side,
I'll tell you of the sunny side

I'll tell you of the country side of life."

Dream of: 31 October 1986 (2) "Stored Power"

I was in an upper story of a building (probably the fourth or fifth floor) with a fellow who somewhat reminded me of Pete Duncan (a Portsmouth acquaintance). The room we were in covered the entire floor and was shaped like a rectangle with the two sides (which measured about 30 meters) being four or five times longer than the ends.

On one side of the room were some windows which hung on hinges on their sides and which could be thrown open. I opened the windows and looked out. Directly in front of me about two meters away was the top of a tall slender tree. The branches of the tree were rather strange because they curved back around connecting to the tree to form loops.

I had somehow become convinced that it would be possible for me to jump out of the window, float to the ground, and land safely below. Suddenly I stood on the casement of the open window and leaped. But I didn't fall to the ground. Instead I had jumped like a squirrel into the branches of the tree and was holding on for dear life. I was concerned about my situation and had abandoned my endeavor to float to the ground. Instead I simply wanted to return to the room. And I quickly found myself back inside.

Three companions, including the one who looked like Pete, were in the room. They were probably all in their 30s and seemed like a jovial although somewhat ludicrous bunch. They were comical in a way. We were all trying to figure out how to get out of the room and back to the ground below. But we couldn't seem to find an exit. We paced over the length and breadth of the room and kept coming back to look wistfully out the window. Once I remarked that it might be possible to jump onto the tree and shimmy down it. But looking at the tree again I didn't know where I had gotten the courage to jump onto its limbs the first time. It simply looked too far away to risk. What if I should jump and miss? I didn't want to take the chance.

We walked back and forth. I had earlier explained to the fellow who reminded me of Pete my theory about being able to float to the ground. Suddenly I looked toward the window and saw Pete standing in front of it in the long, black cloak he was wearing. Without warning he leapt out the window. I envisioned disastrous results. Indeed as the rest of us ran to the window and threw them wide open we heard a dull thud as if a body had heavily hit the ground below. I didn't want to look. But glancing outside I realized the thud we had heard was simply the window hitting against the tree when we had opened it. And looking into the tree I saw the fellow precariously holding onto its branches. He likewise managed to come back

inside and once again we walked the length and breadth of the room seeking an exit.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I hadn't checked the wall on the opposite side of the room from the window. I began scrutinizing it and found buried behind some clutter another window. I was able to reach it, open it and discover that right outside was an earthen patio covered with grass. I slipped through the window and onto the patio. A little farther ahead of me were some steps leading down. I took them to another level, found some more steps and followed them all the way down to the bottom. I had actually only descended about a dozen steps when I found myself on ground level.

I hollered back to the others and they quickly began following me. Before they could reach me I passed through a small fence on a sidewalk and encountered two elderly women and a small dog. I thought perhaps the women might live in the building and wonder what we had been doing there, but they said nothing.

My three companions reached me and I noticed that two of them were wearing bright, multi-colored sandals which looked as if they had come from Mexico. I however had left my shoes back upstairs and was only wearing a pair of socks. I thought one of the fellows was also only wearing socks but looking again realized he likewise had

on a pair of colored sandals. I felt odd without shoes but I certainly didn't want to return upstairs for them.

We began walking along the sidewalk seemingly headed toward some kind of carnival or fair. I decided to try something I hadn't done in a while – to float – by using a method I had previously tried.

I turned my right leg up behind me bent at the knee and grabbed my big toe with my right hand. My knee was thus raised about a half meter off the ground. I then did the same thing with my left leg so that both legs were completely off the ground.

It was awkward at first. I was able to float in the air but my knees kept bouncing against the ground somewhat like a ball. However I was able to begin controlling my direction and bounced along beside my companions. Gradually I gained more control, finally let go of my toes and floated along in a reclining position. I enjoyed the wonderful sensation. I seemed to be a wisp of something or a leaf in the air.

My companions didn't seem to know what to think.

A number of people were standing and sitting on the sidewalk and nearby grass. As I floated along I would occasionally lightly bump against something somewhat as a leaf floating on a stream of water might bump against a rock and then pass on by. Some people seemed curious at my floating ability but not particularly concerned.

Some people were seated under a small tree; some seemed to have come from India. As I became more confident in my floating ability I began to notice several women among the people I was passing and I scraped against some of them. I thought I must be rather impressive to them. Then I noticed that an Indian woman dressed in a long, red sari with her head covered but face open had purposely placed herself in my path. I confidently floated – reclined on my side – toward her. Finally I lodged against her waist like a log against a pier.

It occurred to me how over the years I had developed a certain amount of power in dealing with women. Indeed I had been involved with many different women in my life. But gradually I had developed a certain ability to interact with them that gave me a pronounced degree of control over them. However I clearly realized much of my power was dependent upon using it in interacting with the right woman and not squandering it unnecessarily. As I lay lodged against the black-haired, dark-eyed woman in front of me such thoughts flowed through my mind.

The woman could obviously detect the amount of stored energy I contained. I reached out my right hand and stroked the hair from her face. She was young – perhaps not more than 20 years old. She had attractive features but I was most interested in her eyes. I thought they would tell me what I

needed to know – whether she was strong enough to bring our destinies together.

All attraction for her was strictly of a spiritual nature. No words were exchanged but we communicated at an intense level. She gradually began to appear immature and unrefined. She was obviously not what I was looking for and not someone I would care to waste my energy upon. However I was unsure whether she was simply undeveloped or was in fact lewd. It occurred to me that she might even be a prostitute. As I looked her over I thought I heard her say, "Oh come on," as if I needed to complete my scrutiny. I thought of satisfying my puzzlement by asking, "How much?" but I didn't want to offend her in case she wasn't a prostitute and so I said nothing. I was ready to move on.

Dream of: 31 October 1986 (3) "Windmill"

I was in the planning stage of constructing a windmill to generate electricity for my Cabin. I had already examined a set of plans and was beginning to visualize the size of the blades and the rotor. I intended to make part of the windmill out of lead pipes. I would probably buy as much material as I could foresee needing in town, assemble what I could and then buy whatever else I determined I needed the subsequent time I went to town. I was also considering the amount of

storage battery space I was going to need and how many batteries were going to be necessary. I was satisfied as the project unfolded in my mind.

Dream of: 01 November 1986 "Barney Miller"

I was walking on a college campus, heard a bell ring and realized I needed to go to class. As I walked toward the class building I noticed that students had piled many stacks of books all over the ground around the college buildings. I remembered I was going to need some books and paper myself because a test was going to be given today. I had no books or paper with me and I thought about simply taking someone else's things which were sitting on the ground and then bringing them back later. But I didn't take any and I headed on to class with nothing.

I looked at a clock and saw that it was seven after eight. It occurred to me that the bell I had heard ring was for undergraduate classes. But I was in a graduate class and was therefore seven or eight minutes late.

When I finally walked into the classroom it was very quiet and I surmised that the test had already begun. I noticed some tablets of paper in the room and thought I might be able to use some for taking my test. Finally I found a seat which seemed somehow raised up higher than the other seats. I sat down in the seat and saw Leah sitting next to

me on my right with her seat pressed close to mine.

I still needed some legal-sized notebook paper to write on and I thought Leah might be able to give me some. However I realized the test hadn't yet begun because a professor (a black man about 30 years old) was standing in front of the class talking.

Also lying on my desk were about a dozen copied papers which the professor apparently had passed out for the students to read. There were two copies of each paper and I realized Leah's papers and mine were mixed together. I began looking at the numbers at the bottom of the papers and separating them.

The professor began lecturing about writing television shows and was concentrated on the show "Barney Miller." He actually showed a small portion of one of the episodes of the show on a screen in the room as he talked about it. He had been concentrating on that particular television show all through the course; I however hadn't been paying much attention in the course and I didn't know precisely what was going on.

Suddenly I heard the professor call out, "Steve Collier." I was startled and I didn't know what to respond. He repeated what he had been saying and asked me what I would do in a certain

situation. He wanted me to act as if I were saying something on the show. I tried to respond but the professor didn't seem satisfied with my answer. I uttered, "Well it would be much different writing it than acting it. I could write it but I'm not too good on acting it."

He admitted that was true. But he continued and wanted me to act as if I were a black kid from the ghetto coming into the police station where Barney Miller worked. Before I began I noticed that four or five black fellows were sitting on the other side of the room. I said, "Well I would probably come in and say, 'Hey man, how's it going'."

I then added, "Those are the words they almost invariably use when they come in and meet somebody."

But the professor wasn't satisfied with that response either.

I slowly recalled that the professor had earlier told us the test wouldn't be until later in the afternoon and that we would have a session in the morning to go over material just as we were now doing. The professor kept talking and he mentioned the papers he had handed out which were apparently designed to help us on the test.

He said many questions were going to be on the test. He mentioned that if we came to a problem where we were asked to write dialogue and we had difficulty with it, then we should write the dialogue as if a crazy person were speaking. He said it was important to remember that point.

The professor then walked around the room and said something to the five black fellows over on my right. He walked over to me then and I said, "I didn't understand that."

He smiled. I then realized he had purposely spoken in black slang and I wasn't supposed to have understood.

A couple other black fellows were in the room. One was over to my left and one was up in front of me. It was obvious that those two black fellows were of a higher class than the other five blacks. The professor asked one of the higher-class black fellows if he had ever played basketball. He replied that he had at one time, but not much. He then said something about how he had tried to enjoy life.

In the meantime I was still separating the papers on my desk. I dropped one and the professor, standing in front of me, picked it up and gave it to me. He walked to another part of the room and I managed to drop three more papers on the floor. He looked at me in disbelief as I picked up the

papers myself. He didn't say anything and he continued walking around.

As I had picked up the papers I had noticed Leah's long, well-formed, attractive legs under the table. Her dress came down to about mid-thigh. When I sat back down, I whispered in Leah's ear that I was getting more out of the lecture today than I usually did. I thought it was probably because the professor had actually called on me.

Leah then tried to show me something and in the process pressed her left cheek against my right cheek. I was glad I had just shaved and my cheek seemed very soft against hers. Her cheek also felt smooth and soft and it felt good being pressed against mine.

Dream of: 02 November 1986 "L. A. Law"

I had been thinking about the law which says that a person's body must be buried or cremated at death. My imagination had been sparked by a show on the television series "L.A. Law" where a man had sued the government challenging the law. I was likewise considering bringing suit to contest the constitutionality of the law.

One reason I wanted to sue was because I myself would like to have a human skeleton. Medical schools were allowed to have skeletons for educational purposes and I thought it would be

very instructive and educational for me to be able to look at one.

The details of how I would go about such a legal action were quite vague. I didn't know if I would bring the suit in my name or in someone else's name. Some theories of my suit began to flow. I felt that society had a fear of death and that the law demonstrated that fear.

Pruitt (a Dallas attorney) walked into the room where I was and I thought I would talk to him about the case. I said, "You may think I'm crazy for what I want to do, but" I then explained to him my idea. I said, "I don't know yet who to sue, the state government or the federal government."

We both thought it would probably be the state government. Pruitt said he had often sued the state government. He said he would just send a man (whose name sounded like "Gil Galyean") a notice of the suit and then he would meet him in court. I commented that the man probably called Pruitt a "twerp" when he saw him in court.

I thought I would probably have to file a declaratory action instead of a regular law suit, probably in Gallia County, Ohio. It would certainly give me an opportunity to learn a lot of Ohio law.

I mentioned the television show "L.A. Law" to Pruitt but I didn't receive any response from him.

Dream of: 03 November 1986 "Ship Under Starry Sky"

While sitting with my paternal step-grandfather Clarence and my paternal grandmother Mabel in a living room which reminded me of the one in their

Gallia County Farmhouse, I noticed that two paintings which I had never seen before had been hung on the south wall. The paintings were rather large (about a meter and half high and a meter wide) and quite colorful. They seemed abstract and I had to look at them a while to figure out what they were. The one on the left - primarily in shades of blue - pictured colorful mountains. The one on the right displayed large buildings on a city street.

Another painting hung on the west wall; I immediately liked it best. Again I had to look at it awhile to decipher it. It was quite colorful with many white; star-like specks. I finally realized it was a sailing ship under a starry sky.

None of the pictures were originals. They probably hadn't cost much, but they were definitely nicer than the type Clarence and Mabel usually had in their house; I was pleased to see them.

Clarence began asking me about a recent trip I had made to New York City. I began telling him about the trip and described the room I had stayed in. As I thought about and described the room, I

actually found myself in the room in New York; Clarence and Mabel were still with me. My sister was also here. I suggested to them all that they stay there with me for a while and visit. They seemed interested in the possibility. I was unsure exactly where everyone would sleep, but thought we could make room. I might have to sleep with Mabel and for an instant she seemed sexually attractive; but that thought immediately evaporated.

This building resembled a large inexpensive hotel; I thought I was only paying about \$25 a night for the room. I remembered that my old friend Steve Weinstein had stayed in the building when he had first moved to New York. In fact, he had moved to an adjoining building and was still staying there.

I had been thinking lately about Weinstein and wondering how he was turning out. I remembered having recently visited him. He had taken me into the back yard of a neighboring building and had shown me a flower garden he had planted. The garden had obviously taken quite a bit of work and reminded me of something a Zen Buddhist might do. I wondered if Weinstein had simply planted the garden so he would be able to write articles in the garden section of newspapers.

I had doubts about what Weinstein was doing with his life. He seemed to be quite poor, but I couldn't

fault him for that. And besides the industry he had shown with his flower garden, he had also been working out with weights and had put his body in excellent; impressive shape.

As I was thinking, it began to seem as if Clarence, Mabel and my sister had already been with me for several days. Indeed the garbage had begun accumulating and needed taken out. On a table next to a wall were a number of banana peels from bananas I had eaten. I gathered them up to put in a brown paper sack, but the sack contained some other garbage and seemed weak. Nevertheless, I managed to put the peels in anyway and walked out the door to dispose of it.

My room was on the fourth floor of the building. It took me a while, but finally I remembered that a room for garbage was on the sixth floor and I headed for the stairs. As I walked, I began wondering about the number of people in New York; it simply amazed me. I thought about young people coming to New York and what they did when they arrived. A dialogue and images began forming in my mind. I saw a young man (probably in his early 20s) in a group with some other young people. He was talking about how he had been raised in a good family and he wasn't accustomed to doing mundane work, but now he was in New York and needed a job. He was having a difficult time.

An older man seemed to be leading the group. He reminded me somewhat of a movie director or a producer. I thought how it would probably be possible to contact movie directors and obtain a job with one as an assistant director. It would require persistence but seemed feasible.

I watched the man (who appeared to be bald) guide the group around; he reminded me of John Glenn. I thought about how John Glenn had been an astronaut and then had become a United States senator from Ohio.

I had seated myself in an inside auditorium in some circular bleachers which rose from the stage-like area where Glenn was speaking. I wasn't completely sure what he was talking about, but a group of about 20 people was gathered around him. Apparently the group had a leader and finally Glenn said it was time to pay that leader (a woman) the fee for having heard Glenn speak. Glenn seemed to be acting as if he didn't receive the money himself, but I had my doubts. The fee was \$25, but each person had previously paid \$10 which made the total cost \$35 for a talk which had probably only lasted about two hours.

People began handing over the money.

A young, black fellow on my left began talking to me; he seemed to be trying to explain something about Glenn to me. He seemed friendly, but I

didn't really trust him and thought he might be trying to pickpocket me. Finally he was quiet and I said something to him. He immediately backed about a meter away from me; he gave me the distinct impression that he didn't want to talk anymore. I wondered if I had bad breath and indeed became convinced I did.

I had been given a paper which had prices of refreshments being sold at a concession stand next to where Glenn was. A certain kind of gum only cost 5 cents for 5 sticks; I decided to go down and buy some.

My ex-wife Louise was seated to my left; she was also staying with me in my room in New York. I told her I was going to go buy some gum and would be right back. She said something about Gallipolis and Rio Grande as I headed down toward the concession stand.

I began thinking of the pronunciation of the words Gallipolis and Rio Grande. I knew they were communities in Gallia County, Ohio and that the people there pronounced the names in a specific way. For example Rio wasn't pronounced like the Spanish word "rio," but rather with a long "i."

I reached the concession stand and told a girl what I wanted. She gave me the pack of gum and told me it would be 44 cents. I began to protest that the flyer had said the gum would cost only

five cents. I decided the flyer was probably wrong and I began looking in my billfold for some money. At first I didn't see any money. Finally, however, I pulled out some bills and laid them on the counter.

I had several ones and at least one ten. We had some difficulty sorting out the bills so that she had the right one. Finally she did; I stuck the rest in my pocket.

Two girls were actually at the concession stand. I waited for my change and other people began lining up behind me. Finally I realized I had been standing here a long time and began voicing my dismay. I hollered that I had been here 15 minutes just to buy a pack of gum. But the girl to whom I had given the money said she couldn't give me my change until the other girl used a green card to open something. And the other girl was occupied with something else and was in no hurry.

I hollered that I was simply going to take another pack of gum and some other penny candy which I saw in a large glass jar on the counter. Finally I did that and walked back up toward my seat.

To my surprise Louise was no longer there. I had been gone a long time, but where could she have disappeared to? She didn't know where to go in New York and didn't have a key to my room. I would just have to sit down and wait for her to return.

Dream of: 03 November 1986 (2) "Broken Pen"

My sister and I were in a house which reminded me of the House in Patriot. My sister suggested she and I go into the living room for "fun and games." I thought she wanted to have some sexual contact and I was anxious to oblige, but when we walked into the living room, my mother was there and so obviously we weren't going to be able to have any sexual activity.

I thought perhaps my sister and I could go upstairs together, but instead I fell asleep. When I awoke, I walked into the kitchen where I found a number of people gathered at several long tables.

I was quite tired and groggy at first but then began feeling more alert and walked back into the living room for a pen and a pad of paper. I was under the impression I was dreaming and I wanted to write the dream down even as it was occurring.

I returned to the kitchen where I found a seat by a pretty young lady and sat down. I encroached upon her seat somewhat and said, "Would you like to sit next to me?"

She seemed satisfied with my being beside her. I began telling her that I was dreaming and that I wanted to write down what was taking place. She didn't believe me. I was determined the way to

prove it was to record the event and then show her the writing after we awoke.

I began writing with a blue felt tip pen, but all that came out on the paper was a blur. I looked at the pen and realized the point was broken. I threw it down and began looking for another pen.

Dream of: 04 November 1986 "Quitting High School"

I had been attending a high school when I suddenly became fed-up with it and decided to quit. I didn't understand why it hadn't occurred to me before that I didn't need to go to high school. Although I had never completed high school, I had still managed to go on to college and law school. I was a licensed attorney and could find a job without going through all the nonsense of high school.

I walked to the principal's office to tell the principal, Charles Adams (principal when I was in high school) of my decision. He already knew about it and he indicated I should wait to talk with him while he finished talking with some children who looked as if they were in the first grade. I sat down, waited a few minutes and then went back to the classroom I had just left to finish clearing out my things.

Going through my desk I found five tiny pills. I knew they were some kind of drug that I had acquired from Mike Martin (who had also reminded me of Mike Walls). The pills began to seem very large and I wanted to get rid of them. I definitely didn't want to take them and I simply wanted to be free of them, but I was uncertain exactly where I should put them. I was concerned that if I put them in my pocket I might be searched as I was leaving the school.

Dream of: 04 November 1986 (2)
"Disinherited"

I was at the Gay Street House with a tall slender man (not more than 40 years old) who was my father. He seemed as if he might be a lawyer and he had his offices in some rooms of the first floor of the house.

We had been having a serious disagreement about something and he finally suggested that he disinherit me. He said it was a simple procedure and could be done orally. I didn't really want to do it and I was rather shook up by the idea. However I realized it was more a formality than anything else and that he could accomplish the same end by simply writing me out of his will. Finally with reluctance I agreed.

We walked into the living room beside the kitchen where my mother joined us. I proceeded to simply

say that I disinherited my father and he said the same thing. He was very matter-of-fact about the whole procedure and showed no emotion that I could detect. He walked back into his offices and I left.

Actually after it was all over I felt relieved. I didn't know why I had been in Portsmouth in the first place and now I felt that I must leave. I contemplated where I would go and I thought that Latin America would be appropriate. I began thinking of Brazil and the gigantic potential it offered. I figured I could find employment in a law office in Rio de Janeiro.

Since I spoke Spanish, it would be easier to go to some other country in South America. But I thought Portuguese wouldn't be difficult to learn. I had listened to it before and I knew it was similar to Spanish. Also my knowledge of French should aid me in quickly learning the language. I figured in about four months I would know the language well enough to work well with it.

My principal concern was taking my car (my silver '84 Volkswagen Rabbit) with me. I wondered whether I should ship it by boat or drive it through South America. Perhaps I shouldn't even take it. It definitely presented a problem.

I returned to my father's to pick up a last few things. My mother was there and helped me. She

had laid out about 10 sweaters on the kitchen table for me. My heavy, cream-colored wool sweater was among them. Another older cream-colored sweater which I hadn't seen in quite a while was also included. I gathered the sweaters up.

I also noticed lying on the table my small, rectangular clock. I wanted it because I liked to use it to time myself when doing exercises.

My mother carried out a small flimsy book case which was apparently mine. I told her I simply didn't have room for that in my car.

I was unsure I had my keys. I touched my right pants pocket, felt the silver balls that were on the key chain I was carrying and knew I had it. I noticed my father had walked into the living room with a client and I tried to hasten my departure. My mother was being as helpful as she could. She obviously didn't want to see me leave but she seemed to understand.

Dream of: 07 November 1986 "The Essential Factor"

I had gone into a classroom where a type of English class conducted by a judge wearing a black robe was normally held. The judge (about 40 years old) reminded me of a judge I had seen somewhere else. He was alone in the room and

seated behind his desk in the front. I had simply wanted to pick up something in the room and I didn't intend to speak with the judge. But when he saw me he spoke with me.

He mentioned that I hadn't been to class for the past 3 days. That surprised me because I thought I had been going to class regularly. It also concerned me because I knew a person could only miss a certain number of days (I thought it was around 15) before failing the course. I knew I had earlier missed quite a few days and was concerned I might even have missed 15 already. Plus it seemed there was some kind of heavy fine for missing too many days. I was going to ask the judge about how many days I had missed in all, but he changed the subject.

He said he had seen a recent newspaper article where I had been sued for three million dollars. The article had stated that the suit had been brought by a girl who had accused me of chasing her down a street while she was nude. He had mentioned the article to someone else hoping they would tell me about it.

Indeed someone had told me about the article and, although I hadn't read it myself, I immediately knew to what he was referring. The judge seemed interested in the case and it looked as if he wanted me to explain it more to him. He said that

sometimes a person could simply offer the other party \$5,000 and the case could be settled.

I told him I wasn't concerned with the case because I certainly didn't have three million dollars. I couldn't offer \$5,000 because I didn't even have that. I was vaguely concerned that if a judgment were entered against me, it might affect me in the future. But I was unsure a judgment would be entered.

I sat down and said, "Let me tell you what really happened."

Another man had entered the room and ambled over to us. He was also dressed in a black robe and appeared to be a friend of the judge's. He was probably in his mid 20s, had a medium build and light-colored hair. I had the feeling he was a lawyer and that the judge wanted him to help me with the case. He immediately became interested.

I planned to tell exactly what had happened that night and not omit anything. The details weren't completely clear, but I definitely remembered the salient features of the incident. I continued, "I had definitely been drinking that night. I usually don't drink but that night I did."

I realized that looked bad right off. It also occurred to me that the judge had seen me intoxicated once before. Now I was admitting I

had once again been intoxicated and I was unsure what he was going to think.

I explained that I had been with some other fellows when I had been drinking alcohol. We had encountered several girls among whom was the girl in question, a very attractive blonde. The man who seemed like my lawyer asked how old she was. I stopped for a minute and was about to say that she was 17, but suddenly a scene from the evening came to my mind as clear as day. Two of the other girls were talking and they told me the girl was only 15. If she had been 17 she would have been considered an adult, but I had suddenly realized she was a minor.

I told the two men I thought she was 15. The lawyer seemed to attach importance to that fact and indicated it would enter into the deciding judge's decision, but didn't seem to think it was a controlling factor. I wanted to add that the girl looked as if she were 18 or 19, but I knew it would be irrelevant.

As we talked I realized we were riding along in a car. The judge was driving the car and I was in the front seat with him. The lawyer, still dressed in his black robe and wearing glasses, was seated in the back seat. Next to him was the girl who had sued me. I wasn't surprised to see her there and hoped she might even be able to clear up some points.

I continued explaining that one of the fellows who had been with me had been Anderson. He was my age - 33. The other two fellows had only been about 18-19 and I hadn't known them well. I asked the girl if that were correct and she agreed.

I then said we fellows had decided to go somewhere, but I had insisted that we not take the blonde-haired girl, even though I had found her to be very pretty. I wanted the lawyer to know my decision had been partly based on my having learned the girl was only 15. The lawyer seemed to think my not wanting to take her was very important. He wanted to know what happened next. I turned to the girl and said, "You tell him."

I was afraid she might deny that I hadn't wanted to take her, but she told the truth and said, "I threw a fit."

She proceeded to explain how she had hit me and some of the other fellows. Indeed, "fit" was an accurate description of what had occurred. She had gone into a frenzy and had insisted on being taken with us. That was an essential point I wanted to explain to the lawyer and he comprehended.

But the subsequent events were unclear to me. I did remember chasing her nude in the street. But the essential factor was that I had been chasing her away. I hadn't been trying to catch her, but

had been trying to get rid of her. I was unsure why she had been nude, but knew it had had nothing to do with me.

I felt as if I were innocent in the matter and felt as if the lawyer also was beginning to comprehend.

Dream of: 07 November 1986 (2) "Squirming Worm"

I was in a house which reminded me of the House in Patriot. The living room and kitchen were part of the same room. I was standing in the kitchen and my grandmother Leacy and another man were sitting in the living room.

Although it was unclear what had happened, I had earlier shot a young man who apparently was the son of someone important. The fellow hadn't died and no one had arrested me. I was surprised no one had come for me and expected someone at any time. Leacy was completely sympathetic with me.

Suddenly we heard a knock at the kitchen door. Leacy rose, went to the door and opened it, but immediately slammed it shut. She frantically picked up a gun (a luger) lying on the kitchen table and fired one shot through the door. She then stepped back as if not believing what she had done.

Someone outside began pushing on the door and suddenly it broke down and fell to the ground. A large group of men seemed to be outside. One of them appeared to be my uncle Liston and in his arms he was holding a small black boy (around 6 years old). The boy had been hit by the bullet Leacy had fired.

Confusion ensued. Many men mostly dressed in suits and ties began marching in. The gun was taken from Leacy and laid aside. I inferred the men had come to the House to question me about the shooting I had committed. Perhaps they had even intended to have a trial in the House. My father was among the men and was obviously opposing me in my shooting incident. I roughly brushed past him as I tried to get a better look at the wounded boy, on whom all attention was now focused.

The boy was set on the stove next to the door. He appeared to have no hair and his dark brown eyes didn't seem to comprehend what was happening.

The bullet had entered his left cheek and apparently exited out the back of his head. I approached to take a closer look. No one was panicky and indeed I seemed to be the only one alarmed.

I was concerned the bullet might have caused brain damage by hitting the cerebellum. But

scrutinizing the bloody hole where the bullet had exited, I concluded the brain stem had been missed and the wound, although serious, would heal. I stepped away from the boy and informed Leacy of my diagnosis.

When I stepped back to the boy I was surprised to see a stocky, middle-aged black man standing in front of the boy holding a long earth worm. I then saw someone had cut a notch from the back of the boy's head where the wound had been. The notch was about a centimeter high and ran across the entire back of the boy's head. In the base of the head below the notch was an empty space where apparently whatever had been inside the boy's head at that spot had been scooped out. I hoped it hadn't been part of the brain.

The man holding the worm approached the boy and began filling the space inside the back of the boy's head with the worm. I inferred the man was an important man from Africa and was related to the boy. He thought the worm would help heal the boy until medical assistance could be found. I protested that that was probably the worst thing he could do, but he disregarded me and completed filling the space with the slimy, squirming worm.

Obviously someone needed to take the boy to a hospital. I volunteered to take the boy in my silver Volkswagen, sitting outside. But someone else

took charge of taking the boy and almost immediately everyone left. Leacy, whom I then noticed was also black, left with the others.

Once they were gone, I looked around and saw only my uncle George sitting on the floor in a corner of the living room with his polio-deformed legs bent under him. I thought the people who had seen me here must have wondered what I was doing in such a somber environment.

Left alone I became hungry and began rummaging a deep drawer close to the floor in the kitchen cabinet. I found what appeared to be some coupons for spaghetti and spaghetti sauce, and some packets which apparently contained red kidney beans in some kind of sauce. I opened one packet over the stove and began eating some beans. I spilt quite a few beans onto the stove and some fell down one of the burners. They seemed to expand down there and boiled up over the burner. I was creating quite a mess. I even scrapped some beans off the stove and ate them. Finally I spooned out the last of the sauce and put it in my mouth. It had a metallic taste and I wondered if any meat had been in it.

I picked up a cloth and began cleaning up the mess. As I continued, it began to appear that I was out on a back patio or back cement driveway cleaning the dirt off the driveway. It was especially

difficult because some large tree-like plants were also growing on the driveway in some dirt and I didn't want to disturb them. The dirt I did gather up I threw over to one side of the driveway where some dirt had been excavated. A large tree was also lying on its side on that part of the driveway.

Two rather rough-looking men (probably in their mid-20s) walked up. A fellow came out of the House to greet them and they walked inside. It began to become clear to me that the House was actually occupied by Hari Krishnas. Leacy and I were only staying here temporarily and I didn't seem to be completely certain of our status.

I walked inside and found the two men sitting alone in one of the rooms. The one sitting on the couch had short hair. He had tattoos all over his arms and appeared to be a rather rough character. The fellow sitting in an armchair had brown hair cut above his shoulders. I asked them who they were.

They explained that they were guests of the Hari Krishnas and that they were going to have a party here tonight. I had earlier heard that such a party was scheduled. I was however a bit surprised that that type of person would be having a party with the Krishnas since I knew the Krishnas didn't drink alcohol.

The fellow who had brought them into the house came back into the room and sat down next to the fellow on the couch. He was apparently a Hari Krishna himself, although he wasn't dressed like one. He was also smoking a cigarette which seemed to me to be completely out of character with a Hari Krishna. He gave the fellow on the couch something to eat which the fellow immediately began to devour.

I stated that the party would probably not be very festive. The two fellows wanted to know why. I began trying to explain what had taken place and said, "I shot the son of an Indian - of an African leader. My grandmother then shot the grandson of the leader."

Actually I realized the facts were rather muddled in my mind. The fellow sitting in the armchair didn't seem to fully understand and began questioning me about why I was here. It began to become clear to me that I didn't have the full picture as to exactly what I was doing here.

Dream of: 09 November 1986 "A Personal Relationship with God"

Inside an apartment in an old apartment building, I was looking at a piece of a dried marijuana plant which I had somehow acquired. Since I knew that my old college professor, Rembert Glass, was in the neighboring apartment, I decided to take the

marijuana plant to his apartment and show it to him. I walked next door and found Rembert (who looked about 40 years old) sitting behind a desk. I laid part of the plant on the desk so Rembert could see it, but I kept part of the plant in my hands, the part which consisted of a dark brown bud, thick with seeds. Rembert suggested that I take the seeds back to the neighboring apartment and count the seeds. He also said I should separate out some smaller younger seeds – which he described as premature – and count them separately.

As I was about to leave, I noticed the part of the plant which was lying on the desk no longer looked the same. That piece of marijuana was now white and had changed shape, so it resembled a piece of porcelain shaped like a plant. The piece was about a half meter long, thick at the base, curving and tapering off toward the top. When I commented to Rembert that it resembled a garlic plant, he agreed.

I carried the seeds back into the neighboring sparsely-furnished apartment. After I had seated myself and had begun examining the seeds, the room gradually began to fill up with people. Finally as many as 20 men were in the room, most of whom appeared to be in their 20s. A raucous old classmate from high school, Scott MacDonald, had sat down next to me on my right.

MacDonald also had some marijuana which he was busily compressing into a tiny square, about a centimeter in size. When I spoke to him, he asked me something about smoking marijuana. I told him that I did not smoke any more, that I had not smoked in almost two years. When he asked why, I tried to explain that about five years earlier, I had felt as if God had counseled me to stop smoking marijuana. Even as I spoke, however, I felt awkward about using the word "God," because I really did not understand what the word meant.

MacDonald asked me if I were a Christian, and I told him I was not. He asked if I were a Hindu, and again I said no. I tried to explain that I simply had a personal relationship with God and that I did not belong to any religion. Seemingly satisfied with my explanation, MacDonald continued with his business.

When I finally stood up, I noticed that several people in the room had some pot which they were apparently preparing to smoke. As if on cue, different people lit up joints and pipes, and began passing them around. I decided to simply watch, and when one fellow walked toward me with a pipe and offered it to me, I turned it down; he handed the pipe to someone else.

As the room began to fill up with smoke, I wondered if I would be affected if I breathed any

of the smoke in the air. Noticing a particularly heavy cloud of smoke near me, I thought of sticking my head into it, but instead, I walked into a neighboring room where I found several women, including another old high school classmate, prim and proper Wendy McCall, sitting inside. The women apparently did not smoke and had retreated to the other room to escape. I only stayed in the room for a few minutes, and I spoke to no one. When I finally turned and walked back into the smoking room, I was surprised to discover that everyone had already left. However a thin haze of smoke still hung over the room.

I glanced at the door which led to the room where Rembert had been earlier. Seeing no light under the door, I concluded that Rembert had probably also left. I wondered if he had smelled the marijuana and had thought I had been smoking. I hoped not.

Dream of: 10 November 1986 "Wolf Attack"

I found myself walking along a country road near a farm where some people I knew were living. As I crossed over a small bridge, I looked down and saw a large animal dash from under the bridge out onto a snow-covered field. Almost immediately I recognized from its gray coat that the animal was a wolf. I had never seen a wolf in the wild and was impressed by its enormous size and muscular

build. My eyes followed the wolf until it approached what appeared to be a small boy in the distance. But the person was actually a woman – and the wolf was about to attack her.

I watched in astonishment as the wolf pounced upon the woman. A man near the woman successfully fought off the wolf for a moment; but the wolf attacked again. I hollered to the people at the farm that someone needed to go aid the woman. I didn't think I could make it there in time because I was so far away; but suddenly realized I must go try to help.

I had to cross over a fence; when I did so, I tore a thin board off the top of the fence and carried the board with me. As I proceeded across the field, I noticed a second man now helping against the wolf's relentless attacks. I reached the scene much sooner than I had expected. The wolf had been temporarily beaten back and was collecting itself for another attack.

The woman (about 40 years old) looked like an ordinary farm woman. I motioned for her to stand behind me, which she did. The wolf turned toward me and began its approach. It broke into a run and leaped at me. It was as large as me. It seemed almost human in a way. It was monstrous. Although highly alert and aware of the immediate

danger, I wasn't afraid. I was, however, extremely alarmed.

The wolf reached me with his mouth open and his teeth flashing. His bulky fur seemed for a moment to be multi-colored. I acted without hesitation and crammed my board (about a meter long) into his throat. When I felt the board enter the wolf's throat, I pushed with all my might until the entire length of the board was in the wolf's throat. The wolf halted with his mouth open. He couldn't close it. But he still represented a danger – he could attack with his savage claws. I motioned the woman to stay behind me. The wolf faltered and stumbled back. We had a moment to breathe and it appeared we might be able to get away. The other men drew closer to help. I began to feel surprised that I had actually acted as I had.

Dream of: 10 November 1986 (2) "Evil Forces"

I was with a woman (probably in her late 20s) who was staying as a guest in the house where I was living. She was slender, a little shorter than I and she looked Hispanic. She had long, very black hair and dark eyes. As she was sitting next to me, we had gradually moved closer until I put my arms around her. I was attracted to her but as of yet we were only friends.

My mother walked into the room. Although my mother didn't insinuate that the woman and I were doing anything improper, she did want me to do something for her and I had to leave for a short while. When I returned from my errand, the Hispanic woman had gone upstairs. Since I didn't think my following the Hispanic woman would be appropriate, I lay down on a couch and began watching television.

To my surprise, as I was watching the television, something indistinct came right out of the wall next to me. At first I didn't pay much attention to the oddity and continued watching television. When a commercial came on about lather coming from a can, however, I looked at the wall behind the couch and saw some lather (exactly like that on television) coming out of the wall. I cupped my right hand over the lather. I had thought the lather had only been my imagination or a hallucination, but I now found that my hand indeed contained lather.

When I smeared some lather on my other hand, I could definitely feel it. I stood and walked into the next room where I found my mother. Standing in front of her, I held open the palms of my hands and asked, "Is there any lather in my hands?"

She told me there was. With the confirmation that I wasn't simply imagining the lather, I told her

about what had happened. I noticed the lather was quickly drying and soon I only had small clumps of what appeared to be dull-orangish pieces of soap in each hand. I decided the event was significant enough to go upstairs and relate it to the Hispanic woman. I headed up the stairs.

The entrance to the Hispanic woman's upstairs room consisted of two large, wooden sliding doors, one of which was open. I walked through the door and found her lying on her bed watching television. She was wearing a very short nightie which barely covered the tops of her legs. She seemed somewhat surprised to see me as I rattled off what had happened. She didn't seem impressed and when I showed her the clumps of soap-like substance, she simply said she had used that kind of lather herself.

After I decided to leave, I walked back downstairs where I was surprised to find my uncle Liston and two of his sons in the room where I had been earlier. Apparently my mother (also still in the room) had brought my uncle in to investigate the lather-phenomenon which had occurred. My uncle was busily examining the wall; I pointed out that the same type of thing had happened twice and had been in a different place each time.

I was concerned that my uncle and his sons wouldn't be able to find anything and that the

lather wouldn't come from the wall again. They might not even believe that the lather had ever come from the wall. But they did seem very diligent in their scrutiny.

I gradually realized we weren't downstairs, but in one of the middle upstairs rooms of the Gay Street House. When my father showed up and began looking around, it occurred to me that my uncle and the others planned to perform an exorcism because they thought that an evil spirit was at work there. Since my uncle was a minister, he apparently knew to some degree how to deal with that sort of thing.

Sitting on a mantel next to the site they were investigating were two collages which I had recently made. Suddenly, as if with a will of its own, one collage began moving. My uncle immediately became alarmed and motioned everyone back. Then both collages began moving.

Pandemonium seemed to break out. Although my uncle and his sons seemed to know what they were doing, some kind of magnetic force seemed to have control over them. Their bodies were suddenly pulled onto the floor next to the wall and the collages were also pulled down. The force released the people and the collages and reorganized them several times in different orders much like bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope.

When the force held them, everyone was completely immobilized and fixed in a certain position.

I thought my uncle might have been trying to point a cross at the wall to combat the accursed force.

When I remembered that one of the collages (which I had just completed and which was mostly black on the surface) had a picture of a cross on it, I thought it might help if the collage were pointed toward the wall.

My father also was drawn into the event and his body became rigid as the force overpowered it. When the force finally relaxed again, I ran over, grabbed my father by the legs and pulled him away from the wall. The others had recovered their senses, but my father was still rigid and paralyzed. I placed my hands in his hands and could feel him clasping my hands. But I was worried: he almost seemed possessed. I imagined his eyes flashing open and his appearing to be some evil-possessed spirit.

He was still completely rigid and I couldn't bring him back. I thought that indeed an evil spirit had perniciously overcome him and that he was dying.

It seemed that half of his life force was already gone and at best only half of him could be brought back. I cried out, "Dad's dead. He's dying."

Very frightened, I vaguely realized that some evil forces still could frighten me.

Dream of: 10 November 1986 (3) "Gigantic Worm"

I had discovered marks that appeared to be injuries on each of my legs. They were circular and about two centimeters in diameter. I looked at the one on my right leg, just above my knee; it was very dark and almost appeared to have a black scab on it. But it also looked as if it consisted of a bunch of tiny black worms. I looked at it closer to make sure it wasn't infected with worms.

Indeed, I saw a large worm sticking out of the sore; I immediately became alarmed. The worm wasn't black, but reddish like an earth worm. I grabbed it and began pulling. It was a struggle, but finally it began to come out. To my astonishment and alarm the worm became increasingly larger as I pulled on it. I finally grabbed it with my right hand and it was about the size of my wrist in diameter.

It was terrible to think that the worm was actually inside my leg. I continued pulling; I estimated that the worm was about a meter in diameter. It wasn't causing me any pain while I pulled it, but I was afraid that by extracting it like this I might be causing myself some serious damage.

Nevertheless I continued pulling the gigantic worm out of my leg.

Dream of: 11 November 1986 "Called By God"

I was with a man whom I had known for quite some time and who seemed to have been having difficulty finding his place in life. As we stood in a room and talked, he suddenly announced his decision to become a priest. I was somewhat taken aback and hardly knew what to say. I inquired, "A Catholic priest? A Jewish priest? Or what? There are many different kinds of priests."

He stated that he wasn't going to be a priest for any particular religion. He had simply been called by God to be a priest, without any religious affiliations. Relieved by his last statement, I reached my arms out, clasped him, and pulled him to me. I hugged him tightly, feeling in touch with what he was saying. I myself, although I wasn't called to be a priest, felt I had received a somewhat similar call from God. I could strongly relate to him.

When I finally released him, we both turned to a window and looked outside. As he continued talking about his plans, it struck me that he was going to have difficulty because he would be alone and not belong to any religious group. But I was still glad he would be unaffiliated; otherwise I wouldn't have been able to relate with him.

Outside the window, to our right, students were walking on the street toward a high school. Among them was a pretty girl, who, from a distance, appeared to have her shirt open in front, exposing herself. But when she drew closer, I saw that she was wearing a beige sweater under her shirt. I wanted to point her out to my companion, to illustrate the fact that he could no longer have relations with women. But suddenly something struck me and I blurted out, "But you are already married."

Indeed I recalled that he already had a wife. He reacted rather meekly and mumbled something about having to take care of that matter. As we discussed the situation further, I continued looking out the window and noticed that I could actually see the man's wife near the school, not far from us. She was standing on the sidewalk, talking with another man. Only now did I realize that she was someone I knew, Cathy.

When my companion also noticed his wife talking with the other man, he immediately became intrigued by what they were doing. Obviously he suspected that his wife had been having an affair with the other man. My friend even stepped outside for a moment, but quickly stepped back in, afraid that his wife might see him. But it was too late – having spotted him, his wife instantly started walking toward us

She stepped inside and immediately took the offensive. She said something about "Steven Collier" as if I had somehow done something wrong. She also mentioned something about Mexico.

Dream of: 13 November 1986 "Fake Suicide"

I was with some school children on the outside of a school house. The average age was about 15. One slender, black-haired boy was occupying my attention. He was distraught because the other school children didn't seem to like him. To attract their attention, he had decided to act as if he was going to commit suicide, although he didn't actually intend to kill himself. The previous day he had begun practicing with one method of suicide.

He had finally decided he would act as if he were going to hang himself. He fashioned a noose and I had a very clear view of it. He then went onto the porch of the schoolhouse and began practicing with some ropes he had there. One rope was stretched horizontally between two poles. He put his neck on it. He then tried rigging some other ropes around his body. One of the ropes which was going to support his weight stretched close to where I was standing and was tied together in some knots near me. I figured if necessary I could pull one of the knots loose if he got into trouble.

It was morning and the other school children hadn't yet arrived. We could see a group of probably 20 of them in the distance approaching the school. The boy began preparing his noose. Just as the other children finally reached us, he slipped the noose around his neck and jumped. His neck stretched as he hang gasping in mid-air.

I immediately saw that something had gone wrong. The boy's trick hadn't worked and he was actually hanging. I reached for the knot, pulled it loose and caused the ropes to fall. The boy tumbled, shaken, to the ground.

Another fellow and I helped the boy away from the others. A few minutes later a school teacher appeared next to us. He told the boy he wasn't going to tell his parents about the incident this time, but he didn't want it to happen again. The boy appeared to have learned his lesson.

Dream of: 15 November 1986 "Master Story-Teller"

I seemed to be under the influence of a mind-altering substance – I found myself in a rather dark place – some other people were around me – one of them looked like Roleen (a comely Portsmouth, Ohio acquaintance when I was a teenager in the late 1960s). I wanted to be with her and I was able to direct her into a large black vehicle – perhaps the cab of a pickup truck.

My intention was to engage her in intimate, physical contact. No persuasion was necessary on my part. No sooner were we in the vehicle than I felt Roleen's hand demandingly searching between my legs for my penis. She found the object of her desire and through my pants began an earnest caress which sparked a "Take it easy," response from me.

I began kissing her, but my lips felt somewhat numb and I seemed to have something grainy in my mouth. It was as if my lips were cold and thawing out. But it didn't take long before we were both fully warmed up.

I was worried, however: if I had sex with her, I might contract AIDS. I simply couldn't take that chance – at least not without a condom. Fortunately, I had had enough foresight to bring a package of condoms with me. When I had bought the condoms, I had even had to spell the word "prophylactics," which had been an effort.

I immediately pulled out the package (which contained three condoms) and extracted one. I was still sitting upright in the seat, with my penis already out of my pants. I was somewhat surprised that I already had an erection. Without hesitation, as the woman watched, I began rolling the condom over my penis. The condom seemed thick, like a rubber glove, and I commented about my

disappointment in the poor quality. For a second I thought of returning to the store to buy a better one, but I quickly realized now was hardly the time to do that.

Try as I might, I couldn't seem to pull the condom all the way over my penis – an air space of about two centimeters was still left in the top, and at the base, the prophylactic seemed to want to roll back up, which concerned me because I didn't want any place left exposed.

At any rate we finally began having intercourse. We began in the cab of the truck but soon found ourselves completely nude having intercourse on the hood. We continued and continued but I didn't feel like climaxing. Indeed I didn't really seem to be feeling anything. But I was satisfied I could hold an erection for such a long time.

I thought of different positions we could assume. The woman lay on her stomach and I was able to insert in her vagina from behind. I wondered for an instant what it would be like to insert into her rectum, but the idea didn't appeal to me.

Next I lay on my back on the hood and the woman lay on top of me on her back. I again inserted and our legs interlocked. I wondered if anyone was around watching us out there – I didn't mind that someone might see us.

It began to occur to me that two other women were going to show up and that I would likewise have intercourse with them. Indeed I imagined long, drawn-out episodes of intercourse with each of the other two women during which I used the other two condoms. I would maintain erection throughout and not climax. I realized that once I had finished with one woman I wouldn't be able to return to her since I would have taken off the condom I had used with her.

But I found myself again lying on my back on the cab with the first woman lying on her back on top of me. I was forcefully having intercourse with her when it suddenly occurred to me I was actually lying on my stomach in bed dreaming. Since I was dreaming, I knew I could climax if I wanted to, but I decided not to climax, and I drifted back to the original scene.

But all had dramatically changed. I was now sitting outside the vehicle, which had changed remarkably. It was still black but now appeared to be a large horse-drawn carriage. My sister was either inside it or lying on top of it.

I was still experiencing the effects of the mind-altering substance. Indeed it seemed some special event had prompted me to take the substance and my sister was there for the event. With her she

had brought her son, my nephew David, who was lying nearby behind a log.

I began to force my attention on David, prompted by the fact that he was continuously talking. As I listened I realized he seemed to be telling a story and I became mesmerized by what I was hearing.

He had an uncanny ability to simulate different peoples' voices. The story contained a large amount of dialogue between different characters and his change of voice immediately told which character was speaking. The story was quite coherent and I continued listening for five or six minutes. I then noticed that another person had showed up for the special event we were celebrating: my father. However nothing in the appearance of the apparition before me would have indicated that it was my father.

What I saw resembled to some extent an old, decayed tree trunk with a long tail. Apparently my father had obtained a costume and had dressed up (for I knew he was inside the get-up). But he also somehow seemed part of the costume, as if it had grown on him. It was black and white and appeared rubbery. It looked about the height of my father but also had an extension about five meters long trailing from it. It looked like something out of a children's movie.

My father looked at and talked with David. No communication passed between my father and me and I realized a gap existed between us which neither of us could cross at the moment. I would have liked to have comforted him somehow. I pitied him for having grown into the grotesque creature before me. And the growth seemed to a large extent irreversible, as if the result of years of change. We couldn't reverse what had taken place.

Yet I sensed that he too would have liked for things to have been different between us and that he was there at this moment for my benefit, even though he couldn't tell me so himself. He seemed to be saying something to David about me. Finally, rather sadly, he turned and left.

I rose and walked over to David. I didn't know what to say at first but when I reached him I immediately told him how much I had enjoyed his story. I said, "It was great. It was one of the best stories I have ever heard."

He absolutely beamed. I could tell my sister was also listening and she was happy that I had been so impressed. Indeed I thought David had an innate story-telling ability that needed development – he seemed like a natural story teller. When I asked him if he had heard the story before or if he had made it up, he said he had heard it before – but it seemed unlikely to me that he could have remembered all that.

Finally, someone, perhaps my sister, said that it was time for me to tell a story to David. I happily accepted the idea, even though I was unsure what I would tell. I sat down, still feeling the mind-altering substance at work. It seemed that it and other substances had taken a harsh toll on my mind and had made my inner vision foggy. But as I began to concentrate, the mist began to clear somewhat.

I felt somewhat out of shape physically from lack of exercise. I realized much time had already run through my life's hourglass. Yet I felt time remained and now was the time to use it.

I first thought of telling David some religious story, perhaps from the Bible. The thought made me choke up a little. But I passed over that and thought of telling of some event from my life. Finally I focused in upon a dark-haired woman in her 50s whom I had once encountered in some mountains. She had been a master story-teller and she had taught me some of her art. I began constructing a story about her which I would tell David.

Dream of: 16 November 1986 "Preparing To Act"

I had joined a group of people who were planning to perform a play by Shakespeare entitled *King Richard*. Although I intended to be one of the

actors, I was surprised when the director picked me to play the part of the protagonist himself, King Richard.

When the day of the play arrived, I found myself in one of the theater's dressing rooms. The play was scheduled to begin in about four more hours, and I was beginning to feel frightened because I had not yet memorized my part. Indeed, I had not even read the play. Our group had never conducted any rehearsals (a fact I blamed on the director) and I was not even sure who the other actors were going to be.

I was holding a paperback book which contained the play and whose pages were browned by time. Flipping to the first page, I saw that my character delivered the play's opening statement, which was about twenty lines long. I read three or four lines and began trying to memorize them. Since I still had four hours, I thought perhaps I could yet do some good.

In the first scene, the King was supposed to stand before a medieval-looking city named "Erichthyus." I visualized a picture of the medieval city stretching out before me.

The meaning of the words I was reading seemed obscure. One word in the first lines was "de." Although the sentence containing the word could not make much sense unless the meaning of that

word was understood, I doubted that most people in the audience would know what the word "de" meant. Noticing footnotes for some words, I read a few notes.

I recited the first line to myself several times. Although I never spoke the line exactly right, I thought I probably knew it well enough to pass; my recitation did not have to be perfect. Memorizing the lines was taking so long, it was becoming increasingly clear that I simply could not memorize the whole play in time.

When I skipped down to the last three lines in the opening scene, I recognized the words as a famous, Shakespearean quote. Since most people in the audience would be familiar with those lines, I knew I must be able to recite them correctly.

As I memorized, my attention was caught by the small dressing room's wall-paper which had been torn back on the wall right above my head, revealing old wall-paper which had previously adorned the wall. The new wall-paper appeared to have been ripped back on purpose to reveal on the old wall-paper a picture of the heads of a man and a woman, behind which was another small picture of the head of Jesus Christ. Light seemed to fall in long rays over the three heads, creating an attention-catching scene.

My mind, however, was more concentrated on the problem at hand. I still needed to dress for my part in the play. Although I figured I would probably be given a long, kingly robe, I had never even yet seen the guise I was supposed to wear. In the meantime, I doffed the clothes I was wearing, except for a pair of under shorts and a tee shirt. I had a pair of clean blue jeans and a shirt which I planned to don, to be worn under my costume. As I dressed, since the door to the dressing room was open, I wondered if any women in the area might see me undressing. Since we were all actors, their seeing me probably did not matter.

I continued to worry about how I could possibly perform. As I envisioned myself walking out on the stage and speaking the opening lines, I imagined how my voice might seem small, like a child's. I was afraid it would be so painfully obvious that I was acting that some members of the audience might even leave. As I tried to concentrate on how I could effectively play the part, I seemed to improve somewhat in my mind. However, I still was obviously unprepared for the task before me.

Other people who apparently were also in the play entered the room including a strong husky actor (about 30 years old). Recalling some of the story of the play, I remembered that he played a repugnant character who would finally kill my character, the king. However, the death of the

king would not be a particularly remorseful event, because the king had a wicked streak in his nature.

Approaching the fellow, I engaged him in talk, thinking he likewise might be unprepared for the play. When I asked him if he were ready, he informed me that he had indeed memorized his entire part. Hearing this news, I was more depressed than ever; I did not know what to do. How could I have let this happen? I remembered I had even had dreams when something like this had occurred – when I had dawdled and waited until the last day to begin preparing for a play. Now it had actually happened. Incredible.

Perhaps someone else could be found to take my place. Indeed, I thought the very same play was being staged by several actors' groups at the same time. I thought that all the groups were actually part of a college class, and that other students had learned the parts to this same play. However, since finding someone to take my place at this late date seemed almost impossible, I abandoned that idea.

In desperation I walked over to the other actor and shamefully admitted that I had not even read the play, much less memorized my part. He looked at me scornfully and said that I was going to have to try my best to act. He mentioned that my part

was not very long, because the king (my role) died during the play. Obviously I needed to know about that. We began flipping through my book, from back to front, trying to find the scene where the king died. For page after page the king did not appear. Finally after flipping from the back through probably three fourths of the book, I found the king's part, but the part seemed to be in a scene in which the king had already died, and only his dead spirit was talking. Was such a scene actually in the play?

When we finally found the scene where the king was killed in a sword fight with the other character, I began imagining how I would play the dying king in that scene.

I was definitely encouraged when I saw that the king's role was much shorter than I had originally thought. I now realized the character who killed the king had a much larger role – all the more reason to marvel at how the fellow had memorized his part. I was definitely impressed. I thought that the fellow probably wanted to become a professional actor someday and that he was therefore working extra hard in the college course to further his aims. I somewhat ashamedly reflected that I also would like to be a professional actor. Why had I been so neglectful?

Encouraged by the shortness of my part, I picked up the book and tried to acquire a better idea of the king's role. I still did not understand the plot, and I obviously did not have a feel for the character of the king, the characterization of whom seemed increasingly important to me.

As I leafed through the pages, I noticed the name of one character was "Lord," and I wondered if that character was actually God, or if "Lord" was simply the title of a feudal personage.

Somehow I managed to bend back the pages of my book, and as a result I could not seem to find the opening scene again. Several times I flipped to where I thought the front of the book should be, but each time I only uncovered blank pages. Every time that I flipped further back in the book, instead of finding the opening scene, I would end up in the body of the play.

The task seemed so hopeless anyway. I obviously did not have time. I could not even understand many of the words and I certainly was not going to be able to read the footnotes. I simply did not know what I was going to do.

Dream of: 17 November 1986 "Dr. Extasis"

I was in a shopping mall and was debating whether to go to a movie which was supposed to begin at 2 p.m. It seemed I had already been to a

movie that morning and that sitting in theaters wasn't really the best utilization of my time. Nevertheless, I walked to the cinema inside the mall and looked at the marquee.

Six different movies were playing on six different screens; but I was only interested in one, which seemed to have something to do with a man on a raft. I decided to go and I walked toward the ticket stand. Only now did I notice a long line waiting to buy tickets. However, the line was broken for a space of about five meters right before it reached the ticket stand due to someone's not paying attention to its movement. I didn't intend to cut into line, but I was already here anyway in the empty space and I thought I might just go ahead and get my ticket. However the line started moving again to fill up the space and I thought it would be best to walk back to the end, which I did.

I waited quite a while in line; but when I was finally near the ticket booth I got out of line and went back to the end again. Once again I waited and when near the booth went back to the end. I thought that was the proper procedure and that by going to the end I would reach the ticket booth quicker. The next time I came close to the ticket booth, however, I realized I would be better off to buy the ticket at this point instead of repeating the waiting over and over.

I stepped up to the booth for my ticket, which was supposed to cost \$2.50. I still didn't have my money ready and I had to take time to dig out my billfold, search through it for the money and then give it to the girl in the booth. I handed the black-haired girl (about 20 years old) a \$10 bill. She seemed impatient with me and she quickly wanted to know which movie I wanted to see.

I couldn't remember the name of the movie. I motioned to the marquee where the title was written in bold black letters, but I noticed that some words were missing and the title couldn't be read. The words remaining looked to me like "Dr. Extasis" and I told her I wanted to see Dr. Extasis although I knew that wasn't really the name of the movie. She finally grasped which one I wanted to see and although obviously disgusted with my lack of sense gave me my ticket.

She handed me some bills for change, but I still needed 50 cents and she indicated I should count out 50 cents from a basin-like recess in the counter where there were various groups of coins. I took one group with two dimes and a nickel and another with three nickels and a dime. I was given a blanket which I would apparently need and I finally walked into the concession area.

The first thing I noticed there was the large number of young people (mostly teenagers) in the

theater. It seemed as if they should be in school in the middle of the afternoon like that.

I walked into the theater. The lights were still on and the movie hadn't yet begun. It seemed crowded inside, but I saw a large group of seats in the middle about eight to twelve rows back from the front – my favorite area. I wanted to go to the toilet before I sat down so I hurriedly laid my blanket and sports jacket on the seat I wanted to save from the growing crowd.

I then headed toward the restroom, which I thought was through a door to the left of the screen. On my way I noticed that the movie was starting even though the lights were still on. I thought the management was committed to beginning on time even if the lights had to be left on to let the remaining people find their seats. It seemed like a good idea.

For some reason I wondered what kind of crowd would be drawn in if a movie with John Bellushi were playing.

I walked through the door beside the screen and up some stairs which quite a few other fellows were also ascending. At the top of the stairs I turned left and saw a toilet stall with the word "Men" written on it. I opened it but someone was inside sitting on a commode. I quickly shut it and began walking along the row of stalls looking for

an empty one, but they all appeared to be occupied. Finally I found an empty one at the end and I hurried to get it before anyone else beat me to it.

I went in, shut the door behind me and sat down. I began to reflect a bit on what I was doing. I realized I was in Dallas and that I had just returned from being in another country. I felt ill at ease here. I thought I should have gone to Paris instead of returning to Dallas. I had been contemplating moving to Paris for years and I felt as if I was ready to settle down there. I didn't want to continue moving about like I was doing; I simply wanted to begin building a life in Paris. Nevertheless, here I was again in Dallas, a place I really didn't want to be.

I knew a good movie theater was in Dallas which played old vintage movies. I needed to get its schedule. I still didn't have a place to live. I thought if I could only find one very quiet room it would be all I really needed. It could be noisy outside my room just as long as it was quiet inside.

I felt at ease in the stall until I looked up and noticed that the door to my stall was open and that two fellows (probably in their early 20s) had seated themselves at a table directly in front of my stall and were looking right at me. I didn't know how the door had come open since I was sure I

had shut it. I reached over and pulled the door shut again, but I realized it needed to be locked from outside. I reached my hand under the stall and finally managed to lock it, but I could see that the fellows were still looking at me through the cracks of the door.

I felt so uncomfortable I decided to leave. I had taken off the top part of a pair of long underwear while I had been in the stall and I wanted to put it back on even though I noticed that it appeared rather dirty. Plus I realized I still had a blanket with me that belonged to the theater. I didn't think I was going to need it and I wondered where I could leave it.

I walked out of my stall into the actual restroom and laid the blanket on a sink. I saw a black fellow there cleaning up and I thought perhaps he would take it for me. I hoped it wouldn't be necessary to turn the blanket in out front when I left. I started to ask the fellow what I should do with the blanket and I almost started speaking to him in Spanish. I had the Spanish word "Debo" on the tip of my tongue to ask "Should I" when I realized I was no longer in another country but in the United States. I began wondering if I could speak English with a foreign accent and I failed to ask the fellow anything.

For the fact was I had a more pressing concern: I needed to urinate. I hadn't been able to in the stall. I saw some urinals and headed for one. I stepped up to it and tried to urinate, but nothing seemed to happen and I was beginning to feel quite uncomfortable. Finally however relief came. As I urinated I also pulled out a tooth brush and began brushing my teeth.

I had also been carrying around with me a large block of white salt normally used to give to cows or deer. I had set the salt in front of me near the urinal and I looked at it as I stood here. It appeared that some water had gotten on it and part of the salt had been eaten away, leaving some cavities in it.

Dream of: 18 November 1986 "Recalcitrant Wolf"

I was riding in what appeared to be a carriage around a type of circular arena. The two men in the seat in the carriage with me were training some wolves to walk in step.

Behind our carriage was another carriage, perhaps 20 meters back, drawn by some wolves. I had helped raise one of the wolves and had become quite close to it. Although it was near and dear to me, it had refused to let itself become fully tamed. Now in the midst of its training I was

concerned that it might become recalcitrant; and the penalty for that might be death.

I identified with the wolf's recalcitrant nature. I likewise had recently been defiant when I should have submitted. I had suffered therefore and still felt pain.

The carriage behind us also seemed connected to our carriage by a long chain. Someone was also standing in the grandstand watching the defile and apparently to some extent directing it.

The man directing the training from the carriages was sitting immediately to my left in the middle of the seat. The driver of the carriage was sitting on the other side of him. The man beside me was robust and in the prime of life. I had no particular love for him, but understood his authority.

The carriage behind us moved around the ring, came to a curve and correctly negotiated it. However the wolf I cared for then began turning in the opposite direction it was supposed to go and directed the other wolves attached to the carriage along with it. The movement wasn't merely a casual one, but one made in obvious direct defiance of the prescribed motion.

The man in the stands immediately called out and seemed to order that the wolf be killed. The man next to me, who had the final say in the matter,

seemed to hesitate for a moment, but then motioned the man driving the coach next to him to go back to the wolf. I immediately knew the driver was going to kill the wolf by knocking him in the head with a sledge hammer. I turned to the man and with firm resolve pleaded, "Give him to me."

My being was bent on having the wolf. Yet the man turned his head from me. I pleaded again and finally with some concern that he might be making a mistake, he relented and said, "Go take him."

I was flooded with emotion. I opened up the door to run back to my wolf. Anyone else he would growl at, but me he would let throw my arms around his warm husky body. He was mine.

Dream of: 20 November 1986 "A Strong Disliking"

Having returned to Dallas after my trip to Europe, I went to judge Schwille's courtroom in the Dallas County Courthouse. I was wearing my blue pinstriped suit (I wondered if anyone would notice that it was one of the same old suits I had worn before I had left Dallas) and was planning to do some work in the courtroom. When I saw judge Schwille on the bench, I wanted to explain to him that I hadn't traveled to Berlin, Germany as I had told him I planned to do when I had left Dallas. I figured he would understand.

Before I had a chance to talk with Schwille, I was given a criminal case to handle. The case had apparently been mine for some time and was scheduled for trial this very day. In addition, I was appointed to represent a criminal defendant in a new case. I quickly arranged matters so I wouldn't have to handle the new case at the present, and then I proceeded to concentrate on the older case scheduled for trial today. I found the defendant whom I was representing (a tall black fellow probably in his mid-30s) and we began discussing his case.

It appeared he had been charged with a "nicety." I concluded that the charge meant he was accused of having indiscreetly solicited sex from a woman. I also gathered that he had previously jumped bail on the case and had therefore forfeited the \$200 of bail money he had put up. He had subsequently been rearrested and compelled to post a second \$500 bail.

I explained to him that we could probably plea-bargain. If he would plead guilty, he would probably only have to pay the costs of court, which would be around \$700. He was shocked by the high amount; he seemed unprepared to pay that much. So it appeared we would have to go to trial.

When I was finished talking with him, we separated to wait until the judge called us to trial, and I went on about other business.

My ex-wife Louise was also in the courtroom doing work as a lawyer. I thought I saw her mouthing something to me as if she wanted to speak with me. I had the feeling that she was actually glad to see that I had returned to Dallas. I probably lent some interest to her rather routine life.

Louise had cut her hair very short. It was its original color, a dark brown, almost black. The length of her hair contrasted with mine, which had grown quite long. I felt good being in the courtroom with long hair and apparently the judge didn't mind.

I wondered if I should talk with Louise later. I had recently realized much of my incentive for leaving Dallas had simply been the desire to get away from her. It might be better if we didn't revive any communication between us. I did however notice how soft her neck looked, as if it were extending an open invitation to be kissed. I wondered how Louise's new marriage was working out. I couldn't tell from looking at her.

When the judge finally began calling out the names of defendants who were going to trial this morning, I wondered whether I should try my case in front of the judge or in front of a jury. I was inclined to choose a jury because I was uncertain how the judge would view the charge my defendant was facing. Besides, I was anxious to

stand up before a jury and practice my courtroom skills, even though I knew my skills would be rusty. It seemed the best way to polish my corroded abilities would be to actually use them.

The judge called out a name which I thought belonged to my defendant. As I headed toward the judge's bench, I realized I had left my notebook behind me, and I turned back to retrieve it. At the same time I glanced around the courtroom for the black fellow who was my client. When I failed to see him, I worried that he might have left. Suddenly I spotted him sitting with some other people in the jury box. Ready for trial, I finally walked up to the judge. He made it clear that he wanted us to settle the case; but I told him we wanted a jury trial. He docketed the case for a jury trial, but he informed us that we must first wait until another case was tried. Left with no alternative but to wait, I turned and walked away.

As the case before mine was about to begin, I realized Louise was the lawyer for the defendant in that case. At first I thought the case was a divorce action, but then realized the case had to be a criminal one because we were in a criminal court. As I walked past Louise, I thought about staying to watch her handle her case; but instead, I walked out into the hall and headed to another courtroom to see what was going on there.

The courtroom I next entered was crowded with people. A case was apparently being heard by the judge, an obese man (about 40 years old) dressed in a black robe and sitting high on his bench.

The defendant was sitting to the judge's right in the witness stand. Behind both the judge and the defendant hovered a group of people who apparently were somehow helping with the trial. It seemed highly irregular to me that so many people were gathered by the judge's bench.

The defendant (a black man probably in his mid-20s) was apparently having some problems answering the questions being asked of him. He only rarely answered, and when he did answer, he wouldn't look at the judge or at the person asking the question. In fact, one of the people standing behind the defendant answered a number of the questions for the defendant. Finally the surly judge became exasperated and muttered, "God damn." Hearing him take God's name in vain, I instantly took a strong disliking for the impious overweight judge.

The judge himself began questioning the defendant; but the defendant simply looked in the opposite direction and he didn't answer. Finally the judge hollered out "thirty days." Apparently the judge had given the defendant thirty days in

jail for contempt because the defendant hadn't answered the judge's questions.

As I looked around the courtroom, still thinking of Louise, I noticed some other pretty women (along with a few ugly ones). The women made me realize that other attractive women besides Louise were available here.

Dream of: 08 December 1986 "Bottle Of Ketchup"

While sitting and working in front of my computer screen, I heard my brother Chris, sitting in a wheelchair behind me to my left, say, "Steve, would you hand me the ketchup."

I told him I would give it to him shortly and I continued with my typing. Finally I decided to take a breather, walked over to a couch in the room and sat down. A woman, who seemed to be married to a man also in the room, sat on my lap. She was probably in her mid-20s, had short, curly, black hair and was thin. She was quite attractive and she and I were on friendly terms; her husband didn't mind.

She was wearing a blue sweat shirt which left her waist exposed around her navel. We were joking with each other and suddenly I put my hand on her stomach and began tickling her. She started laughing convulsively and rolled off me onto the

floor. I tumbled after her and we both sat on our knees looking at each other and laughing. I looked her in the eye and said, "You are a loony bird."

We were both having a good time, but suddenly I remembered I needed to get back to my computer, rose and said, "Back to work."

I climbed over the couch and seated myself again in front of my computer. I had just begun working when I heard Chris say, "Steve would you get the ketchup for me."

Almost mechanically I responded, "In a minute."

But it immediately occurred to me that Chris had already asked me once for the ketchup and I had completely forgotten him. I turned and looked at him sitting at a table in his wheelchair. He also seemed to be wearing a blue sweatshirt. His body was obviously weak from muscular dystrophy and his chest and stomach were inflated. He seemed to have a piece of white paper in his mouth with which he was trying to do something. I reflected that he would probably not live long and that I should be as kind and helpful to him as I could. I would miss him when he was gone.

I immediately stood and went to him. I picked up the bottle of ketchup from the table and started to hand it to him, but then realized he wouldn't have

enough strength to pour it. I asked, "Do you want me to pour it for you? Where do you want it?"

A bowl of popcorn was near him and I thought he probably wanted the ketchup on the popcorn.

Dream of: 08 December 1986 (2) "God Came Up ..."

While three people were in a room with me – a woman who was my mother (not my actual mother), a girl who was my sister (not my actual sister), and another person – my mother began describing to the other person some sexual acts in which my mother and I had engaged together. After listening a short while, I asked my mother to accompany me to another room. I walked from the room we were in, walked through an adjacent room and stopped in the following room. My mother followed.

Once we were alone, I immediately began chastising her for talking about our sexual relations to the other person, especially in front of my sister, who I thought had been deeply embarrassed by the talk. At the same time, as I spoke, I reached out and began squeezing my mother's breasts. She turned around so her back was to me and she pressed against me. Continuing to feel her breasts, I also ran my hand down between her legs.

Over a mantel in front of us hung a large mirror in which I could plainly see both our reflections. My mother (probably in her early 30s) had black shoulder-length hair and was dressed in a yellow sweater and blue jeans.

Disgusted with myself for engaging in sex with her, I continued talking and telling her about my feelings. As I looked at the reflection of myself caressing her in the mirror, I mumbled, "This is sick."

Although ashamed of my actions, I felt compelled to continue. I quickly inveigled her to slip down her pants and bend over on her knees. As she complied, I rapidly pulled down my pants and in an instant decided to insert my penis into her rectum - something I had never done before. After thrusting my penis in about a fifth of its length, I detected something resembling Vaseline in her rectum, a substance which allowed my penis to slide fairly freely. As I looked down at myself, I felt extremely uncomfortable and utterly unhappy with myself. Disconsolate, I abruptly stopped, stood back up and pulled up my pants.

Suddenly it occurred to me I had been dreaming. On one hand I was relieved I hadn't actually performed such a despicably sordid act; on the other hand I was chagrined by the heinous dream. I had just begun writing a new book of dreams and

this was exactly the kind of pornographic dream I had wanted to avoid, the kind of squalid dream which I hadn't wanted to include in my book. And now here it was! I was unsure whether I would even write it.

When I walked out onto the porch of the house, my mother followed. As we stood on the porch, a small child which belonged to my mother suddenly romped out of the house. Although the child was a baby boy not more than a year old, it ran like a much older child and seemed to already understand language well. In a flash the baby darted off the porch onto the sidewalk and headed for the corner of the street. My mother ran after the refractory child, screaming for it to stop; but it continued to the corner, made a sharp right turn and disappeared behind some houses.

Thinking I could cut across a vacant lot and intercept the child, I also started running. But when I suddenly heard my mother talking to the infant, I looked back toward her and saw the child walking slowly toward her. I crept back toward the child until I was close enough to grab it.

Now that we had the child in custody, my mother and I both believed it should be punished. Seizing its feet, I held the child upside down in the air. My mother picked up a switch and flogged the child as hard as she could four or five times on its rear.

The baby shrieked and cried furiously. I finally became afraid my mother might injure child – she was striking it so hard – and I pulled it away. However I thought I should also spank the child. I picked up a small switch and whacked the baby once on the rear, but not as hard as my mother had. At the same time, I demanded, "Why didn't you come when mommie called?"

The baby wailed a moment, then stopped. I was getting ready to strike it again, when suddenly I noticed a man storming across the vacant lot toward me. Feeling guilty about the way I had been handling the baby, I stopped thrashing it and instead simply began shaking it. It cried for a moment, then stopped again.

The powerful-appearing man (probably in his late 30s) had short blond hair and blue eyes. Almost upon me, he seemed extremely concerned by my handling of the baby. I immediately knew he was some kind of preacher. As he marched up beside me, I stared straight into his interceding eyes and detected a strong sense of concern radiating from him. He pulled up next to me, wrapped his right arm around me and spoke. His face was right next to my left ear and as he spoke, he almost seemed to bury his lips into my hair. He continued talking, "... but the strangest thing happened – God came up and said"

I was quite moved by his speech. He was describing a transcendental experience in which God had communicated with someone. His last words describing God's message seemed snarled and tangled to me, but somehow made sense.

I wanted to tell him that I understood, that I also had recently felt God communicating with, and that I thought I should find someone like him to join in endeavoring to follow God's voice. But I also felt weak and unclean. That very day, even after I heard God communicating with me, I had performed some despicable act which had drained me of strength and sullied my soul. Nevertheless I still felt that God was with me and that it wasn't too late to listen.

Dream of: 10 December 1986 "Mogreb"

I was traveling with a group of perhaps 50 people in a place which seemed like the United States but which very much reminded me of India. Some of the people reminded me of schoolmates from my early years of grade school. I reflected how I had come to know them simply by having been in the same class room with them.

We began hastily boarding a large bus; it was important that we leave the area as soon as possible, but some people hadn't returned to the bus and I became anxious because I sensed danger if we didn't depart soon.

One young fellow already on the bus with me was named Whitney. I knew him fairly well and I told him to go back and look for a certain person who hadn't yet made it to the bus. He departed.

I waited as some more foot-draggers showed up. I saw Dave Wisener (a former high school schoolmate) arrive and also noticed Walter Mondale walking toward the bus.

It suddenly occurred to me that I might have made a mistake by having sent Whitney. I knew a source of grave danger was nearby and that Whitney could possibly become ensnared.

I spoke with one of my companions on the bus and told him we should go back out and look for Whitney; but my companion was extremely reluctant for he knew of the danger outside. I admitted to him that if we went out we might die; but I told him that if we did die we would have achieved victory. I explained that it wouldn't be the victory of having actually found Whitney, but that by dying while pursuing such a worthy cause we would have died victoriously.

I began massaging the back of my companion's neck in hopes of relieving some of his tension. Finally I wrenched myself from the bus and my companion followed. The streets were filled with throngs of menacing-looking people. Danger seemed to lurk all about; but I felt that the central

danger was in a cave-like place which we needed to find and which I envisioned as being filled with slimy, snake-like animals as well as other dreadful creatures.

Suddenly in the crowd I saw a boy (perhaps 10 years old) whom I recognized and grabbed. Since the boy had the same name as the person I had sent Whitney to find, I thought perhaps Whitney had found the boy and mistaken him for the other person.

My suspicions were almost immediately confirmed as I began questioning the boy. Indeed, upon being interrogated the boy (who seemed to be a thoroughly reprobate character) finally admitted he had led Whitney to the dreaded cave. Whitney hadn't known what to expect and had been overcome by a dreadful creature inside which the boy called "Mogreb" and described as an extremely long snake.

The thought of my entering the cave in search of Whitney made me extremely uneasy since I thought my chances of survival were slim. Yet I felt I must go and that if I met my end it would be a worthy one.

I asked the boy, referring to Whitney, "Was he dead?"

He answered, "For all intents and purposes. Mogreb attacked him, and filled his veins with venom, which caused him to stand with the thousands of other victims looking with transfixed eyes into space. When I saw what had happened I turned and ran like the wind."

Dream of: 10 December 1986 (2) "Spirit Possession"

A slender attractive woman (probably in her early 20s) with long brown hair and I were standing at the foot of a flight of stairs. I had wanted her to do something for me and she had hesitated. As I looked at her something, rather incredible became quite clear to me and I asked, "Do you know that you're possessed? I mean really possessed?"

I had suddenly realized her spirit was possessed by some kind of harmful force. She looked at me incredulously; but I could see that for the first time she was also realizing what I was saying might be true. She seemed confused and uncertain what to do and I thought I might be able to help.

I felt I had a certain amount of power to combat the possession of spirits; but I had never used my power and I was uncertain how to proceed. I thought perhaps if I simply touched the woman with my fingers I might be able to affect her.

I stretched out my right arm toward her and she reached her hand toward me, but we were too far apart to touch and we couldn't seem to move closer at first. We continued to stretch toward each other until it appeared we were just about to touch fingers. I didn't know what to expect – perhaps a shock or jolt of some kind, perhaps nothing perceptible.

Finally my fingers reached hers, but to my astonishment I felt nothing. Indeed I continued moving toward her and my arm passed through her as if she were vapor. I was a bit confused. Her image began to dissipate completely and in its place I saw a clear image of my own head staring wide-eyed, disbelieving.

Dream of: 12 December 1986 "Purloined Salt Shakers"

I was in a large room apparently in the basement of the House in Patriot. I had just arrived for a visit and was planning to stay several days.

Living in the house next door was a girl, probably 17-18 years old, whom I had met on previous visits to Patriot and who was blonde, slender and beautiful. I had visited her for a short while upon my arrival in Patriot and knew she wanted to see more of me while I was here.

But I had waited 3 days without contacting her again. It hadn't been intentional because I wanted to see her; but the time had simply slipped away.

My father walked into the room to visit me and mentioned that Birdie was upstairs wanting to see me. I definitely didn't want to see Birdie and began trying to figure out how I was going to get past her to visit the girl next door.

My father began praising the girl's ability to play the flute. I knew she was talented. She had played the flute the last time I had seen her and apparently, by being dedicated, had vastly developed her abilities. I also played the flute but had sorely neglected it as of late. I thought I would like to play a duet with the girl, but felt out of practice.

I was going to be going to Paris soon. It would be lovely if somehow the girl could accompany me. I might talk to her of the possibility. I didn't want to have an affair with her and would need to make that clear. I simply valued her spirited nature and her artistic abilities. I would like to help her develop them and thought Paris would be a good place for her.

As I looked around the room I realized I was in what appeared to be a large dormitory room of a university. I had packed most of my things for my upcoming trip to Paris. However the room was

going to remain empty until I returned, so I was leaving some of my possessions behind. On a table in the room were several issues of National Geographic which I had been using to cut out pictures for collages.

I had a large bowl of popcorn in the room which I had brought from some kind of dormitory cafeteria. I noticed I had accidentally put a silver salt shaker in the bowl when I had left the cafeteria and needed to take it back. Then I saw three or four different salt shakers were actually in the bowl. I was concerned because I hadn't meant to take them. I wondered if it indicated a kleptomaniacal streak in my nature.

As I tried to figure out how to sneak the salt shakers unnoticed back to the lunchroom, my father appeared at the door. With him was a brother of mine (probably in his early 20s) whom I hadn't seen in years. I wanted to hug them both, but first tried to stash the salt shaker in my pocket.

Dream of: 16 December 1986 "Elgin Poet"

While walking in the halls of a school in Portsmouth, Ohio, I encountered Helen (whom I first met in 1964 when we were in the seventh grade together at Grant Junior High School in Portsmouth, Ohio). As we began talking, we passed a fellow telling someone he could speak

French and German and I thought how I could also speak French and German as well as Spanish.

As Helen and I walked down some stairs, she told me that she had been studying Spanish and that she spoke a few words. I told her it sounded as if she had a good accent and I added that she would only need five more years to be able to speak the language.

We walked outside and headed north on Gay Street in the vicinity of Second or Third Street. Ahead of us on the corner of Gallia and Gay were two tall red-brick buildings on each side of Gay Street. I identified the building on the left as the Hurth Hotel. The two buildings were the only large ones in Portsmouth and I mentioned that not much would be left if the Hurth Hotel were torn down.

I remembered the Laroy Theater had once stood on the corner of Gallia and Gay, but it had been torn down to widen Gay Street. I said, "It's hard to believe a theater once stood there."

Helen asked, "Was Dante an Elgin poet?"

I replied that he was. She said she had dreamed the previous night of Dante's being an Elgin poet and having something to do with the color green. I thought that was remarkable because the previous day I had spoken to her about those points.

Obviously I had influenced her dream, which pleased me, because I had been wanting to do just that.

Dream of: 17 December 1986 "Dating Game"

I was at the House in Patriot where about 40 men and women (roughly in their early 30s) had gathered to take part in a type of dating game.

One man, a good friend of mine, had a list of names of all the men and women and was going to match names so they could go out on a date. All the women I saw were attractive; one was black.

I stepped out of the room for a few minutes and when I returned I found that the matching had already taken place and that my name had been forgotten. I walked over to my friend and voiced my dismay. He said he would take care of it but I thought only unappealing women would be left.

My name had been high on the list and I should have received a good match. Now I would probably be matched with someone unacceptable.

I told my friend to forget the whole thing, that I was no longer interested and I marched out of the room.

In a rather foul mood I went upstairs. I didn't want to be around anyone and I thought about hiding in a large closet. But before I had time to act, my friend came upstairs and walked into the room. He told me he had arranged a match for me and he

showed me a picture of the woman. But it was a baby picture in which the woman was probably only about 1 year old. She had a pretty face and I wondered what she would look like as an adult.

My friend then handed me a recent picture of the woman's face. She had a large smile and light brown hair. I decided to go out with her.

We went back downstairs and someone asked my friend about the possibility of his performing a wedding ceremony for them. My friend said he couldn't do it today because he already had about 50 other marriages to perform. I wondered if those marriages originated from couples which had previously been matched up here.

Dream of: 18 December 1986 "Scathed But Victorious"

I was the leader of a group of six or seven men who, like me, were dressed in what looked like black cowboy suits and cowboy hats. Each of us had a type of electronic gun at our side which I had forbidden anyone to use. We had fought amongst ourselves once before with negative results.

While one man and I were standing apart from the others I decided to ambush him with my gun. I pulled it out and began shooting at him. The gun emitted tiny, round, spark-like shots which flew

out of the barrel in rapid succession. The sparks hit the man I had aimed at, but to my surprise they didn't kill him. They only seemed to be gradually wounding him. I continued shooting.

The other man pulled out his gun and began shooting back. Two more men quickly joined the battle and the four of us violently shot at each other. Some sparks hitting my forehead felt like bursts of heat. I lay on my back, held up my boot-clad feet for protection and as some sparks struck the soles, I felt the heat.

As the battle continued it became evident I was the strongest. The others gradually fell and crawled about as they continued to shoot. I sought cover behind a wall and shot mercilessly at the men. One by one they became too weak to shoot back. I emerged scathed but victorious. Yet I felt a tinge of pity for the others as I looked at their stricken, yet not lifeless, bodies lying before me.

One moaned something about "... Sunday always"

Dream of: 18 December 1986 (2) "Using Metaphors"

While Weinstein and I were sitting in a room together talking, he mentioned something about doing something to have a good time. I thought he might want to go to a bar and drink something alcoholic. I wasn't excited by the idea but I wasn't

completely uninterested either. I told him the problem was that it might take a week of drinking alcohol in the bar before we really started having a good time and he agreed.

We walked outside and as I talked I used two figures of speech in the same sentence. Weinstein made an obscure comment about my use of metaphors, but I caught his meaning. I told him I liked metaphors, particularly since I rarely used them and I therefore endowed them with more impact. Weinstein replied that he was surprised it had taken me so long to learn how to use them. I playfully responded, "Why you"

I began forming a snowball from some snow which covered the street. Weinstein ran ahead of me and I threw the snowball at him, but missed. I began forming another one and Weinstein either jumped or fell into a pile of snow in the middle of the street. I ran up to where he had fallen and thought, "The disappearance of Weinstein."

I wondered what I should do if a car came down the street. I would need to stop it to be sure it didn't hit Weinstein.

Dream of: 18 December 1986 (3) "Mexican Transaction"

I had gone to Mexico to meet with some Mexican men. We sat together in a room and I began

explaining a proposition I had for them. The men cultivated a plant which resembled marijuana (but wasn't marijuana) which I wanted to buy. I explained to them that my father could use the plant in the United States in some kind of manufacturing process with which he was involved.

I only wanted to buy four pounds of the plant and I only wanted to pay \$40 a pound. I knew the men were already selling the plant for that price to another American who used it as fodder for his livestock. I explained that if all went well with the initial buy, we would buy more the next time.

The men said they would have to have \$40 a pint for the plant. I assumed four pints were in a pound and that they therefore wanted \$160 a pound, far more than I wanted to pay. I re-explained the figures and finally one man seemed to grasp my proposal. He said he was for it and the others also then agreed.

I knew the men also raised a crop of marijuana and I explained that if our transaction went well with the non-marijuana plant, we intended to also start buying quantities of marijuana from them to smuggle into the United States. They seemed to be in agreement.

Dream of: 19 December 1986 "Oriental Cemetery"

I went to a ranch-style house in Portsmouth which belonged to either me or my father. While I was sitting in the living room, Nunley, Gary Shepherd, Larry Sheppard and a fourth fellow (all former high school schoolmates) walked in.

Someone had earlier told me that the fourth fellow had been talking maliciously about me behind my back. I immediately confronted him upon the subject and vigorously complained that if he had anything to say about me then he should say it to my face instead of pretending to like me and then later maligning me. He said nothing.

We all sat together in the living room and talked. Nunley said he had joined the marines after high school and now lived in the country not far from Portsmouth. I mentioned how young he and Gary Sheppard still looked (they appeared as if they were in their early 20s).

After a while they all left, another fellow showed up and I talked with him about the others. I said they had come to the house to pick up some cars to drive somewhere for someone and I suspected something criminal about the business. I also suspected the fellows had been staying in the house sometimes without my knowing it. I had previously spoken with my father about it, but he hadn't agreed with me.

The other fellow and I walked down into the basement which contained a garage. For some reason I began thinking of Mary Biester (a Dallas attorney) and it suddenly occurred to me that I would like to develop a romantic relationship with her. I definitely would like to have sex with her and I wondered why it had taken me so long to realize it.

The other fellow and I boarded a van and rode away (I was driving). We rode for a while and finally started up a hill on the outskirts of Portsmouth. Looking at the hill, I suddenly noticed some large, gray rocks on it, and I realized the rocks were actually tombstones in a large cemetery. I turned to my companion, whom I now recognized Mohl (a Portsmouth acquaintance), and asked him if he had seen the cemetery. He said he hadn't.

I was surprised that a cemetery which I had never seen was in Portsmouth. However it vaguely occurred to me that I had previously known the cemetery was there. I suddenly told Mohl to take over the steering wheel and I jumped from the van. Mohl grabbed the steering wheel, drove up the road a short distance and then drove the van back to me. I was standing in front of a large gate made of metal bars in front of the entrance to the cemetery. Mohl descended from the van and stood beside me. I opened the gate and stepped inside.

Almost immediately I stepped into a large pile of dark green, cow feces and I realized cows were also kept in the cemetery.

I pointed out the cow feces to Mohl so he wouldn't step in it. Looking at the feces closer, I saw the distinct image of a man's face on top of it. It had obviously been created by someone and I told Mohl that someone had sculpted a face in the feces.

It was becoming clear to me that we were in some kind of oriental cemetery. As we walked, I realized we had entered into what appeared to be a small house with about two rooms. The house was actually an oriental tomb maintained like a house. I saw a woman's purse and I thought someone must be here taking care of the place. I walked through the rooms, saw a bed in one room and finally reached the kitchen. I saw a refrigerator and thought of looking inside to see if there was any food, but I didn't and Mohl and I walked back outside.

We continued walking behind the tiny house and I saw a person wearing a stripped coat which looked like a tiger skin. I realized the person was a young oriental woman who appeared to be involved in some kind of ceremony. I didn't want to interrupt her, but I did have some questions I wanted to ask about where I was.

Dream of: 19 December 1986 (2) "Aztec Art"

While I was a student at some kind of school I stepped onto an elevator in which some boxes of things to be distributed to the students had been placed. On top of one box of books I saw some computer disks and I bent over to pick them up; but some rude fellow shoved me out of the way and began rummaging through the books in the box. Finally he stopped. He hadn't taken the computer disks and he had simply pushed them aside. I picked them up and looked them over.

"DOS" was written in bold letters on the front of one of the disks – letters which I knew signified that the disk was a master disk for operating a computer system. I quickly saw that all the disks apparently contained material for some kind of military training. Uninterested, I laid the disks back down. The rude fellow got off the elevator and I thought I should probably later report his obnoxious behavior.

On the back wall of the rather large elevator was painted a mural which looked like either Mayan or Aztec art (I concluded it was Aztec). Looking closer at the painting, I was surprised to see among the obscure Indian symbols several small depictions of scuba divers and I wondered what they signified. Someone had defaced the painting by writing something in French in large white

letters across its face, the last word of which was
"chic."

An attractive, brown-haired, slender woman (probably in her late 20s) was on the elevator. I knew she was in one of my classes and I spoke to her. She walked to the other side of the elevator and I thought I would like to ask her out, but I was a bit timid. Finally I called her back to me and said, "Would you like to go out with me sometime?"

She didn't respond at first and I added, "Like tonight."

She said she would go out with me, but that it could only be on Sunday or Monday. I asked, "What about the weekend?"

She replied that her weekends were already filled up. I assumed she had a boyfriend and I said, "That's quite a monopoly."

As I thought about which would be better, Sunday or Monday, I suddenly noticed Julie (a former law school classmate) on the elevator. I remembered I had once asked Julie out and she had accepted. However, I had never set up an actual date and I had never actually gone out with her. I didn't want her to hear me arranging a date with the other woman because it might hurt Julie's feelings.

Finally as quietly as I could, I told the other woman I would like to go out with her on Monday.

Dream of: 22 December 1986 "The Titanic"

I was lying in a bed in the front room of the Logan Street House. A leak seemed to be in the ceiling and water was dripping on my head. Finally the dripping turned into a steady stream and I had to get up to try to fix it. My mother walked into the room and I pointed the leak out to her. I had already repaired it once by sticking pencils into some holes in the ceiling and then breaking them off inside the holes. I tried the same technique again and finally was able to stop the leak enough to lie back down on my back.

My sister was lying beside me on my right. I could feel her leg and I ran my hand over it. She murmured something but I was unsure what it was. Finally I put my hand between her legs. She immediately said something about the Titanic and took my hand away. I was a bit vexed and turned over with my back to her. She acted as if she didn't want to hurt my feelings and she began talking to me.

I suddenly reached over between her legs and picked up my own penis and testes, which I had earlier detached from my body and placed on hers.

I then fitted them back between my legs. There was no pain involved in the event and I felt much

better after having put the organs back where they belonged.

Dream of: 24 December 1986 "Negotiating A Settlement"

I was sitting on the passenger side of the front seat of a car being driven by a pretty young blonde woman (probably in her early 20s). We were in a parking space on a city street and the woman was trying to negotiate out of the space onto the thoroughfare, but she was having trouble getting around the car parked in front of us. She pulled out, but in the process the left rear fender of our car caught the rear bumper of the other car.

The woman didn't stop and as metal scrapped harshly against metal she continued pulling forward. I could tell that she was doing considerable damage to the cars but she didn't stop. Finally she did get past the car and she pulled over to see how much damage had been done. I told her she would probably have to notify her insurance company since she was clearly at fault, but to my surprise she informed me that she didn't have any insurance. That caused me concern because I knew the law required insurance in this state.

We both got out of the car and a man who had been in the other car walked up to us. He wasn't actually the owner of the car but he told us he was

going to represent the owner. He began by telling us that he was extremely angered by the event and he was in no mood for any kind of compromises. I immediately stood up for the woman and told her that if the man wanted to be that way about it, she should simply not answer any questions or assist him in any way. If he wanted satisfaction he would simply have to sue her.

I pulled the woman aside and told her it might actually be best for her to enter into some kind of agreed court judgment with the owner of the other car. She might agree to pay \$10,000 for example. I explained that since she didn't have the money the owner wouldn't be able to collect it. What few possessions she did have (her car for example) would be protected by homestead law. As I talked to her, I knew I was giving her legal advice even though I wasn't her attorney, but it was evident that she needed someone to help her at the moment and I had more or less volunteered. I also mentioned that she could later file bankruptcy if she wanted and that the debt to the owner of the other car would be eliminated.

We spoke again with the man. He informed us that the owner of the car wanted \$50,000 for the damage. He however thought we could probably settle the affair for around \$29,000. I could clearly see the car, which was a yellowish color. The fender had been damaged and the bumper had

been completely torn off, but it certainly didn't appear to be a great amount of damage. And besides, the car appeared to me to be rather old and not worth very much anyway.

I told the man that the amount of money he wanted was out of the question. I suggested the amount of \$10,000 and pointed out that the car itself wasn't even worth near the amount he wanted. He protested that the car was brand new. I looked more closely at it and conceded that it might be brand new although it still looked rather old to me.

I told him that even if he did sue us he wouldn't be able to get anything from the woman because everything she had was protected by homestead law. I pointed to her car and said it was protected up to the value of \$1,200, but then I realized that it was protected up to \$1,200 under bankruptcy law; but under homestead law it was actually protected for its full value.

Throughout the discussion my main concern was the woman's lack of insurance. I thought that was an infraction of the law and I feared she might face some criminal charges if her uninsured state were uncovered. Therefore I thought I would be willing to be flexible in negotiating a settlement.

Dream of: 25 December 1986 "Black Brother"

I had gone to visit Walls at his home. We had begun playing cards and we finally decided to play a game for money where it seemed that about \$100 was going to be involved. We both exchanged some money for some cards which actually looked like French money.

As we played and we both began laying down our cards one by one, I realized I could tell what kind of cards Walls had by looking at their size. But it wasn't entirely clear to me just how many he had because he held them closely together. But I still thought I was going to have enough to beat him. Finally we laid down all our cards at once, I had won and Walls began counting out the money to me.

I wasn't really that interested in taking Walls' money. I knew he probably needed it and I finally told him to just give me the money I had originally had and keep the rest. I remembered sometimes in the past I had gone to Walls' and he had given me some marijuana to smoke without charging me for it. I didn't want to repay him now by taking his money.

As we walked into a small office which had recently been built near the front of Walls' house and he continued counting out the money to me, a taxi pulled up for me. I told Walls I was in a hurry

and he finished. I quickly jumped into the front seat of the taxi and it pulled off.

In the back seat behind the driver was a black boy (about 15 years old) who was my brother whom my parents had adopted. Sitting next to my brother in the back seat was a black girl (about the same age). The driver was a black man about my age. My brother rarely saw me out in public like this and he seemed a bit embarrassed. I commented about the girl and I playfully hinted that I might take her away from him and that she could sit in the front seat. But then the driver suggested that he might do the same thing, and even called the girl by her name which sounded like "Bert." Clearly the driver knew the girl and would probably have a better chance with her than I.

Dream of: 25 December 1986 (2) "Gloomy In Gallipolis"

I had received a letter from Sue, who also seemed somewhat like Judith (a Dallas friend several years older than I). I opened the letter and began skimming over the type-written first page, the lines of which were spaced so two lines were close together, then a blank line, then two lines close together again on down the page. I realized the first page consisted of a dream which Sue had

written for me. I didn't read the lines closely, but simply raced over them to glean the general idea.

In the dream Sue seemed to be describing to a child some pleasant event with which she had been involved. Finally, in the last few lines of the dream Sue wrote that she had to hurry up and do something before she heard from "Gloomy in Gallipolis."

Although my name wasn't mentioned, clearly the reference was to me and I had the impression Sue might have become displeased with me. Immediately after the dream, Sue began her letter to me with, "Dear Steve,." Anticipating what Sue was going to say, I flipped to the end of the letter and saw that Sue clearly wanted to stop our correspondence. She wrote "Farewell until" It seemed she wanted to leave open the possibility of correspondence again at some future date.

The letter reminded me of one I had received once from someone else. I was sad that Sue wanted to stop corresponding.

Immediately after the letter was another dream. Sue seemed to have added the second dream as an afterthought. She appeared to be saying the second was the kind of dream which she was interested in having. I glanced at the dream and noticed the names of a number of French artists, including the name "Montaigne."

Following that dream was still another short dream which apparently had been written about a year earlier and which was another example of the kind of dream Sue relished. At the top of the dream was a notation which looked like "140 Fugue A." The notation was apparently some kind of musical reference and corresponded to the tempo of the dream, which appeared to be very fast.

Dream of: 25 December 1986 (3) "Bales Of Cranes"

I was standing near a small creek and noticed a rather strange sight. Sitting in the middle of the creek were several large bales, square with sides of probably three meters, of what appeared to be large white cranes. The birds had been tightly pressed together in the bales and then wire had been passed around the bales to secure them. Some live cranes had come to perch atop some bales and it appeared that they might even be pecking and eating some of the dead cranes in the bales. I wondered if they were pecking out their eyes.

Looking closer I noticed that some cranes in the bales seemed to be making movements and it appeared they might still be alive. I began to think that the cranes indeed had been baled alive and

were now slowly dying. The idea was startling that someone could be so cruel as to do such a thing.

I noticed that behind one of the bales was some kind of machinery, almost like a bulldozer which apparently had been used to bale the cranes together. A man was sitting on the machine and I walked over to him. I immediately began complaining in a harsh way about the treatment of the birds. I told him what he was doing was against the law and that I was going to contact the authorities and have him arrested. While I talked I stuck my finger in the wire that surrounded one of the bales of cranes. My finger became stuck and I began struggling trying to extricate it.

Dream of: 27 December 1986 "Same Prison"

I was traveling in Europe and (due to an error of a fellow with whom I was traveling) ended up in Iran. When the other fellow and I arrived at the border, we were immediately met by border guards and had to give them our passports. We were then led away to await the processing of the passports. Only now did I realize we had been taken to the same prison in which I had once spent 8 months.

I was quite concerned with the situation. I didn't want anyone to know I had once been imprisoned in Iran for 8 months because I feared they might try to hold me again. I thought back about my

imprisonment and remembered I had escaped from prison and that, therefore, there might be some kind of ground for holding me again. But I also remembered I had been imprisoned while the Shah of Iran had been in power and that I had been able to escape due to the Iranian Revolution. I remembered the revolutionaries themselves had decided to let me go. So I thought there was no real grounds for trying to hold me now.

However it would be better if I didn't have to go into all of that. I knew I had a different passport from the one I had had at the time of my imprisonment in Iran; therefore the authorities wouldn't be able to detect anything from the passport. However I was concerned I might have mentioned to the fellow who was traveling with me that I had been in prison in Iran. He might inform the authorities in order to get himself out of some kind of trouble. Ironically I remembered that right before I had left the United States to go to France, my father had asked me whether I intended to return to Iran and I had adamantly told him no. Now here I was.

When we arrived inside, the fellow with me asked me if I had told the authorities about some kind of scientific paperback book I was carrying in my back pocket. I told him I hadn't and he said that one of the guards knew about the book and had said I was going to have to pay a fee of over 2,000

French francs if I wanted to keep the book. I thought that was ridiculous and I threw the book into a trash can. But I might regret that later if it turned out I had to stay long and needed something to read.

The other fellow walked away and I sat down on a bench. Soon a prisoner who turned out to be an American walked up. I thought I recognized him as Bill Cambell (a Portsmouth acquaintance) and I vaguely thought I recalled that he had been in jail back at the same time I had been there. But I then saw the fellow wasn't Cambell after all (but I still thought the fellow had been in jail with me before). I wondered if he had been here all the intervening years and I cringed at the idea of having to spend so much time in this jail.

I was mostly concerned that the fellow might recognize me and tell the guards that I had once been imprisoned here. He sat down with me and began talking. It didn't take long before I could clearly see that he was mentally deranged. He didn't seem dangerous but he was far from coherent.

Another fellow walked up who also appeared to be an American. I wasn't completely sure, but I didn't think I had ever seen him before. We talked for a while and he told me he had been here for quite a while. I assured him that I wasn't going to be here

long and that when I got out I would do what I could to see that he was released. I asked why he had been imprisoned and I was surprised to hear that it had been for murder. I was also surprised to hear that his sentence had only been three years. But I didn't go into all the details with him.

I was then called back to the front for processing. I stood before a high counter and a guard on the other side began asking me some questions. He wanted to know what I had done with the book I had brought in and I told him I had thrown it away. He asked me what my profession and I told him I was an avocat. He seemed satisfied with that and it seemed as if I were going to be let go.

Dream of: 27 December 1986 (2) **"Rhinoceros"**

While I was on the Gallia County Farm, my step-grandfather Clarence and I looked at the hill in back of the Farmhouse where a couple of his cows were grazing. He only had seven cows now and he said the others were in the field on the other side of the road. But then we saw the other cows and bulls also walking along the hills – all except his large white bull.

I then noticed another animal with the cows and could clearly see that it was a rhinoceros which looked exactly like a black and white picture of a rhinoceros I had in my collection of collage

pictures. I pointed it out to Clarence as the rhinoceros ran into a briar patch.

Another animal ran along behind the cows. At first I thought it was the large white bull, but then realized it was a large white dog that was chasing the cows. Clarence saw it too and said he was going to get his rifle and shoot the dog.

Dream of: 28 December 1986 "Embarrassing Situation"

I was in a room in a university building. Some beds were in the room and I was lying on one. My brother Chris, whom I was taking care of, was also in the room. Other people were walking around the room. I looked out the window; for several meters around the room outside, the ground seemed to be covered by a kind of bloody deteriorating flesh. Actually it was more as if the area itself was deteriorating and had turned the color of bloody flesh. I reflected that it was caused by Chris's being there and that since he had muscular dystrophy, wherever he went, the area would look like that.

I also thought about Chris's not knowing how to read or write. I remembered that he had received special tutoring for a while, but that the tutoring had finally been discontinued because he hadn't liked it. It was probably just as well; he was able to watch television; there was probably little he

could read which he couldn't see just as well on television.

While watching Chris, I was also studying for a class and was reading something. I was in my last year of college; I had almost decided not to complete college, but finally had decided to finish. The classes seemed easy and it appeared that not as much effort was required in the last year.

My father (a professor at the college) walked into the room. He wanted me to go to another room and get something for him. Even though I was studying there, I was still not actually an official student, and the place he wanted me to go required that a student identification card be shown. But I thought I could probably simply say that I had come for professor Collier. So I walked into another room for him and came to a reception window. I asked for the thing which my father wanted, told the person at the window for whom I had come and was given the item. I then signed a register and left.

On my way back to the room I passed a class where my old college professor, Rembert Glass, was teaching. His subject had something to do with Brazil and he mentioned 80 % of something. I listened for a moment and thought how easy it seemed for me to follow what he was saying. I once had thought being a professor would be

terribly difficult and a person would need to be very intelligent. But the older I became, the more I realized that being a professor wasn't so difficult and that what is taught is derived from knowledge accumulated over many years; the knowledge is simply refreshed for a given course.

I made it back to where my father was and gave him the item he had sent me after.

A short while later, while walking through one of the halls, I came to a restroom and stepped in.

There were four toilet stalls in the restroom and three of them were already occupied. I sat down in the unoccupied stall and tried to close the door, but I then realized the door was bent out of shape and didn't latch properly. Consequently, the door stayed open. I felt uncomfortably exposed; nevertheless I continued with my bodily functions.

Suddenly I noticed my stall was directly in front of the door leading into the restroom. When the restroom door was opened, the people out in the hall could see directly into where I was. I felt I simply couldn't continue there; I pulled up my pants and stepped out of the stall. One of the other stalls, the second from the other end, was now empty. I quickly ducked into it.

This stall was indeed much bigger than the one I had been in, but I still felt very oppressed in it. It seemed I was having trouble breathing. I

immediately looked around to be sure toilet paper was in the stall. I didn't see any at first, but then noticed a small roll lying on the floor. Relieved, I went ahead and sat down. I began urinating, but almost immediately I heard a voice from the stall on my right telling me to stop. I was unsure, but it appeared I had somehow managed to urinate on the floor and looking down, I did indeed notice some wet spots on the floor, although I wasn't entirely sure I had caused them. I tried to position myself better so such maladroitness wouldn't repeat itself.

The person in the stall to my right continued talking and I realized my old law school professor, Dohoney, was sitting there. I had apparently uttered a few French words while I had been sitting down and she began telling me I wasn't pronouncing the words correctly. She specifically mentioned my pronunciation of the letters "ai." I really was unsure of the proper pronunciation. She then pointed out that I didn't pronounce the word "quoi" correctly either. I thought about the word "quoi" and realized I used it very often and had thought I had been pronouncing it correctly, but I listened to what Dohoney had to say.

In the meantime, although I had defecated, I didn't feel completely relieved, but I felt too nervous to continue. I was disconcerted by the fact that Dohoney was on one side of me. Plus I had also

realized that another female was on the left side of me in the neighboring stall. In fact I had seen the other woman (probably in her 20s) enter when I had entered. I remembered I had only once before been in a restroom used by both men and women and the feeling was unusually uncomfortable.

Finally I decided to use the toilet paper, but in the process I managed to smear some of my feces, which at first looked brownish but then seemed green, onto the toilet seat. I was surprised I had managed to be so clumsy and I immediately began trying to clean the mess off the seat. It was then that I noticed a wide gap in the wall between Dohoney and me so I could clearly see her sitting on the commode in the other stall. A piece of clothing had been hung over the top part of the gap, but Dohoney was still clearly visible. I wondered if she had seen the mess I had created; I felt more embarrassed than ever.

Looking to my left, I also noticed a crack through which I could see the woman sitting in that stall. But this gap wasn't as large as the gap on my right and I could only see a part of the woman's leg. I thought I could see more if I tried, but I didn't.

Basically I just wanted to get out of there. I spoke to Dohoney again and told her I had only once before been in a restroom used by both males and females and that had been just a few days before

in this very school. She asked me what I thought about it; I told her it would take some getting used to. But basically I didn't like it and I wanted out.

Dream of: 30 December 1986 "A Bit Of Animosity"

I was with a woman whom I had been seeing frequently. She was very pretty and slender; she had long brown hair. I was around 28 years old; the woman was only about 20. Due to the age difference, I felt much older than she and I was clearly the dominant personality of the pair. Other people had commented disapprovingly about our age difference. Their comments didn't really perturb me, but my own personal feelings *did* bother me. I simply felt I was too old for the woman and that I should terminate the relationship.

I hadn't had sex with the woman, although I felt she was willing, indeed that she was simply waiting for me to make the overture. I *did* want to have sex with her. However, I felt I would only be taking advantage of her youth if I gave into my feelings; with reluctance I decided I was going to have to terminate the relationship even before having sex.

I told the woman of my decision. She didn't seem to believe her ears; she stared at me in a state of shock. I drew no pleasure from hurting her; but I

didn't feel terribly bad about it because I felt she would soon heal and everything would work out for the best. In the past I had experienced the same kind of feelings myself and I had been able to recuperate. I felt satisfied about my decision to not have sex with her; sex would have caused both of us much more pain when we separated.

I left the woman and found my mother. No one else knew it, but my mother and I had been having sex together for quite a while. The sex had begun rather innocently, but had developed into a routine event. However, I had recently put an end to our activity and had informed my mother of such. This day, however, when I saw my mother, I could tell she wanted to have sex; I felt as if I might indeed have sex with her one more time. I pressed close to her and in no time we were nude together. I lay on top of her and began trying to insert my penis into her vagina. My penis seemed to have been cut off so that only about two or three centimeters were left. Nevertheless, I managed to insert the stub into my mother and began having intercourse with her.

When we had finished, I felt bad. I again informed my mother of my decision to cease our activity. She didn't seem to care one way or the other; but I began to realize she actually was undergoing some severe emotional difficulty due to our relationship.

Indeed, it occurred to me that I likewise was

suffering mentally because of our having sex together. I seemed to have discussed the matter with someone, but I could not discern exactly what had been concluded. I did however think it would be wise at this point to talk with someone capable of dealing with such problems about what had been going on; Rembert Glass (my old philosophy professor) crossed my mind.

My mother and I parted. I went to a high-class and, I thought, expensive bar. Many round tables were sitting in a spacious room. I sat down at a table with the woman with whom I had earlier broken up. However, she no longer looked like the same woman. She was much older; indeed, she seemed to be my age; she was still pretty, although she looked different. I realized the woman looked like Caryl (a former high school classmate) and indeed thought she was Caryl.

A number of people were in the bar; some seemed to be gathered around our table at times. I thought I noticed my sister there. I hadn't been seated long when Phil Waddell (an old high school classmate) walked up. He immediately went to the woman seated with me; it became clear that they were now together. I talked with Waddell and learned that he indeed was in love with the woman. He knew I had seen her before; but he also knew I hadn't been intimately involved with her. I was surprised to see the two together and

commented, "You never know how things are going to turn out."

I detected a bit of animosity on Waddell's part; the animosity seemed to stem from jealousy. I told Waddell I would be leaving the area soon; he told me he already knew I was leaving and he wasn't sorry to hear it. I good-naturedly informed him I would be back. I told him I had a cabin I had built in the area and I was sure to return to it. However, I said it would probably be two years before I returned.

It seemed as if I needed to be away for a couple of years. The relationships and affairs I had been involved in were going to need some time to heal.

The woman had drunk one alcoholic drink while we had been here; I had also had an alcoholic drink. When Waddell sat down he had two quick alcoholic drinks and said he would pick up the checks for everyone. Before I knew it, however, Waddell and the woman had left and the checks were still lying on the table. Since I was ready to leave, I picked up the checks and walked with them to the bar.

The woman's alcohol had cost \$12 and mine had cost \$12. Waddell's two alcoholic drinks had cost \$24. I reflected how the woman had just seemed to have assumed that someone would pay for her alcohol. She apparently thought that was simply

the price of being able to be seen with an attractive woman in a public place like this. I thought that was probably the way my ex-wife Louise used to think. Indeed I knew Louise, as pretty and desirable as she was, wouldn't have any problem having men flock around her to be seen with her and pay for her alcohol.

It seemed rather peculiar that I had actually spent so much time with Louise. She was so different from me. It didn't seem I would have been the kind of person she would have wanted to have been with since she could have obviously had her pick among so many.

Someone stepped up to me from behind the counter; I began explaining that only one of the alcoholic drinks on the checks was mine, for which I would pay. The others belonged to someone else.

Suddenly Haim Habib (a former law school classmate) walked up; I thought it was he instead of Waddell who had earlier offered to pay for the checks. I handed them to him and told him he had left and forgotten to pay. He looked at the amounts and seemed disconcerted because they were so high. I noticed his displeasure and told him not to worry about my alcohol because I would pay for it myself. He quietly acquiesced to my request.

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150. [08 August 1986 \(2\) "Regaining Strength"](#)
151. [08 August 1986 "Death And Dying"](#)
152. [07 August 1986 "Adopting An African
Child"](#)
153. [06 August 1986 \(4\) "Rock Of Gibraltar"](#)
154. [06 August 1986 \(3\) "Fall Into The Abyss"](#)
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159. [03 August 1986 "Writing A Dictionary"](#)

160. [02 August 1986 \(2\) "Annie Of My Dreams"](#)
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182. [17 July 1986 \(3\) "Snake Man"](#)
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188. [13 July 1986 "Golden Spider"](#)

189. [12 July 1986 \(2\) "Unwinding Snake"](#)
190. [12 July 1986 "Mr. Klut"](#)
191. [11 July 1986 \(3\) "Unoccupied Desk"](#)
192. [11 July 1986 \(2\) "Business Partnership"](#)
193. [11 July 1986 "Holy Battle"](#)
194. [10 July 1986 \(2\) "Stolen Computer"](#)
195. [10 July 1986 "Man In A White Suit"](#)
196. [09 July 1986 "Four Thousand Days Ago"](#)
197. [08 July 1986 "Personality Formation"](#)
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200. [03 July 1986 \(2\) "Peterson Street"](#)
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- 219. [04 June 1986 "Playing Concentration"](#)
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- 223. [01 June 1986 "Heaven On Earth"](#)
- 224. [29 May 1986 \(2\) "Mediator"](#)
- 225. [29 May 1986 "Money And Drugs"](#)
- 226. [28 May 1986 "Moivet"](#)
- 227. [27 May 1986 "Blood Brothers"](#)
- 228. [26 May 1986 "Overcoming God's Advice"](#)
- 229. [24 May 1986 "Radically Changed Behavior"](#)
- 230. [22 May 1986 "Defeating Enemies"](#)
- 231. [21 May 1986 "The Next Life"](#)
- 232. [20 May 1986 \(2\) "Slight Infraction"](#)
- 233. [20 May 1986 "Glancing In The Mirror"](#)
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- 244. [09 May 1986 "Quintets"](#)
- 245. [08 May 1986 "Courthouse Card Game"](#)
- 246. [29 April 1986 "Crossing Into Jordan"](#)
- 247. [24 April 1986 "The Gift Of Being An Artist"](#)

- 248. [22 April 1986 \(2\) "An Agreement With God"](#)
- 249. [22 April 1986 "Living In Harmony"](#)
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- 262. [02 April 1986 "Nigerian Romance"](#)
- 263. [24 March 1986 "Insufficient Probable Cause"](#)
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- 272. [27 February 1986 "Remembering Details"](#)
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- 274. [09 February 1986 "Murder Trial"](#)
- 275. [08 February 1986 "Heinous Act"](#)

- 276. [06 February 1986 "To Tell A Story"](#)
- 277. [02 February 1986 "Zoo-Keeper"](#)
- 278. [28 January 1986 "Metal Detector"](#)
- 279. [23 January 1986 "Chasing Thunder"](#)
- 280. [19 January 1986 "God Reaching Down"](#)
- 281. [17 January 1986 "Slashed Necks"](#)
- 282. [11 January 1986 "Friedhofe"](#)
- 283. [08 January 1986 "Lush Green Alps"](#)
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